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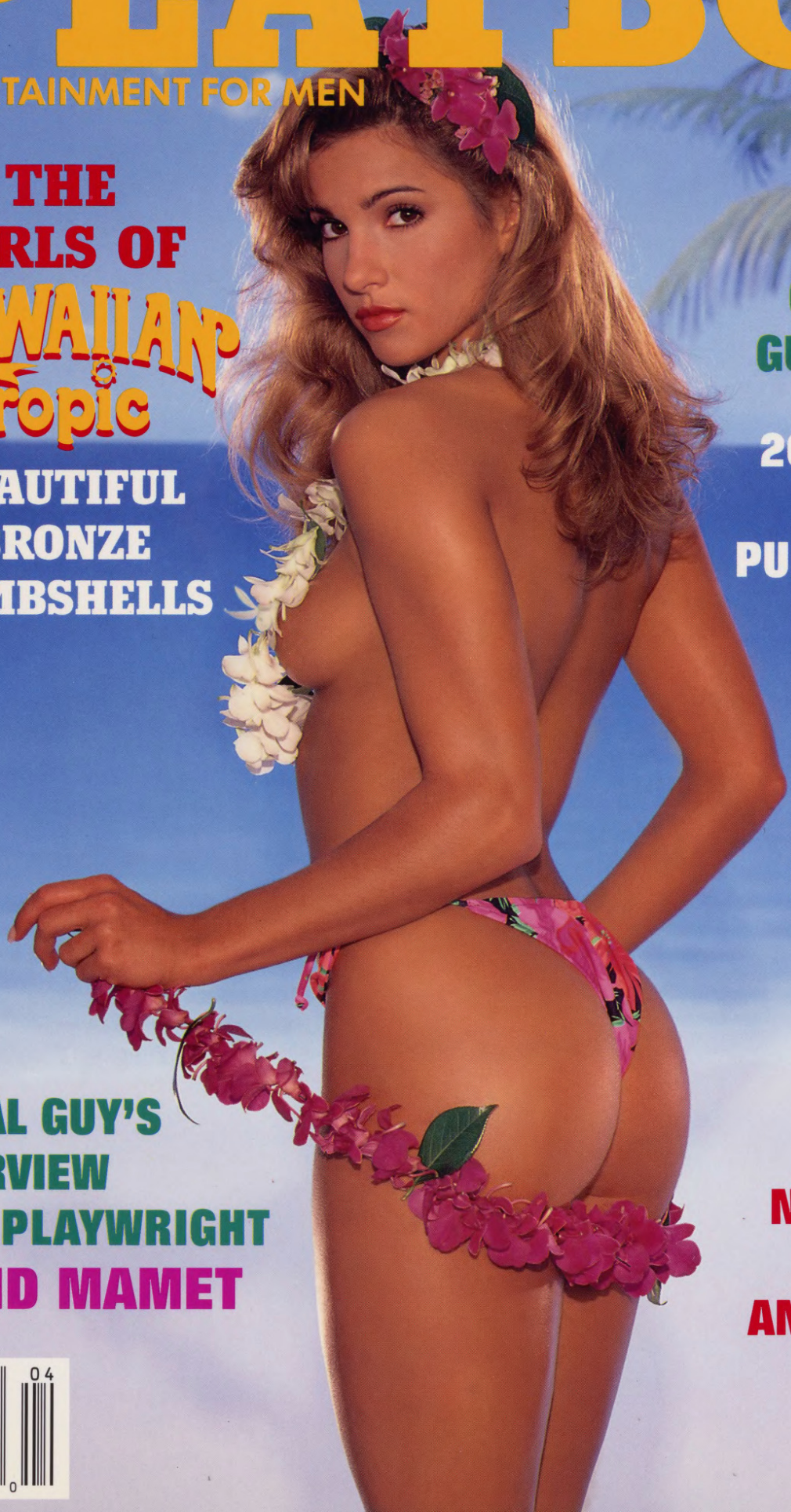

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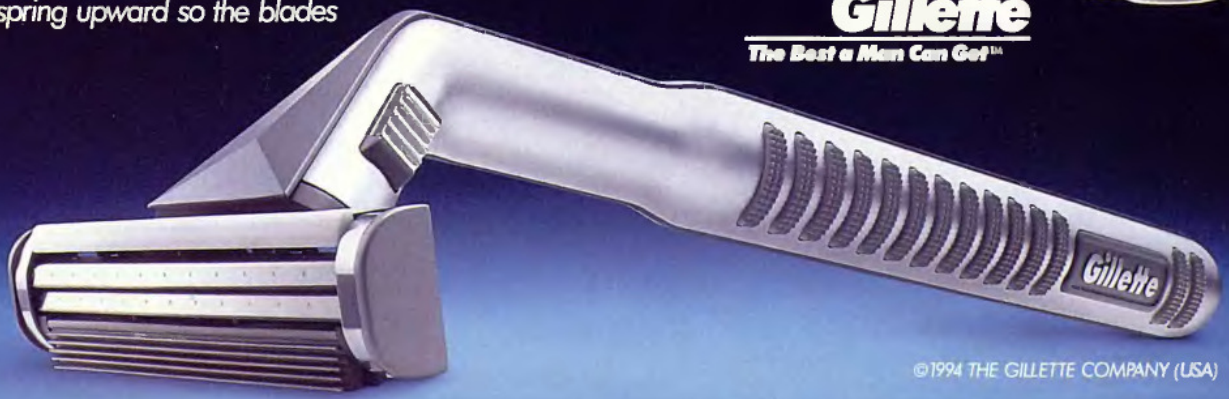

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PLAYBILL

WHEN **Betty Friedan** made her PLAYBOY debut in the September 1992 *Interview*, the co-founder of the National Organization for Women said, "I think the movement has to become one of women and men." For her encore, the mother of feminist dissent makes good on her vows of unity with a compassionate look at the high cost of male stress in *Why Men Die Young* (illustrated by **David Wilcox**).

Like Friedan, playwright **David Mamet** attributes tension between the sexes to—among other things—a poor economy. However, his controversial play and film *Oleanna* dramatize a fate for men that's worse than death: being charged with sexual harassment. In the *Playboy Interview*, Mamet defends his position—and discusses the profanity, violence and con games in such stage hits as *Speed-the-Plow* and *Glengarry Glen Ross*. To make sure no one got hurt, we sent both **Geoffrey Norman** and Assistant Managing Editor **John Rezek** to handle him. Speaking of the boys' night out, discover who truly holds the cards by reading *Dealer's Choice*, fiction by newcomer **Richard Chiappone.** In this tale, the guys at the fish factory sit down for poker and are duped by Darlene, Queen of Hearts-on-Fire. For another woman who has a firm hand with the opposite sex, turn to the pictorial of sex therapist **Barbara Keesling.** A goodwill ambassador between the sexes, she wrote a best-selling how-to guide on male multiple orgasms.

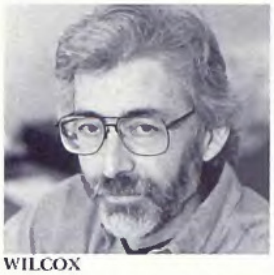
With the O.J. Simpson case, attorney **Johnnie Cochran Jr.** took a giant step into our living room. Now we move into his for a *Playboy Profile* of the former insurance salesman. These days Cochran provides another sort of insurance: He wins police brutality cases and defends power brokers—and everyone reveres him. Contributing Editor **Joe Morgenstern** examines the paradox.

Musicologist **David Standish** revisits an earlier generation of rockers—those giants of the Sixties—and it's clear that time was on their side: *Hope I Die Before I Get Old* is the current installment in *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock*. And in 1969 at least one guy kept his skin young before he got old: Florida's Ron Rice had a sunstroke of genius and invented Hawaiian Tropic tanning lotion. His recent smooth move was to encourage Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** to do a *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* pictorial. The girls are smokin' (but their skin's not). Our final anti-aging secret is in *Pickpocket* (artwork by **Ken Warneke**), a monolog by an old, one-legged thief who finds youth in a bowl of oatmeal. It's fiction by **Thom Jones.**

Things get tricky in the *20 Questions* this month with **Samuel L. Jackson,** the Bible-quoting hit man from *Pulp Fiction*. We sent question marksman **David Rensin** for the actor's thoughts on everything from hair care to John Travolta. But it's Jackson's description of a foot massage that you'll remember—that, and the title of one of his next flicks, *Die Hard With a Vengeance*. You might not reduce your handicap with *Leslie Nielsen's Stupid Little Golf Book* (illustrated by **Steve Brodner** and excerpted from the Doubleday book *Leslie Nielsen's Stupid Little Golf Book* by **Leslie Nielsen** and **Henry Beard**), but we guarantee you'll laugh your way through it. And you'll groan through *The Playboy Forum*'s excerpt of *Stupid Government Tricks* (Plume) by **John Kohut.**

Dream of this month's Playmate, **Danelle Folta,** and she may dream of you: Danelle says her nocturnal movies—romances, nightmares, reunions—have interesting casts. When auditioning for your part, consider wearing one of the suits featured in our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, photographed by **Gordon Munro.** The key to looking good is pairing a bright tie with a classic jacket—and not drooling on your pillow.

FRIEDAN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vol. 42, no. 4—april 1995

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
WIRED		16
STYLE		20
MUSIC		22
TRAVEL		24
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	26
VIDEO		30
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	34
MEN	ASA BABER	36
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID MAMET—candid conversation		51
WHY MEN DIE YOUNG—article	BETTY FRIEDAN	62
THE DOCTOR IS IN—pictorial		68
PICKPOCKET—fiction	THOM JONES	74
SPRING AND SUMMER FORECAST—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	78
LESLIE NIELSEN'S STUPID LITTLE GOLF BOOK—humor		87
PERCHANCE TO DREAM—playboy's playmate of the month		90
PARTY JOKES—humor		102
COURT MAGIC—playboy profile	JOE MORGENSTERN	104
DEALER'S CHOICE—fiction	RICHARD CHIAPPONE	106
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK PART SEVEN: HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD—article	DAVID STANDISH	110
POCKET ADDITIONS—modern living		118
20 QUESTIONS: SAMUEL L. JACKSON		120
GIRLS OF HAWAIIAN TROPIC—pictorial		122
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		155
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		157

Hot Hawaii P. 122

Men's Lives P. 62

Dream Girl P. 90

Spring Fashion P. 78

COVER STORY

Bronzed goddess Shana Hiatt shoots us a glance on her way to a luau. Our cover was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson and styled by Violet Warzecha. Vidal Rodriguez of Salon Avante/Chicago styled Shana's hair and Kathy Durkin of Che Sguardo styled her makeup. Thanks to Gina Stephani of Swimwear of Chicago for Shana's bikini and to Arny Freytag for the cover shot. The Rabbit gets a Hawaiian lei.

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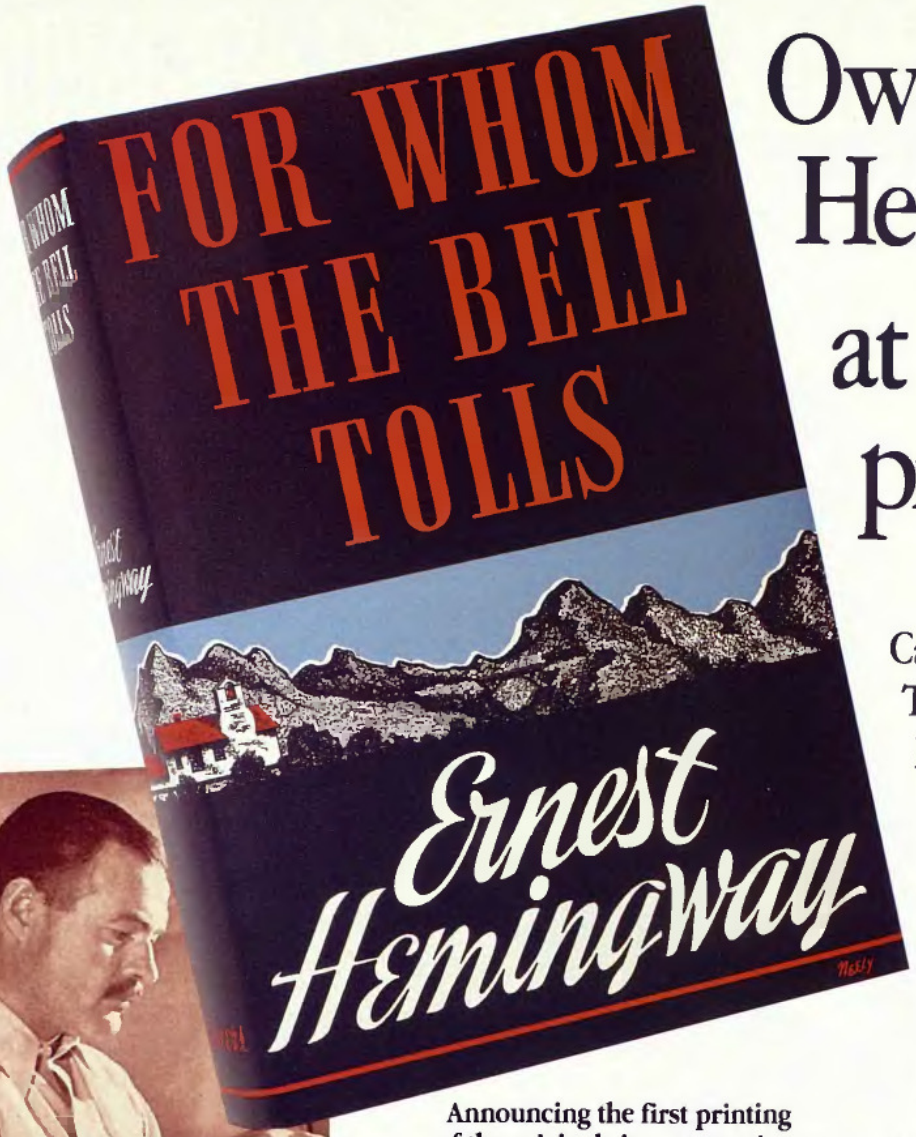

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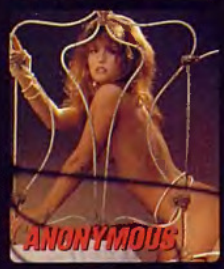

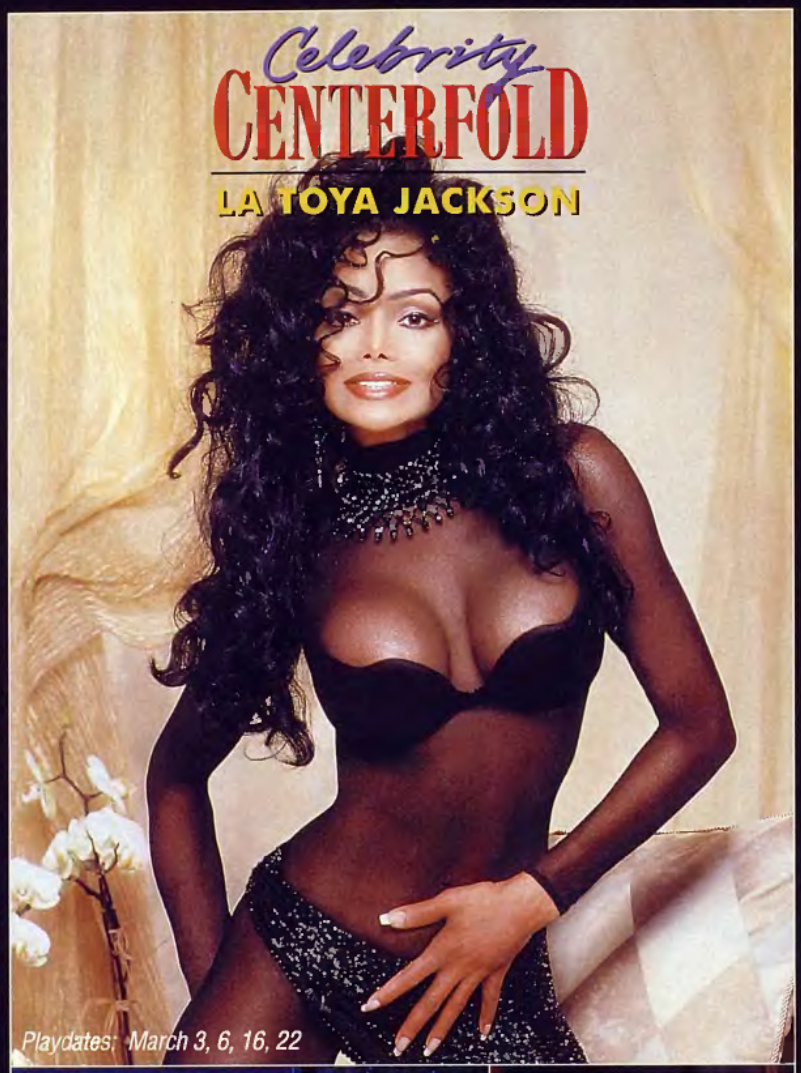

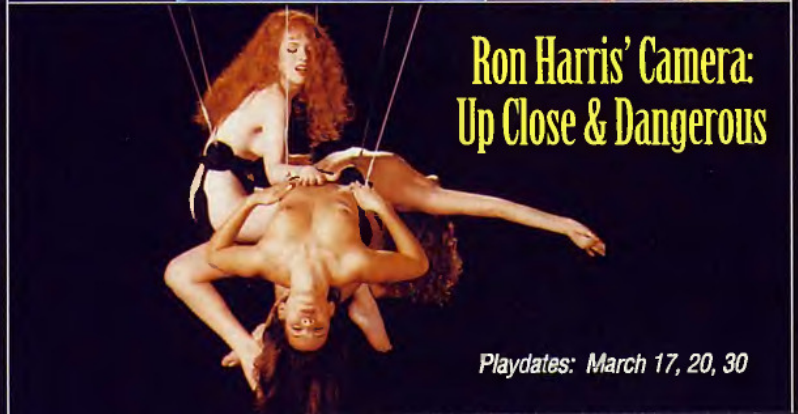

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SEX AND DRUGS

Thank you for Stephen Rae's great article, *Sex and Prozac* (January). It's important for men to recognize that premature ejaculation is common and treatable.

Dr. Roger Crenshaw
La Jolla, California

As a Prozac user, I read *Sex and Prozac* with interest. I noticed the side effects of sexual inhibition and delayed ejaculation almost immediately but have learned to deal with the former and capitalize on the latter. After all, how else can a middle-aged man go on for hours and enjoy every blessed second?

J. Hall
Little Rock, Arkansas

Thank you for your informative article on the sexual effects of Prozac. I have been taking the drug for about three years for my chronic migraine condition. I have asked many Prozac users if there is sex while on the drug, and they all have said no. However, there is sex with Prozac. I have learned to replace the sexual lust with a longing to be with my husband in the most personal way possible.

Ellen Blau
Bingham Farms, Michigan

I'm sick of hearing about how depressed middle- and upper-class people are and how easy it is for them to get prescription drugs from licensed physicians. Try going into the city slums and talking with a couple of homeless people—then tell me about your awful life.

Michelle Leford
Baltimore, Maryland

I was troubled by the implication in *Sex and Prozac* that the psychiatric community does not acknowledge sexually related problems associated with the drug. Studies have shown that Prozac can cause abnormal ejaculation, urinary impairment and impotence. This information is readily available, but since these symptoms do not occur in every patient, psychiatrists are reluctant to create undue anxiety in patients who are already mentally imbalanced.

Dr. James Sodano
Madison, New Jersey

DEATH AND DECEPTION

Eric Konigsberg's article on the murder of Brandon Tenna (*Death of a Deceiver*, January) was infuriating. Those of us who are transgendered are quite sure that Brandon was not a woman posing as a man. He was a man who happened to have a woman's body. Often, when female-to-male transsexuals die, they are conveniently referred to as women. Konigsberg was insensitive to use female pronouns about someone who lived and was accepted as a man.

Dallas Denny
American Educational Gender Information Service, Inc.
Atlanta, Georgia

Your article on Teena Brandon broke my heart and enraged me at the same time. It's awful that three people had to die because of two ignorant men whose fear of something different caused them to become rapists and murderers. Maybe someday bigots will stop inflicting pain on other people just because of sexuality.

Susan Willige
Norman, Oklahoma

JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME

Based on the recent subjects of the famed *Playboy Interview*, I guess you must think we are somewhere between Beavis and Butt-head on the food chain. The piece on Jean-Claude Van Damme (January) was the ultimate slap in the face to those of us literate enough to read your interviews. Who cares what Van Damme, Christian Slater and Garth Brooks have to say? The *Playboy Interview* has a

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wonderful history. Please don't get caught up in the entertainment-gossip frenzy that pervades the media. Nourish our minds the way you've been soothing our eyes for decades.

Lawrence Galizio
Portland, Oregon

Congratulations to Lawrence Grobel and Jean-Claude Van Damme for a great interview that really pumped us up. Van Damme's ambition is an inspiration and his true tales of struggling in Hollywood are reminiscent of the times we lived in our cars and were trying to rise above an indifferent Los Angeles.

Rick Pamplin
Robert Fisher
Pamplin-Fisher Co.
Orlando, Florida

VERY BARRYMORE

I love the Drew Barrymore pictorial (*True Drew*, January), but I think you went a bit too far. You took away her clothes, but did you have to take away her eyebrows?

Rick Schwarze
Huntsville, Alabama

Yes, I know that PLAYBOY is purchased for its articles, but Drew Barrymore jump-started my heart. By the time men reach their 30s, they generally pass the pinup-on-the-wall phase. I plan to reverse this.

Robert DeJernett
Palos Verdes Estates, California

If E.T. were around to see the PLAYBOY pictures of Drew Barrymore, his finger probably wouldn't be the only thing to light up.

Shawn Watson
Arlington, Texas

Ugh! Why didn't you airbrush those nasty tattoos?

Roberto Santiago
Cleveland, Ohio

I just subscribed, and the Drew Barrymore issue showed up in the mail. She is definitely fly.

Cosmo Piccoli
Brooklyn, New York

CLARENCE THOMAS

As a conservative African American, I am outraged at Lincoln Caplan's hatchet job (*The Accidental Jurist*, January) on Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas. Lyndon Johnson and his stooge, Justice Thurgood Marshall, brainwashed black people for more than a quarter of a century. They implied that we are not smart enough to make it on our own and must be forever spoon-fed by government bureaucracies. Like Clarence Thomas, millions of responsible black Americans are angry that liberalism has dehumanized and degraded us for six decades. It is obvious that Caplan can't stomach the fact that the most powerful black person in the United States is a staunch conservative.

Emmett Till Jr.
Carmel, California

Caplan's biased and speculation-induced hatred of Clarence Thomas is

unbelievable. I reread the article several times for substantial references and facts. Where are they? There are no arguments based on fact, only fantastic, spiteful premises leading to an infantile debasement of Thomas. Is this PLAYBOY's idea of liberalism?

Richard Hodulic
Burbank, California

If you cannot attack the ideas, attack the man. The strongest jabs Caplan can inflict on Thomas claim that he showed an interest in sexual materials that were beyond the then-established norm—something that PLAYBOY should applaud. There are thousands of successful black men and women who are working in every field and proving themselves to be capable entrepreneurs. Why don't we see statistics lauding their accomplishments? What constructive conclusion are we to reach from Caplan's article?

W.F. McLaughlin
Abbeville, South Carolina

HOLLIDAY FAVORITE

Besides gazing at beautiful women in PLAYBOY, my passion is country music. January Playmate Melissa Holliday is drop-dead gorgeous. She also has her sights set on a recording contract, which makes her even more appealing to me. If Melissa sings half as good as she looks, I would certainly like to hear her. She is most definitely a Holliday to celebrate.

Jeffrey Cooke
Muskegon, Michigan

COLLEGE HOOPS

Thanks to Gary Cole for another top-notch *College Basketball Preview* (January). Congratulations especially to John Amaechi from Penn State University. I knew of his hardwood talent but not of his scholastic achievements. I will dig out this issue when tournament time approaches.

Ike Dehler
dehl@midway.uchicago.edu
Chicago, Illinois

20 QUESTIONS

Until the January *20 Questions*, I knew Tom Snyder only from an episode of *The Larry Sanders Show*. Now I'm catching him late at night.

Mark Anbinder
<mha@tidbits.com>
Ithaca, New York

CAREER ADVICE

Penn Jillette (*Penn on Fire*, January) might be in the wrong business. He ought to be writing more short humor pieces.

Robert Holliday
Dunn, North Carolina

THE EX–SURGEON GENERAL

Why am I writing to PLAYBOY? Because I applaud your commitment to personal freedom and I bemoan the loss of Jocelyn Elders as surgeon general. She was a strong voice of reality. She suggested that masturbation is a normal human function.

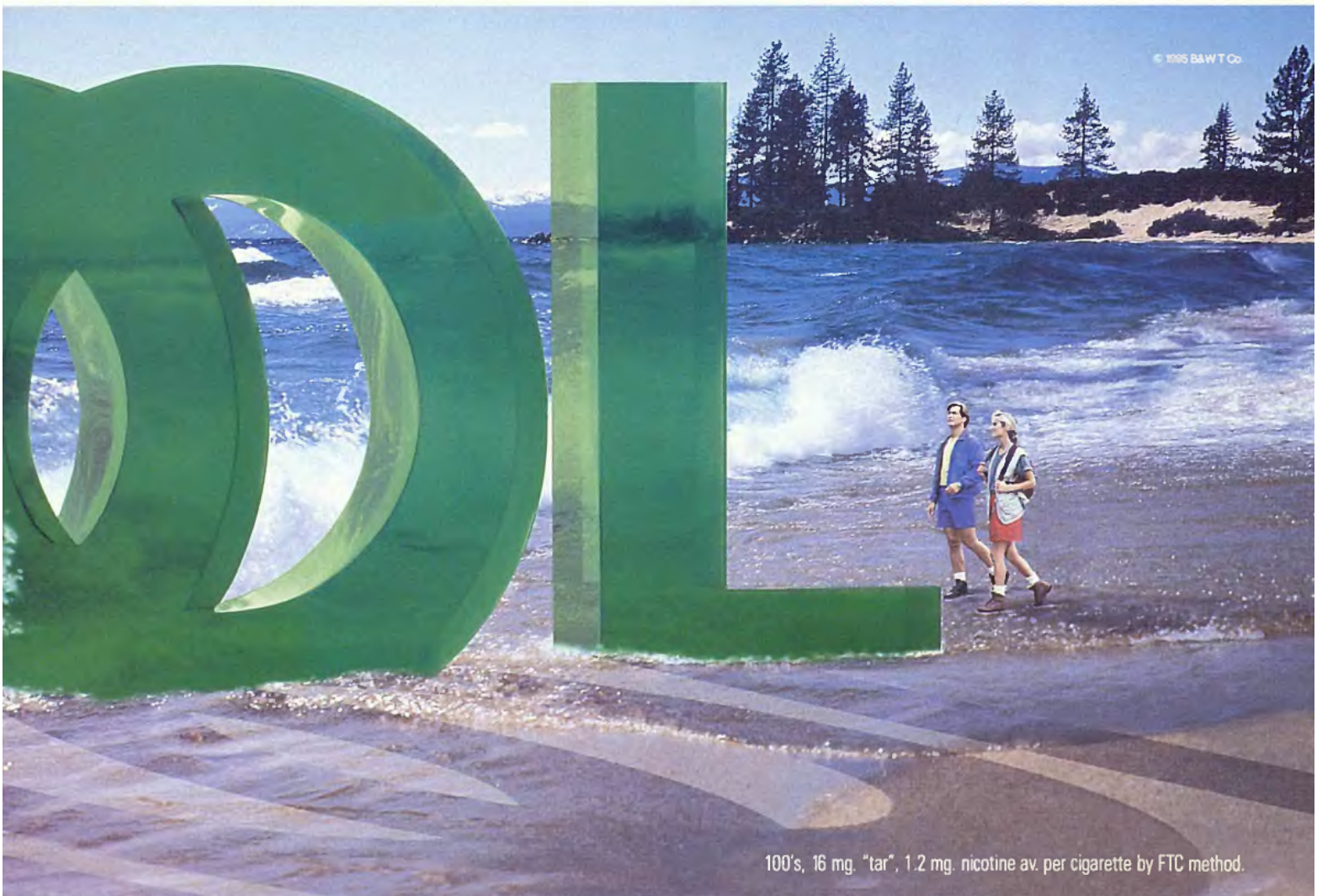
Bob Schulhof
Acton, California

BLINDING ACCURACY

I'm a University of Miami fan and was very unhappy last fall when Sports Editor Gary Cole didn't pick the Hurricanes for his preseason number one football team. I couldn't believe he chose Nebraska. So it really caught my eye—and shut my mouth—when the Huskers came through for PLAYBOY. Then, after the 49ers humiliated the Chargers in the Super Bowl, I went to my back issues and saw that Danny Sheridan chose the 49ers in his NFL preseason picks. Has any other magazine ever gotten a whole season of football correct? I don't think *Sports Illustrated* has ever done it. How did your fearless prognosticators do it?

Pat Smith
Miami, Florida

Thanks, Pat. We checked with our two experts, and the answer is a whole lot of research and a little bit of luck. Or vice versa.



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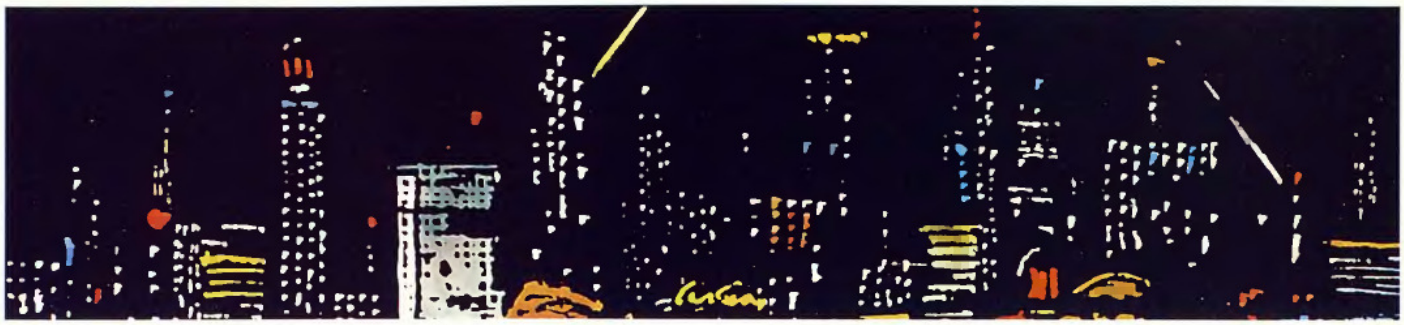
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



TASTE BUDS

Guy Brand, 26, and Matthew Grim, 28, are Los Angeles entrepreneurs who have figured out a way to exploit Generation X's favorite pastime: bitching about the way it's portrayed in movies. Their firm, Reality, Inc., advises filmmakers who can't tell the difference between house music and jungle music or who wonder whether references to the Brady Bunch are stoopid fresh or just plain stupid. Brand and Grim give thumbs down to *Beverly Hills 90210*'s handling of drug use ("We have friends who have OD'd," says Grim. "And *90210* isn't even close") and to *Reality Bites* ("a plethora of suckiness"). So far, they've thrashed through several scripts for independent producers, and Brand did the slang for Roger Corman's *Caged Heat 3000*. "When in doubt," goes their motto, "use profanity."

CRESCENT SANDWICHES

Allah be served. We note with pleasure that McDonald's opened a fast food outlet in the holiest of Moslem cities, Mecca. Every year, the city is host to millions of religious pilgrims who visit the Grand Mosque. Now they will be able to grab a burger that is halal—meat slaughtered according to Islamic rules—in case a Big Mac attack threatens to undermine their religious observance.

ONE-STOP POACHING

To discourage illegal hunting, Wyoming's Game and Fish Department set up a Stop Poaching exhibit at their offices in Casper. The display included three sets of antlers, which, of course, were promptly stolen.

CAUGHT IN A FOG

Breaking wind and entering: It seems that a gentleman described by police as a career criminal was in the middle of a routine burglary of a tony Fire Island, New York home when the residents heard noises and got out of bed to investigate. They searched the house but found no one until they heard the unmistakable sound of flatulence emanating from a closed closet. They then held 56-year-old Richard Magpiong—and their noses—until police arrived.

DINNER? HOW ABOUT A HEALTH PLAN?

According to the newspaper *Yedioth Ahronoth*, a woman in Israel has filed for divorce on the grounds that her husband is so smitten with another woman that he ordered his wife to change her hair color and style to that of his true love, Hillary Clinton. Apparently, his infatuation dates back to when the First Lady went to Israel and did the famous Gaza Strip tease.

A BOY NAMED ADRIAN

Perhaps inspired by the California student who changed his name to Trout Fishing in America, Adrian Williams of Wisconsin has petitioned to change his name to Romanceo Sir Tasty Maxibillion. Williams said he chose the name Maxibillion because his goal is to become a billionaire. Because he's serving a 50-year prison term for robbery, he should have plenty of time to work on it—and to explain the Romanceo Sir Tasty part to his fellow inmates.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

FULSOME PRISON

Minnesota prison officials terminated a program in which inmates worked as telemarketers for Fortune 500 companies. Apparently, the prisoners were making too much money. One con cleared $23,000 in just a few months. His name: J.P. Morgan. Maybe Maxibillion is on to something.

ONLY HER HAIRDRESSER . . .

We appreciate your candor, but why don't you just answer the question? When Darlene Oar, a Florida shoplifting suspect, was asked by a police officer at the station house what color her hair was, she pulled down her pants and taunted him by saying, "Why don't you look?" She was then warned that she would face additional charges if she continued to expose herself.

BLONDE ON BLONDE

They can't even get the personals right. There it was, in cold, hard stereotype, an ad in the *Columbus* [Ohio] *Underground Press* from "Two Hot Naughty Bi Blondes" who were looking for a financially secure gentleman. The proof behind their hair-color claims was in the last line: "Messages accidentally erased, please call again."

SIX FEET UNDER PAR

Every golfer dreams of making a hole in one, and for a 79-year-old Massachusetts man the dream came true just in the nick of time. Emil Kijek bagged the first ace of his life, but collapsed and died on the next tee.

A NUT BOLTS

A teenager who went looking for a job at a hardware store in Homosassa Springs, Florida allegedly wound up stealing from his prospective employer. Workers noticed the youth leaving

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the average cost of raising a child to college age is $231,140, of which only $41,650 is currently tax deductible (based on annual exemptions allowed by the 1994 tax code).

DAN FACCARINO

QUOTE

"We like to walk around naked. It's not pretty and we don't want people talking about us."—SINGER ANITA BAKER ON WHY SHE AND HER HUSBAND DON'T HAVE LIVE-IN HELP

GIRLS II MEN

Number of unmarried men for every 100 unmarried women among Americans under 25: 111; for ages 25 to 29, number of single men for every 100 single women: 128; for ages 30 to 34, number of single men for every 100 single women: 121.

DOUBLED BARRELS

Annual domestic retail sales of guns and ammunition in 1987: $4.8 billion. In 1992: $9 billion.

FATHER FIGURES

In a study of 231 married fathers who earned MBAs from one of two universities, average salary (adjusted to fit control model) of man whose wife also worked: $97,490; salary of man whose wife stayed at home: $121,630. Percentage increase in salary from 1987 to 1993 of man with working wife: 45; percentage increase for sole income earner: 64.

TAKE THAT (AND A BIT MORE)

According to a survey of 506 cases, average term given to lawbreakers who were convicted of crimes that carry a five-year mandatory minimum sentence (per federal guidelines): seven years, three months. Average sentence for those convicted of crimes that carry ten-year sentences: 14 years.

FROM SUGAR TO SPICE

According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, percentage of women who had sex by the age of 15 in 1970: five; percentage of women who had sex by that age in 1992: 33.

THE WELFARE LINE

Percentage of welfare (Aid to Families With Dependent Children program) recipients in 1969 who were black: 45; in 1994: 38. In 1994, percentage who were white: 38. Percentage of welfare families with one or two children: 72. Percentage with four or more kids: ten. Percentage of welfare parents who are in their teens: eight. Number of Americans below the poverty line (annual income of $11,890 for family of three): 35 million.

THE LONELY LIFE OF MODELS

In a survey of 150 up-and-coming models in New York City by *Glamour*, percentage of models who say their profession makes it harder to meet men: 55. Percentage who have dated a millionaire: 35; percentage who have gone out with a rock star: 25. Percentage of models who go out almost every night: 12; percentage who go out three times a week: 42; percentage who go out once a week: 35.

RENT CHECK

According to a review of the nation's 46 largest metro areas (population of more than 1 million) by the Commerce Department, the community with highest median rental costs for housing: Anaheim–Santa Ana, Calif. ($790 per month); place with lowest rents: Pittsburgh ($366). In review of all metro areas, community with highest rents: Stamford, Conn. ($844); place with lowest rents: Danville, Va. ($278).

hurriedly and then realized that two handguns and a man's watch were missing. The kid was not hard to find, however, for he had left behind his completed job application. The store manager, Joe Clark, remarked, "It was about the dumbest thing I have ever seen." He didn't say if the kid got the job, though.

HOLY ROLLERS

The 2200-seat Shrine of the Most Holy Redeemer on the Las Vegas strip is not your typical Catholic church. For one thing, the collection plates and gift shop gladly accept casino chips. (A Franciscan friar who formerly held the job of cashing them in was known as the Chip Monk.) For another, a $5 donation to the building fund gets you a chip featuring the image of Jesus—legal tender, we assume, at all church bingo games.

TAKES ONE TO COVER ONE

The best line about former Mayflower madam Sidney Biddle Barrows' assignment to report on the Heidi Fleiss trial: *Los Angeles Times* writer Phil Rosenthal speculated that "Barrows will be paid $200 per half hour, $350 per hour and $1000 if they want her to stay all night."

RUMP ROASTER

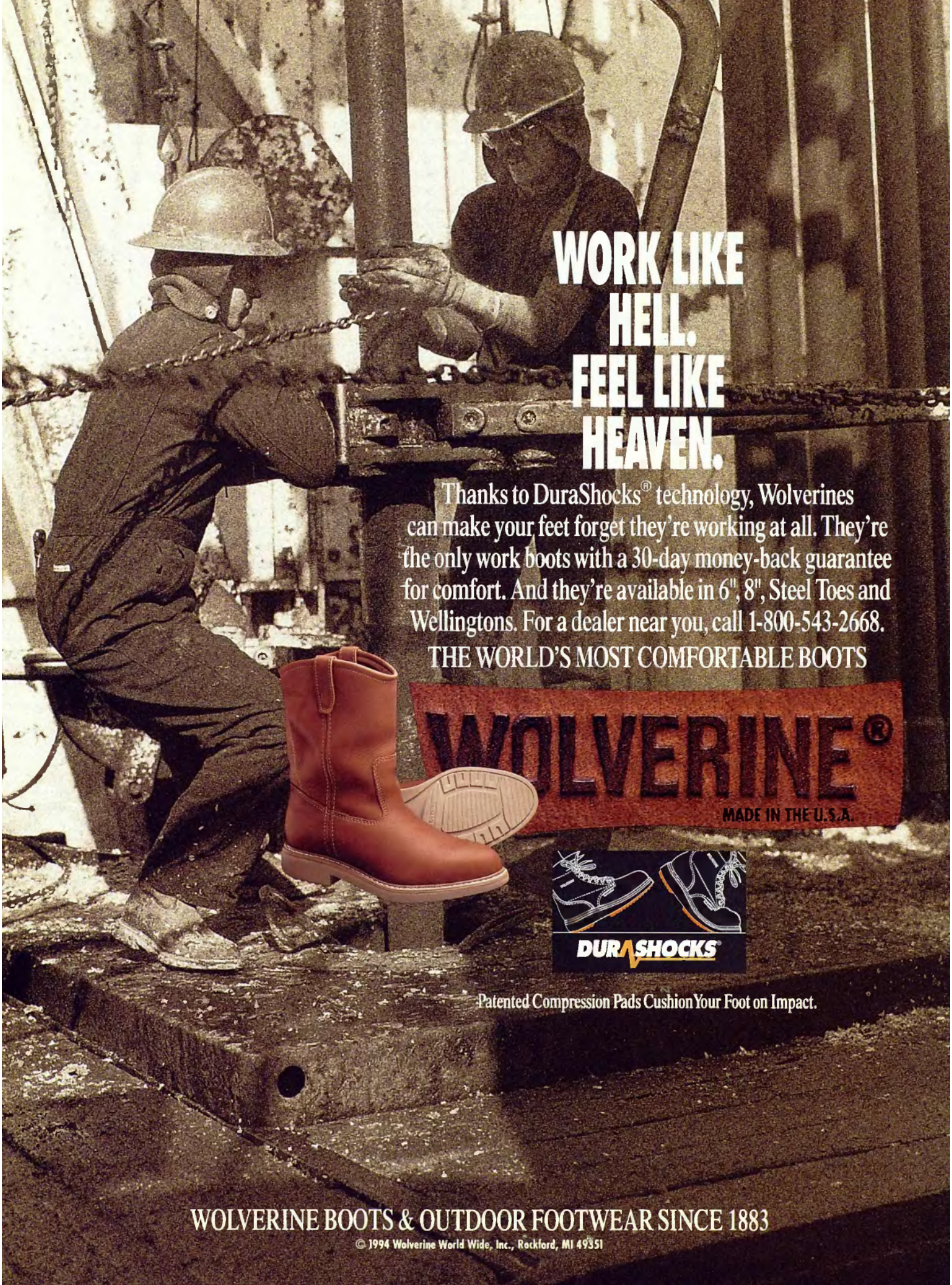
We like the concept: The Sharper Image now offers a seat cushion that, after five minutes in a microwave, stays warm for up to eight hours in a chilly duck blind or football stadium. However, we have trouble with the cushion's name, which sounds like a cartoon character in a Kaopectate commercial: Lava Buns.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Finally, the real reason we had no World Series last year: On the second page of a fund-raising letter written in August 1994, the Reverend Billy Graham wrote, "My greatest burden at the moment is for prayer for the Atlanta Crusade. The crusade is to take place at the same time as the World Series. This situation could cut deeply into the attendance at the Georgia Dome, where our crusade is being held. Thus, we need prayer on a scale that we have rarely needed in recent crusades."

NORWEGIAN WOODIES

Though Marilyn Monroe never set foot in Haugesund, a village on Norway's coast, the town plans to erect a statue of her. Oslo's daily *Dagbladet* reports that some townsfolk are outraged because the only connection the village has with the actress is that Monroe, an illegitimate child, may have been fathered by a man with roots there. A local writer pointed out that "it is as if some village in the mountains of Pakistan had erected a statue of [Norwegian comedian] Harald Heide Steen Jr." Exactly.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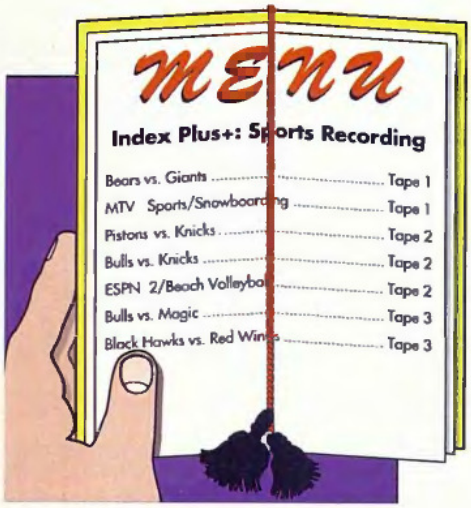
WIRED

SMART VCRS

Tired of fast-forwarding through your girlfriend's episodes of *Melrose Place* to find the basketball game you taped? Then consider a VCR equipped with Index Plus+, a new automatic cataloging technology that locates recorded programs at the push of a button. Here's how it works: Broadcasters transmit a show's title, length and program category in a special portion of their signal (the vertical blanking interval, for you techies). An Index Plus+ VCR then receives and stores the info inside a memory chip and electronically codes each tape with a corresponding ID number. All you have to do is label each cassette and box with the same code. Later, you can call up an on-screen menu of, say, Sports Recordings, see that the sought-after game was captured on tape two, insert the cassette and press a button. The VCR will automatically fast-forward to the program and commence playing. Developed by Gemstar Development Corp., the company that introduced the now standard VCR Plus+ recording system, Index Plus+ will debut next month in Panasonic's $900 V-4570 hi-fi VCR. Other manufacturers expected to introduce Index Plus+ VCRs include Hitachi, JVC, Mitsubishi, Sanyo, Sharp and RCA.


MENU
Index Plus+: Sports Recording
Bears vs. Giants ..... Tape 1
MTV Sports/Snowboarding ..... Tape 1
Pistons vs. Knicks ..... Tape 2
Bulls vs. Knicks ..... Tape 2
ESPN 2/Beach Volleyball ..... Tape 2
Bulls vs. Magic ..... Tape 3
Black Hawks vs. Red Wings ..... Tape 3

TAX BYTE

If you're hot to get your hands on your income tax refund check, or you just want to save money, consider filing your forms electronically. According to Mark Goines, vice president of the Personal Tax Group at Intuit software, "It can shave three to four weeks off the processing time—even more if you opt to have the money deposited directly into a checking account." All you need is a computer, tax preparation software such as Intuit's TurboTax or MacInTax (about $40) and a modem—plus these tips from Goines: First, be sure to assemble all important documents—W2s, 1099s, receipts and last year's tax returns—before you sit down to your computer. Make sure you've entered your Social Security and employer identification numbers correctly. And take advantage of the software's interview process; it walks you through the filing just as an accountant would. Good tax software, such as the aforementioned Intuit titles and TaxCut (by Block Financial Software, about $40), will warn you of possible problems as well as offer technical support should you have questions.

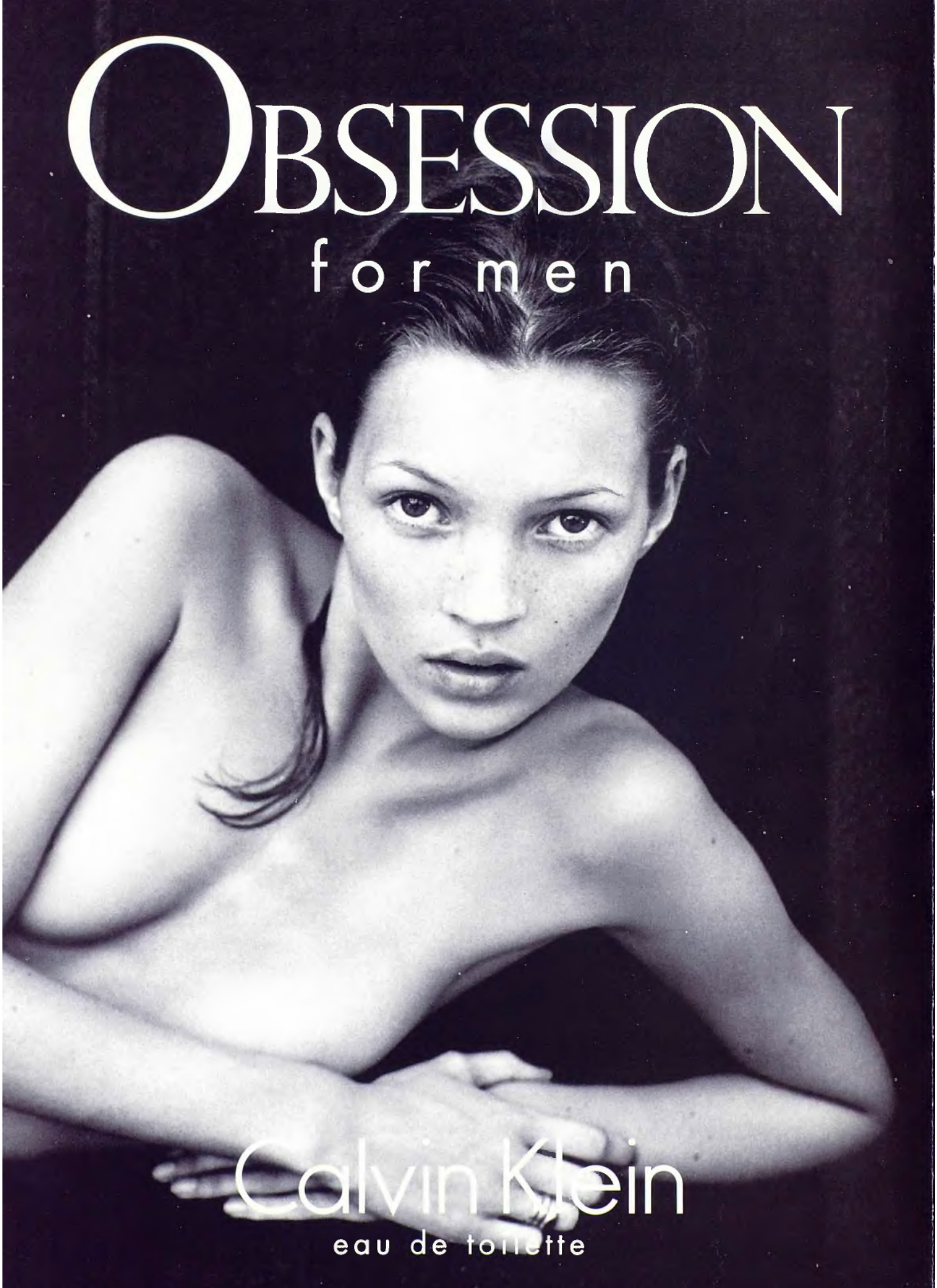
COURT 3-D

Lawyers have a new courtroom tool—computer animation. Intended to help juries visualize complex or technical circumstances and concepts, three-dimensional animation is being used in court to illustrate everything from patent infringements to toxic-waste spills. The litigation animation by Engineering Animation, Inc. looks like a cross between a virtual-reality game and the Dire Straits music video *Money for Nothing*. Entertaining? It certainly beats listening to a droning attorney. But what really makes the visualizations powerful is their versatility. Combining

the laws of physics with the physical evidence and particulars of a case, EAI can reconstruct just about any scene or object and present it in detail from any perspective—whether it's in the air, underwater, underground, in space, in the human body or in Brentwood, California. EAI is working with forensics expert James Starrs to re-create the circumstances surrounding the Nicole Brown Simpson–Ronald Goldman murders.

WILD THINGS

Three blinding mice: Pictured below are some of Logitech's MouseMan Sensa designer computer mice. They include (clockwise from top) the Deep Wood model, which resembles the bark of a redwood tree; Black Chess, featuring a glassy diamond pattern; and Blue Leopard, a steel-blue mouse textured with soft black jaguar markings. In addition to their cool casings, the IBM-compatible Sensas can be programmed to initiate commands with a single click. The price: $75 each. • First you could use Sharp's Viewcam to shoot video footage. Then you could attach a TV tuner to it and watch your favorite shows on the LCD viewscreen. Now you can use the versatile camcorder to send video pictures over phone lines, thanks to the new Viewcamteleport. Priced at $900, the docking device lets LCD camcorder owners transmit still images from their video recordings, as well as images shot during live phone conversations, to each other's screens. A memory chip in the teleport can store ten still shots at a time. Sending all of them would take between one and three minutes, or up to 20 seconds each, depending on the image you're sending.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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Like all of Microsoft's multimedia titles, ***Complete NBA Basketball*** delivers on the click-and-go promise of the medium. The photography is gorgeous, the sound bites are evocative and the hot buttons invite hoopheads to fast-break through information about teams, stats, seasons, championship runs and individual glories. And if the Quick Time movies aren't quite quick enough to keep up with the likes of Michael Jordan, reducing him to a jerky spasm as he drives the lane, there's a certain justice to that, too, if you remember the flailings of those designated to guard him. The disc also provides access to *Basketball Daily*, Microsoft's dial-up sports page. However, it costs a hefty $1.25 per issue, and you'd have time to walk to the corner and buy a newspaper in the 12 minutes it takes to download. For now, stick with the disc—it's the ultimate hardwood reference work. (For Windows, $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Tired of the banal babble on the big-three commercial online services? Then dial up the Transom, an online alternative for Gen Xers that offers columns by sharp young writers, compelling political debate and full Internet connectivity.

Elvis has left the Internet: Don't waste your time searching for the Elvis Presley Home Page. The grad student who created the Web site was asked by Presley's estate to remove it because of unauthorized use of sound clips and images of Graceland. Of course, that probably means Elvis sightings will become as common on the Net as they are in real life.

What a way to start the day: As you peel your face off the bathroom tile, you notice that the tooth fairy, lying dead on the floor next to you, has been impaled by an extremely large molar. Blood is everywhere and the urge to hurl is overwhelming. But hold back, because the first clue to solving the murder mysteries of ***MTV's Club Dead*** has been strategically placed in the toilet bowl—and, yes, you have to fish it out to win the game. Leave it to MTV to open its premiere CD-ROM with that sicko scenario. Actually, Club Dead features more than 90 minutes of surreal full-motion video, bizarre animation and an industrial metal soundtrack that's nearly as grating as MTV's Kennedy. The game takes place in the 21st century, a time when virtual reality is a drug that's outlawed everywhere except the Alexandria, a futuristic resort. As Sam Frost, a cyberplumber and ex–VR addict, it's your job to fix some minor technical malfunctions in the Alexandria's virtual reality pods—and to find out who or what is turning hotel visitors into Club Dead meat. Although the game is distressingly linear (you either complete tasks in a particular order or die), it creates a stylish alternate reality that is by turns eerie, raucous and maddeningly complex. The characters who populate this claustrophobic postcyberpunk world are eccentrics you'll love to hate. If it seems that they're all against you, well, they are. So plug in, keep your eyes and ears open and don't trust a soul. (By Viacom New Media, for Windows, $60.)

Club Deadhead

We were ready to write off ***The Virtual Guitar*** as just another lame PC peripheral—but then we plugged it in and gave it a try. About 95 percent of the size of a standard electric guitar, the Virtual Guitar comes with a CD-ROM game titled Welcome to West Feedback, featuring a selection of tunes including *Hey Jealousy* by the Gin Blossoms and Motley Crue's *Kick Start My Heart*. A meter that resembles an EKG appears on the computer screen, indicating exactly when you need to strum to stay in tempo, and buttons on the base of the guitar let you adjust the volume or add distortion and other metalhead effects. At first, we were rolling our eyeballs in a "Geez, I feel like an ass" kind of way. But as we began to match the meter (i.e., get better), we noticed that our feet were tapping and our heads were banging to the beat. We were out of control—and we liked it. We also liked knowing that this is no one-hit wonder. Artists such as Aerosmith plan to star in additional CD-ROM titles for the Virtual Guitar. We took ***Quest for Fame: Featuring Aerosmith*** for a spin. As Steven Tyler sang *Sweet Emotion*, we jammed with Joe Perry and the band. It was cool! Heh, heh. Heh, heh. (By Ahead Inc. for IBM PCs.)

ON DISK

Fly past the reference section of ***The Greatest Paper Airplanes*** and head to the index tabs marked "planes and fold." That's where the fun begins. Designed with an interface that resembles a three-ring notebook, this title features lessons on aerodynamics and flight as well as three-dimensional animated tutorials on how to fold 25 different paper airplanes. Some of the planes look complicated, but don't sweat it. Point-and-click VCR-type buttons let you repeat each folding step as often as you like. You also can rotate the angle of the plane for a better view and make a printout of the design so you can fold on the lines. Imagine how you could have tormented teachers with this product. Guess you'll just have to target your boss instead. (From Kitty Hawk Software, for Windows, $40.)

Air Guitar Apparent

DIGITAL DUDS

Comedy Central's Dating & Mating: Big-name comedians joke about marriage, sex, breaking up and more in this CD-ROM for Mac and Windows. We watched 60 minutes of the video footage and laughed six times.

Secrets of Stargate: A mediocre CD-ROM about the making of a mediocre movie.

Smithsonian's Dinosaur Museum: The only genuinely prehistoric touches on this lame CD are its graphics and animation.

Hometime's Weekend Home Projects: We like the TV show, but this CD-ROM is a snooze. Besides, it's $70—a good do-it-yourself book costs you less than half that.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

When you realize those most likely to succeed, didn't.

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STYLE

NERD ALERT

Geek chic ruled the runways this season as menswear designers knocked the stuffiness out of preppy dressing and had some fun. Calvin Klein threw his latest looks together in an irreverent manner, pairing crisp, tailored suits or khakis pulled up to floodwater heights with casual camp shirts such as the one pictured here from his CK collection. John Bartlett looked to the movies in designing a sky blue, green and white gingham Gump shirt, while West Coast style leader Mossimo turned out boxy plaid shirts in cool colors such as chocolate brown and powder blue. Fifties-style flat-front red-and-brown plaid pants and a cotton V-neck sweater with horizontal stripes by Matthew Batanian send a retro message. British import Boxfresh offers a chalk-tone checked seersucker zip-neck overshirt, and newcomer Todd Killian adds his own comfortable touch with a bright-red terrycloth short-sleeved cabana shirt and a blue cotton tattersall shirt with a blue bib front. To be a truly hip square these days, we recommend that you finish off your nerd conversion by slipping on a pair of light-blue, taupe and charcoal herringbone plaid canvas sneakers with suede cap toes from Vans.

HOT SHOPPING: SEATTLE

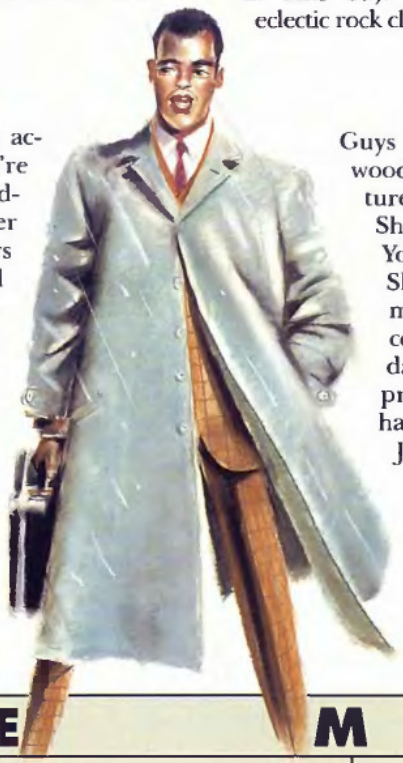
Fans who are flocking to Seattle for the Final Four basketball games on April 1 and 3 should take time out for a shopping stop in the cool Capitol Hill area. Crescent Downworks (1100 E. Pike St.): Heavy-duty snowboarding threads. • Rudy's Barbershop and Tattoo Parlor (614 E. Pine St.): Hipster haircuts and a tattoo artist in back. • Righteous Rags (506 E. Pine St.): Zipper-fly Levi's and cords from the Seventies, plus ravewear and party duds. • Vintage Voola (512 E. Pike St.): Fashions and collectibles of yesteryear. • Pistil Books & News (1013 E. Pike St.): The place for alternative books, zines and comics. • Moe's Mo'roc'n Cafe (925 E. Pike St.): An eclectic rock club.

CLOTHES LINE

Chuck Norris, star of the CBS show *Walker, Texas Ranger,* says his TV wardrobe "is great because I get to wear what I wear in real life." This means the actor lives and works in black Wrangler jeans, dark-colored Western-style shirts and black Justin boots. The seven-time world karate champ's favorite jacket is a multicolored wool Pendleton. "It has a strong look," he says, "and it goes well with jeans." Formal occasions call for a custom Western-style tux made by Ron Ross of Studio City, worn with black patent-leather-and-suede boots from Rocky Carroll of Houston, who has shod plenty of famous feet, including those of George Bush.

BIG HOLDUP

Suspenders have gone casual. Instead of just accenting black-tie attire and business suits, they're now holding their own with looks that are considerably more laid-back. Atlanta-based designer Edgar Pomeroy, for example, caters to duffers with his silk suspenders featuring a golf-ball print on a shadow-plaid background. For casual weekend wear, pair pleated khakis with the cotton-and-nylon tartan-plaid braces from Colours by Alexander Julian. You can also go the leather route with Crookhorn Davis' brown calfskin suspenders, which are embossed to look like wicker, or with the vintage cowhide style in Joseph Abboud's J.O.E. collection. Cole-Haan's braces have old-time appeal: One style features a vintage automobile, biplane and steam locomotive in black-and-cream silk, and for students of history there's an Abraham Lincoln print in silk.



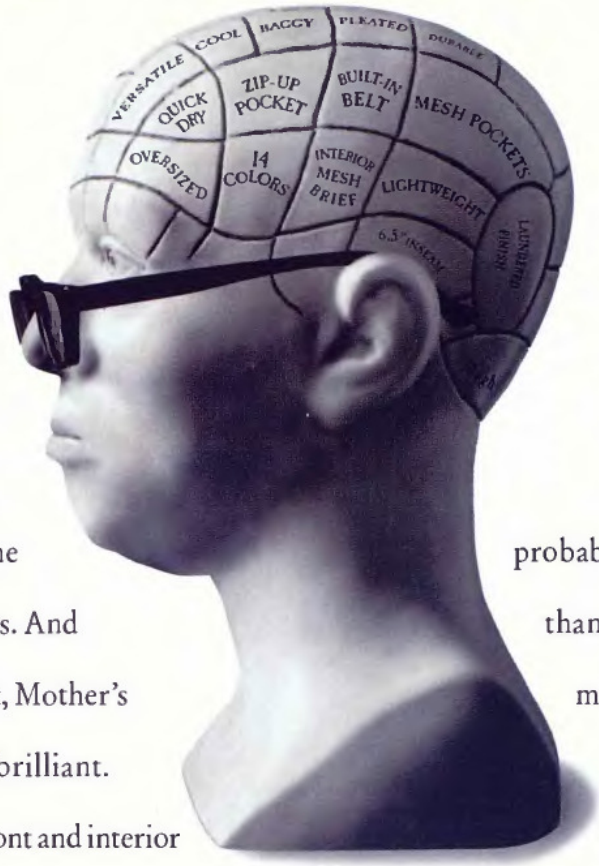
STAR HAIR

Guys are taking hairstyling cues from Hollywood. "They're coming to the salon with pictures clipped from magazines," says Gillian Shaw, a men's stylist at Vidal Sassoon, New York. The most popular celebrity head, says Shaw, belongs to Kevin Costner. Light- or medium-hold styling products give you the control to make the clean-cut style work. For daily use, Shaw recommends water-soluble products such as Vidal Sassoon's Ultimate hair gel. New Western Pleasure Sculpting J.E.L. provides medium hold with a soothing citrus scent, while Kiehl's unscented Shine 'N Lite Groom combines gentle hold with conditioners for dry hair. For a royal indulgence, try Geo. F. Trumper Floral Cream, an oil-free, light-hold hairdressing from the London barber who was court hairdresser to Queen Victoria.

STYLE METER

RAINCOATS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Just-below-the-knee lengths; single-breasted balmacaans; double-breasted military styles	Ankle or above-the-knee lengths; body-hugging belted trenches
COLORS	Black; chocolate brown; lighter hues such as soft gray and sage green	Contrasting collars and cuffs; bright, flashy colors such as red and yellow
FABRICS	Lightweight nylon; microfibers; water-repellent cotton and linen	Heavyweight vinyl; stiff cotton-twill or poplin blends

Where & How to Buy on page 155.



A lot of thinking has gone into the making of these shorts. And although it kills me to admit it, Mother's suggestions were once again brilliant.

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MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

MARY J. BLIGE'S *What's the 411?* was a street-smart, beautifully written and arranged debut that established her as the brightest young female star in R&B. Blige's highly anticipated sophomore effort, ***My Life*** (Uptown/MCA), isn't so savvy as its predecessor. Instead of offering bright, sharply crafted songs, *My Life* is moody and meandering. In keeping with hip-hop's most distressing tradition, many songs are built around samples from earlier R&B records. Bits of Rick James, Rose Royce, Guy, Al Green, Roy Ayers, Barry White and Curtis Mayfield (twice) are featured prominently. While the material is mostly uninspired, Blige herself is in fine voice. Her plaintive, weary delivery suggests both emotional vulnerability and strength. This quality is apparent on the album's two best songs, *Be Happy* and *My Life*. In short, Blige should be better than this.

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

Blige is back with *My Life*.

Mary is moody,
Eddie is anxious and
Tina is boxed.

FAST CUTS: If you want to understand the musical roots of multiculturalism, listen to ***War: Anthology 1970–1994*** (Avenue). For 25 years, this Los Angeles aggregation has made a spicy blend of R&B, jazz, pop and Latin idioms. War represents a passionately funky version of America. *Spill the Wine* (with Eric Burdon), *Cisco Kid, The World Is a Ghetto, Why Can't We Be Friends?* and *Low Rider* are among War's hits.

A Seventies revival is in full swing, which is great news for anyone who has 20-year-old albums. My favorite addition to my retro collection is ***Slow Jams: The Seventies Volume 2*** (Capitol), 12 selections of love songs from the last great era of soul music.

Blue Magic, led by the fragile falsetto of Ted Mills, opens the set with *Sideshow*. Among other Philly classics here are Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes' *If You Don't Know Me By Now*, the O'Jays' *Brandy*, Teddy Pendergrass' *Turn Off the Lights*, the Delfonics' *Didn't I (Blow Your Mind This Time)* and Phyllis Hyman covering the Spinners' *I Don't Want to Lose You*. Then, for those who have forgotten how good a songwriter Lionel Richie used to be, *Zoom* (a hit he penned for the Commodores) is an inspiring reminder. But it's Al Green, the greatest soul singer of the Seventies, who rounds out the album with one of his signature performances, *I'm Still in Love With You*.

•

CHARLES M. YOUNG

One of Germany's most popular bands, Die Toten Hosen—the Dead Trousers in translation—pay tribute to their roots by covering favorite punk songs from the Seventies. Guns n' Roses had the same idea in 1993 with *The Spaghetti Incident?* but Axl Rose's understanding of punk drew so heavily on its dark side that the result was depressing. Die Toten Hosen take a more exuberant approach on ***Learning English, Lesson One*** (Atlantic), concentrating on three-chord, two-minute anthems and a few guest appearances by many of the original artists. This will dispel the widespread misconception that the original practitioners of punk didn't have any musical ability. You'll find yourself snarling and chanting along with almost all 21 songs.

FAST CUTS: Garmarna, ***Vittrad*** (Omnium/Flying Fish): Stark, droning beauty from a Swedish band that is truly folk in its lyrical approach to fairy tales. Singer Emma Härdelin will—I promise—knock you out.

The Celibate Rifles, ***Spaceman in a Satin Suit*** (Restless): If you like Green Day, check out these Aussies who have been punking it up a lot longer. They've lost none of their energy as they've gained experience, drive, focus and now, maybe, fans.

Steve Hackett, ***Blues With a Feeling*** (Caroline): This rock-guitar icon plays Chicago blues, and who could have guessed he'd pull it off? There is plenty of melody in his guitar smoke, but the harp delivers the revelations. Cool production tricks indicate Hackett hasn't wholly sublimated his progressive tendencies, but who cares, if it sounds good? And I think it does.

•

VIC GARBARINI

I should be more excited about ***Live at the BBC*** (EMI/Capitol). After all, it chronicles the Beatles' live performances for BBC radio between 1962 and 1965. More than half these tunes were never released on Beatles albums. All 56 songs have a scrappy immediacy, and prove that the band could reproduce its impeccable harmonies live. So what's the problem? Despite the raw energy, many cuts don't differ that much from the versions on early albums. Even so, Paul McCartney should take a bow for his incandescent vocals on soul shouters like *Hippy Hippy Shake* and *Clarabella*. Also, the band's legendary rendition of *Soldier of Love* was worth the wait. What made the Beatles unique was their ability to absorb disparate styles, making them sound new. *I Feel Fine* and *Ticket to Ride* are spine-tingling here, but where are other early original masterpieces like *She Loves You*, *Please Please Me* and their greatest cover of all, *Twist and Shout*? They're among the 30-plus BBC recordings not included. Why not throw in a third disc and give us all the classics?

FAST CUT: The Ass Ponys, ***Electric Rock Music*** (A&M): Remember when the Beatles seemed like a weird name? The Ass Ponys are the latest in a line of alienated heartland rockers that includes the bittersweet pop of the Gin Blossoms and the dry cynicism of Pavement. These Cincinnati natives' twangy guitars and skewed melodies are marred by their bleak lyrics on songs such as *Grim*. When they temper their bleakness, they're one of the freshest bands around.

•

DAVE MARSH

Pearl Jam represents the best kind of rock band: Exciting high-energy music, excellent songwriting and, in Eddie Vedder, a charismatic front man with powerful ideals. Pearl Jam is determined to connect with its audience even on the most difficult subjects (and not only on terms that fans might wish). At the same time, there's no denying spottiness and self-indulgence on ***Vitalogy*** (Epic). For every dense combination of punk and metal such as *Immortality*, *Nothingman* and *Spin the Black Circle*, there's a puff of bombast such as *Satan's Bed*, or a misfired joke like *Stupid Mop*. (At least, I hope they're kidding.)

The merits of this album far outweigh its limitations. The album is uplifted by the resilient guitar riffs of Stone Gossard

and Mike McCready. In fact, you could argue that *Vitalogy*, by struggling so powerfully with alternative rock's success phobia, represents the boldest statement the band could make right now.

FAST CUTS: The Chieftains, ***The Long Black Veil*** (RCA): Nobody has ever done a more beautiful superstar session, largely because the Chieftains keep to the strengths of traditional Irish airs even when accompanied by Mick Jagger, Sting, Sinéad O'Connor, Tom Jones and Van Morrison, among others.

Dionne Farris, ***Wild Seed—Wild Flower*** (Columbia): With a mixture of hip-hop and blues beats, wailing funk, hard rock and R&B vocals—and a healthy sprinkle of social comment—former Arrested Development member Farris has made a debut solo album that can compete with anything that band has produced.

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band, ***Greatest Hits*** (Capitol): With typical Seger perversity, he picked mostly his least interesting tracks here. But he frames them brilliantly by opening with *Roll Me Away*, a semiflop that might be his best song ever, and closing with *In Your Time*.

•

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The re-creation of Tina Turner is one of the most audacious projects in the annals of celebrity, and the inevitable boxed set, ***Tina Turner, The Collected Recordings: Sixties to Nineties*** (Capitol), may stand as its crowning achievement.

The project's thesis is that Ike and Tina were a prelude. In hindsight, the mythic sex queen who resurfaced in 1984 wasn't "coming back," but finally bestowing herself upon us. Only the first of these three discs is devoted to pre-Eighties music, and it's Ike and Tina's most impressive showcase ever assembled. Ike was an exceptionally astute producer before he went to hell. His raw sophistication served them well in the duo's rock phase, when they were one of the few acts to swim against the post-soul resegregation of popular music.

But it's as a self-made woman that Tina has triumphed. Even the disc devoted to live tracks, movie music and other marginalia is good. It is a celebration of a pop career now in its second decade. At the age of 56, Tina sounds better than ever.

FAST CUTS: And speaking of sex queens, ***Endless Summer: The Best of Donna Summer*** (Mercury) sums up this diva in a single-disc hits collection. You knew it all along: What she really loves to love is singing.

I Like Ike: The Best of Ike Turner (Rhino) shows what he could do for male front men, from his own compositions to Jackie Brentson's, whose 1951 *Rocket "88"* is often called the first rock-and-roll record.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ass Ponys *Electric Rock Music*	8	7	7	4	6
Mary J. Blige *My Life*	7	7	7	6	7
Die Toten Hosen *Learning English*	6	7	6	4	8
Pearl Jam *Vitalogy*	8	8	8	8	7
Tina Turner *Collected Recordings*	9	8	9	7	8

YOU SHAKE MY NERVES AND YOU RATTLE MY BRAIN DEPARTMENT: **Jerry Lee Lewis** has set up the Great Balls of Fire hotline, which offers messages about his life, music and future plans. By dialing 900-988-FIRE, devotees can order a fan pack that includes his greatest hits on CD or cassette, an autographed photo and a vial of water from the Killer's Memphis estate. It's kind of like Lourdes without the miracles.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Meat Loaf's** collaborator, **Jim Steinmen,** is writing a rock musical with **Andrew Lloyd Webber** based on the 1961 film *Whistle Down the Wind*. . . . We hear that **Prince** is interested in doing the soundtrack for the movie to be made of **Betty Eadie's** best-seller about a near-death experience, *Embraced by the Light*. . . . **Harry Connick Jr.** resumes his acting career to play a serial killer in *Copycats*, co-starring **Sigourney Weaver** and **Holly Hunter**. . . . **Gary Kemp,** formerly of **Spandau Ballet,** has landed an acting role for Showtime in *Take Out the Beast*. Kemp starred in the movie *The Krays*. . . . A new movie about Boys Town, *He Ain't Heavy*, will star **Kris Kristofferson, Danny Aiello** and **Mickey Rooney,** who will play Father Flanagan this time around.

NEWSBREAKS: There will be a new **Mudhoney** CD any day now. . . . **Van Morrison** and **Carlos Santana** make guest appearances on the new **John Lee Hooker** album, *Chill Out*. . . . **Urge Overkill** has gone back into the studio to produce its sophomore release. . . . **Geffen** and **GDC** are the first record companies to sell products on CD-now!, the Internet music store. Geffen's World Wide Web provides bios, graphics and sounds, making it fun to shop. . . . **Vince Neil's** second solo album will be out soon and he has denied all **Motley Crue** reunion rumors. . . . Ground was broken in New Orleans this past fall for the National Black Music Hall of Fame and Museum. . . . Both **Stevie Wonder** and **Michael Jackson** have delayed new releases until this spring. . . . After the success of the BBC **Beatles** CDs, you can expect more "lost" tapes to be found. Also in the BBC vault are jam sessions by the **Rolling Stones, Fleetwood Mac, Led Zeppelin, Genesis** and others, plus interviews with **Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin** and **Jim Morrison**. . . . **Mark Knopfler** guests on slide guitarist **Sonny Landreth's** *South of I-10*. The two musicians are discussing going out on the road together after Knopfler's solo LP comes out. . . . An all-star concert celebrating **Bob Marley's** birthday will be telecast from Jamaica in May. . . . **Bonnie Raitt's** first network TV special, which has already aired, will be edited and reshown by A&E a week before the Grammy awards. Some footage will be used in March for ABC's first music-oriented after-school special, narrated by **Whoopi Goldberg**. . . . The **Dead** have taken time between legs of their tour to work on a studio LP. Look for it this year. . . . Rhino Records now has a file in Compuserve's Music Arts forum. Subscribers can get details—updated bimonthly—about Rhino releases. The forum is accessible by typing GO MUSICVEN. Rhino is also producing online interviews in which subscribers can talk with artists. . . . Is Judge **Lance Ito** Hollywood's next star? If the **Simpson** trial isn't enough publicity, how about this: Ito originally ordered **Snoop Doggy Dogg** held for trial on his murder charge. . . . Get Wild, a new perfume created by Prince's perfumer, was named after the song in *Ready to Wear*. Call 800-NEW-FUNK to get some. . . . **James Brown** has been named as the headline entertainer for concerts at the 1996 Olympic games in Atlanta.

—BARBARA NELLIS

TRAVEL

THE ART OF THE UPGRADE

Is first class worth it? Probably not, unless you're an oil tycoon. Is it worth the effort to scheme to cash in those expiring frequent-flier miles? Sure. Our recommendations: Stick to long flights and wide-bodies, then use your chits on tied-in European and Asian carriers. They take first-class food service more seriously than the domestics do—and spend accordingly. On Air France, the gastronomic reputation of the nation is on the line, so the first-class menu includes such delicacies as duckling supreme with mangoes and a pancake of seafood in a leek fondue. On Singapore Airlines, the excellence of the food—a terrific mixture of Asian and European preparations with all the caviar you can eat—is matched by a superb wine list and quite possibly the most gracious flight attendants in the Pacific skies. Or fly down to Rio on Varig, perennial winner of on-board service awards. If you don't have the air miles for an upgrade, it is possible to finesse your way into first class, according to Peter Greenberg, special correspondent for *Good Morning America*. Arrive at the gate early and "be understanding of the gate agent's plight. Speak in a language that indicates you've flown before. Smile. Ask if there are any open seats up front. Then hand over your ticket. Remember, everyone else will be begging for an upgrade, but the best way to get one is not to ask for it directly. Most important, dress well."

ANTHONY RUSSO

NIGHT MOVES: LONDON

Drinks: Christopher's at 18 Wellington Street near Covent Garden boasts one of the city's best early-evening bar scenes. It's also a hangout for terrific-looking female expatriates. The hot bar? Julie's on Portland Road (Mick Jagger, Cindy Crawford and Tom Cruise have been spotted there). The Bar at 190 Queen's Gate offers great music, sexy women (tight black pants and cashmere was the uniform of the night the last time we visited) and 16 designer beers. **Dinner:** Quaglino's at 16 Bury Street in the heart of London is as close as you can get to a Thirties supper club without a 20-piece band. San Lorenzo at 22 Beauchamp Place in Knightsbridge is a regular hangout for Eric Clapton, Jack Nicholson, Elle Macpherson and Jerry Hall. It's pricey but the food's great. Daphne's at 112 Draycott Avenue is where Richard Gere and Joan Collins eat (not together, we presume). Ask for table six, by the fireplace. The newest addition to the late-night scene is the Fifth Floor, an elegant restaurant-bar and café atop the Harvey Nichols department store (near Harrods). The food is excellent and there are gorgeous women everywhere.

GREAT ESCAPE
THE SOUTH PACIFIC

The Blue Lagoon was filmed on Turtle Island, a half hour by seaplane from Fiji's international airport. But while Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins have moved on, Turtle Island, with its 14 two-room cottage suites and 14 private beaches, remains one of the South Pacific's great romantic secrets. This couples-only resort has a no-children policy (except during the first two weeks in July and over Christmas) and a price package that includes everything from a private beach picnic, deep-sea fishing excursions and scuba diving to international cuisine, vintage wines and an open bar. The cost for a minimum stay of six nights is $5082, plus tax, per couple (not including airfare). Additional days are about $850 each. Call 800-826-3083 for more info.

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Victorinox' Original Swiss Army Knife just got a little more cutting edge. The newest model, the Traveler's Kit (pictured here), features a collection of functional implements (multi-tooled knife, mini-Maglite, compass-ruler and a magnifying glass–thermometer) fitted into a leather pouch (about $90). • The Jet Lag Watch ($49.95) by the Acclimator Time Corp. in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts smoothes the transition from one time zone to another better than a dry martini by automatically speeding up or slowing down during the course of a trip. (This tricky move can minimize the psychological effects of jet lag.) It then proceeds from the current time at your destination. • For boaters, skiers, hikers and trekkers there's See/Rescue, a lightweight, tubular location-marking device that emits a highly visible, colored plastic streamer. Price: $25 to $50, depending on size.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THEY MINT acting awards for the kind of performance given by Peter Falk in ***Roommates*** (Buena Vista). Falk plays a benign, stubborn Polish immigrant who lives to be 107. During the last several decades of his life, this baker from Pittsburgh raises his orphaned grandson, Michael, sees the lad through medical school in Ohio, moves in with him, disrupts his sex life and generally makes waves in the world around him. As the adult Michael, D.B. Sweeney manages a persuasive mix of deep love and total exasperation toward the old man, echoed by Julianne Moore as the woman Michael finally marries despite his curmudgeonly grandpa's resistance. This poignant family drama written for the screen by Max Apple and Stephen Metcalfe was inspired by Apple's own grandfather. The story lapses into heartwarming sudsiness toward the end, yet director Peter Yates makes it work and then some: All his performers hit their marks, while Falk hits the bull's-eye with a dream role that any self-respecting actor would grovel for. ¥¥¥¥

•

Despite chilling outbursts of domestic violence, ***Once Were Warriors*** (Fine Line) is an emotionally rich first feature by director Lee Tamahori. The movie is an absorbing and gritty slice of life about a Maori family in urban New Zealand. Rena Owen vibrantly plays Beth, the beautiful, battered wife of a handsome lout named Jake (Temuera Morrison) who answers any back talk with his fists. Beth's desperate efforts to protect her five kids while drawing strength from her native Maori heritage add conviction to a screenplay by Riwia Brown, a woman who knows her subject. The dark side of *Warriors* is alleviated by the dignity, humor and lust for life of its characters, depicted throughout with compassion and a sassy sense of truth. ¥¥¥

•

Two guys and a feisty young woman sharing an apartment in Glasgow are the threesome at risk in ***Shallow Grave*** (Gramercy), a blackly comic thriller reminiscent of the Coen brothers' 1984 *Blood Simple*. It all opens on a light note when the trio (Christopher Eccleston, Ewan McGregor and Kerry Fox) begins interviews to find a fourth roommate to share expenses. Soon after, they decide on Hugo, who turns up murdered but leaves behind a suitcase full of cash. Their decision to bury the body and keep the money has dire consequences. Both the police and violent hoodlums

Falk and Sweeney vie as *Roommates*.

Swell family affairs and dark deeds in progress from Pittsburgh to way down under.

show up, and the three friends gradually turn on one another in a frenzy of greed, guilt and suspicion. Director Danny Boyle makes *Grave* oddly promising, even funny at times, though it's not for viewers who quail at severed limbs or at the sight of some poor fool nailed to the floor. ¥¥

•

A total of 11 children in two privileged families are raised by the nannies in ***Martha & Ethel*** (Sony Classics). Martha is a German who came to the United States in 1936 and started work for the Johnstones some years later. Ethel is a wise black woman from South Carolina who joined the well-off Ettinger family and remains its closest friend. Producer-director Jyll Johnstone and co-producer Barbara Ettinger, both beneficiaries of Martha's and Ethel's stern but loving care, interview their former nannies along with family members as part of an unforgettable cinematic valentine. Backed by archival footage spanning several decades, *Martha & Ethel* resonates with subliminal messages about race, snobbery and class distinction. Here's a real-life dual portrait glowing with substance and charm. ¥¥¥½

•

A hit man for the Mafia-like Russian *organizatsya* and a force to reckon with in Brooklyn's Brighton Beach community is the pivotal figure in ***Little Odessa*** (Fine Line). Tim Roth portrays Joshua Shapira, the cool killer returned to his home turf on a lethal new assignment. Although rejected by his family (Maximilian Schell and Vanessa Redgrave are the senior Shapiras), Joshua gets in touch with his kid brother (Edward Furlong), whose loyalty to his older sibling is sorely tested by subsequent events. This spare and chilling look at the lowlife in Brighton Beach is given poetic treatment by 25-year-old writer-director James Gray in a feature debut that's impressive but numbingly bleak. ¥¥½

•

Love and loyalty between a permissive father and his son (played, respectively, by Jack Thompson and Russell Crowe) are the essence of ***The Sum of Us*** (Samuel Goldwyn), adapted from a prize-winning off-Broadway play by David Stevens. Made in Australia, the movie strikes a universal tone. Thompson is the widowed father who is so at ease with his gay son's lifestyle that he even buddies up to a rather puzzled trick the young man brings home to bed. Having an actor address the movie audience directly is a stunt that doesn't work very well, and *Sum of Us* suffers from a self-conscious cuteness every time that happens. Otherwise, co-directors Geoff Burton and Kevin Dowling make a breezy case for family togetherness and sexual liberation. ¥¥½

•

The film version of novelist Maeve Binchy's ***Circle of Friends*** (Savoy) stars Chris O'Donnell, the only instantly recognizable American actor at hand, and is directed with sensitivity by Pat O'Connor. Set in an Irish town circa 1957, the movie spells out the plight of a teenage girl named Benny (Minnie Driver) whose school friends are atwitter over boys, sex and gossip. Benny has eyes only for Jack (O'Donnell) until one of her circle gets pregnant and names him as the father-to-be. How does it all end? More or less happily, and throughout there's a lilting air of Irishness that makes little things matter a lot. ¥¥¥

•

The girl of the moment in ***Muriel's Wedding*** (Miramax) is a plump perennial wallflower from an Australian town with the unlikely name of Porpoise Spit. Writer-director P.J. Hogan's daft comedy was a crowd-pleasing hit down under and won a slew of Aussie Academy Awards, including best film. Toni Collette, named best actress as Muriel, earns her accolades with disarming and

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Four Weddings and a Funeral: Hugh Grant in a bright Brit comedy.

Hoop Dreams: Engrossing study of two Chicago basketball hopefuls.

Pulp Fiction: The competition can't beat Quentin Tarantino's witty, definitive, irresistible gangsta rap.

Quiz Show: The TV scandals brought back in style by Redford.

Ready to Wear: Naysayers, stuff it. Altman's far-out fashion statement gives haute couture a hotfoot.

The Ref: Comedy sleeper about a harried burglar and his hostages ought to become an Xmas classic.

The Shawshank Redemption: Robbins and Freeman shine behind bars.

Sirens: Nude models help an uptight British couple to hang loose.

Speed: Action drama as good as it gets—with Keanu Reeves in fast company on a booby-trapped bus.

AND THE TEN WORST

Bad Girls: Women out West, saddled with a dull scenario.

City Slickers II: Even Crystal's magic can't salvage this sorry sequel.

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues: The book was fun, but the film is pure bull.

The Flintstones: A Stone Age cartoon with rocks in its head.

I Love Trouble: Roberts, Nolte and more apathy than chemistry.

Radioland Murders: Stale spoof stars television's Brian Benben, mugging fiercely to no avail.

The Shadow: Miscasting Alec Baldwin puts a good actor in the shade.

A Simple Twist of Fate: The fickle finger foils Steve Martin, getting serious as an orphaned waif's dad.

The Specialist: Sharon and Sly together—undressed and undone.

Trial by Jury: Hurt tops stars who are dimmed in big-name courtroom trash.

unstoppable ebullience. A devoted fan of Abba dance records, Muriel is an also-ran who won't take no for an answer despite being ostracized, even ridiculed, by a clique of bitchy chums. Determined to make her girlish dreams of love and marriage come true, she steals cash from her dad for a carefree holiday, moves to Sydney, goes around to bridal shops pretending she is altar-bound and finally manages to snare a groom. It's a pathetic marriage of convenience, which turns out to be a milestone on the heroine's bumpy road to self-esteem. Viewed from here, *Muriel's Wedding* is a weird but winning portrait of a loser. ¥¥¥

•

Bulletproof Heart (Keystone Pictures) stars Anthony LaPaglia as an icy professional hit man on an assignment that makes him lose his cool. His job is to kill a beautiful woman named Fiona (Mimi Rogers), who evidently wants to die—she owes a lot of money she can't pay back and also suffers from one of those nameless incurable ailments that seldom occur except in movie plots. Peter Boyle plays the gang boss who orders the hit. Fledgling director Mark Malone bolstered this minor suspense drama by assembling a cast loaded with class and conviction. Rogers and LaPaglia, in particular, bring a humorous edge to *Bulletproof* that makes their joint venture into film noir something of a stylish slumming expedition. ¥¥

•

The question posed by ***Nina Takes a Lover*** (Triumph/Sony) might be: Can this romance be saved? In the title role as a San Francisco shoe-store owner with a troubled marriage, Laura San Giacomo considers having an affair to rekindle her passion while her husband is away. A kittenish would-be adulteress, she meets a handsome Welshman (Paul Rhys) and lets herself go. Writer-director Alan Jacobs pushes the cuteness quotient at times, and the tricky ending cheats a bit—but mostly his buoyant romantic comedy stays afloat. ¥¥½

•

Atom Egoyan's offbeat ***Exotica*** (Miramax) features a tax auditor (Bruce Greenwood) whose fantasy world spins around a nightclub, the Exotica. There he tries to forget his long-lost daughter while her former babysitter, Christina (Mia Kirshner), does a strip act that proceeds from her entrance as a prim schoolgirl. Presumably an exploration of the dark side of human desire, *Exotica* has more sex appeal than common sense. Go figure. As we know from his other efforts, Egoyan's movies are designed to be enticing, not easy. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Before Sunrise (Reviewed 3/95) In old Vienna, young love blooms. ¥¥¥½
Bulletproof Heart (See review) Hit man LaPaglia gets moonstruck over his mark, Mimi Rogers. ¥¥
Circle of Friends (See review) Irish eyes making strong connections. ¥¥¥
Death and the Maiden (3/95) Powerful stuff from Polanski, with Sigourney Weaver as a victim striking back. ¥¥½
Exotica (See review) It's a club where strippers show and weirdos tell. ¥¥
Heavenly Creatures (1/95) Girls will be girls—and sometimes killers. ¥¥¥½
Legends of the Fall (3/95) Hopkins, Pitt and Quinn head the star-studded cast of a corny family saga. ¥¥¥
Little Odessa (See review) Russian gangsters at large in Brooklyn. ¥¥½
The Madness of King George (3/95) Olde English royals acting up, as usual. ¥¥¥
A Man of No Importance (2/95) Albert Finney does a stylish walk on the Wilde side. ¥¥
Martha & Ethel (See review) Vibrant and moving close-up of two real-life nannies. ¥¥¥½
Miami Rhapsody (2/95) Fun and games involving family-wide infidelity. ¥¥¥
Murder in the First (3/95) Alcatraz exposed by a crusading lawyer. ¥¥¥½
Muriel's Wedding (See review) The girl just aches to get married. ¥¥¥
Nell (3/95) Jodie's stint saves it. ¥¥½
Nina Takes a Lover (See review) How a young wife keeps life exciting. ¥¥½
Nobody's Fool (2/95) Paul Newman makes an ambition-free curmudgeon look like Mr. Right. ¥¥¥
Once Were Warriors (See review) Maori survivors in New Zealand slums. ¥¥¥
Queen Margot (3/95) Wicked French history beautified by Adjani. ¥¥¥
Roommates (See review) Stunning star turn by Falk in serious makeup as a crusty grandpa. ¥¥¥¥
Safe Passage (Listed only) Family sweats out bad news about one of their boys in uniform. ¥½
Sex, Drugs & Democracy (3/95) Dutch treats for sale in Amsterdam. ¥¥½
S.F.W. (11/94) Fifteen minutes of fame for a couple of teenage hostages. ¥¥¥
Shallow Grave (See review) Friends fall out over ill-gotten gains. ¥¥
Strawberry and Chocolate (3/95) Gay and straight in today's Havana. ¥¥¥
The Sum of Us (See review) Dad goes easy on his homosexual son. ¥¥½
Vanya on 42nd Street (2/95) Chekhov in rehearsal, smashingly played from a terrific script by David Mamet. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Is Kelsey Grammer's taste in videos as recherché as Dr. Frasier Crane's? Perhaps. "My all-time favorite film is *To Kill a Mockingbird*," he says, "but Frasier would undoubtedly pick something more austere, like Ingmar Bergman's *Persona*." The Juilliard alum has a predictable penchant for the heady and serious: "I love *Fearless* (with Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez), not only for its acting and direction, but also for its compelling subject matter." Grammer also has a rugged side. "I've seen all of John Wayne's stuff. It was great—he was great." Who ranks as Dr. Crane's favorite on-screen shrink? "I can think of only one," he says. "Streisand in *Prince of Tides*?" Maybe it was those legs. —DONNA COE

VIDEO SWING SET

Give Smashing Pumpkins and Snoop Doggy Dogg a rest. ***Swing, Swing, Swing!: Classic Big Band and Jazz Shorts from the '30s and '40s*** is the first entry in MGM/UA's long-awaited series, *Cavalcade of Vitaphone Shorts*. Hip precursors to today's music vids, these are the movie theater minifeatures that let the 78-rpm-buying public see their favorite radio music makers in action. *Swing!* stars the late hi-de-ho man, Cab Calloway, as well as the bop-along orchestras of Artie Shaw, Ozzie Nelson (sans Harriet) and Cuban caballero Desi Arnaz, years before he became Ricky Ricardo. The two-tape set replays almost three hours of blasts from the past; the five-disc version has loads more licks—nearly nine hours in all.

SMITHEE FILMFEST

You thought Ed Wood was a bad director? Check out the dogs of Alan Smithee—that's the pseudonym used by filmmakers so bummed by their flick's final cut that they yank their own credit. Some of Smithee's best, uh, worst:

Death of a Gunfighter (1969): Richard Widmark and Lena Horne shoot blanks in this talkative Western. Smithee's debut.

City in Fear (1980): Newspaperman David Janssen has an avid fan—a serial killer—in this made-for-TV turkey. Look for a young Mickey Rourke.

Dune (1984): Smithee got the credit for the improved TV cut of the awful screen version of Frank Herbert's space-worm story. The real director: David Lynch.

Stitches (1985): The humor is strictly bedpan-level in this medical school comedy starring Parker Stevenson. D.O.A.

Let's Get Harry (1986): A Midwest plumber is held hostage in a South American jungle. To the rescue: Robert Duvall, who still can't save the film.

Morgan Stewart's Coming Home (1987): Boarding school teen tries to change his parents. Lynn Redgrave and Jon Cryer drown in the mess.

Ghost Fever (1987): Sherman Hemsley is a cop tangling with spirits in a possessed mansion. Not just stupid—tasteless, too.

Shrimp on the Barbie (1990): OK, let's get this right: Cheech Marin goes down under and pretends to be Emma Samms' fiancé? Yikes.

The Birds II: Land's End (1994): Guano.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

Discophiles have a lot to learn, thanks to six laser lessons from Lumivision (800-776-LUMI): It's torch and run in the Oscar-nominated ***Fires of Kuwait*** ($39.95), a real-life scorcher that tracks the blazing mess left behind when Saddam's thugs ignited more than 600 gulfside oil wells (firefighting teams from ten nations came to the rescue). Walter Cronkite separates myth from mammoth in ***Dinosaur!*** ($69.95), a four-part history of the prehistoric pests that became Spielberg's leading lizards. For death styles of the rich and famous, A&E's spectacular documentary ***King Tut: The Face of Tutankhamen*** (two discs; $69.95) gives the lowdown on the mother of all mummies—from ancient Egypt to Steve Martin's rap-song send-up—in a captivating three-and-a-half-hour tour. Space cadets will get a blast out of ***Hail Columbia!*** ($39.95), the complete scuttle on the shuttle, whose maiden voyage in 1981 launched NASA into a new era of space exploration. No surprise ending in A&E's epic look at the ***Titanic*** ($79.95); sure, everything sinks, but the 200-minute laser ride is still a white-knuckler. If you liked Keanu Reeves' *Speed*, try the Imax documentary ***Speed*** ($34.95) as it clocks man in some serious motion.

—DAVID STINE

VIDEO COLLECTION OF THE MONTH

All hail ***The Art of Buster Keaton,*** a crisply remastered collection of silent classics starring Charlie Chaplin's nearest rival (some say his superior). An unsentimental, deadpan genius at war with a hostile universe, Keaton's stone face and breathtaking physical comedy are celebrated in three boxed sets, which include the brilliant *Sherlock Jr.*, *The General* and *The Electric House*—altogether 11 features and shorts. On tape from Kino on Video, on disc from Image Entertainment.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***The Shawshank Redemption*** (convicted banker Robbins and savvy con Freeman grow old behind bars; vivid and oddly upbeat), ***Quiz Show*** (Redford's riveting spin on the Fifties TV scandal; Fiennes and Turturro score as the player-pawns).
ACTION	***Timecop*** (Senator's past misdeeds help build campaign war chest; Van Damme catches time warp and goes back far the bust), ***Terminal Velocity*** (spy Nastassja Kinski teaches espionage to too-cool parachutist Charlie Sheen; fun no-brainer).
SUSPENSE	***Color of Night*** (sizzling Jane March beds shrink Willis; so-so, but director's cut features Bruce's censored schlong shot), ***The Enemy Within*** (Forrest Whitaker saves nation in HBO's OK but dated *Seven Days in May* remake).
SLEEPER	***Medium Cool*** (1969 find: apathetic cameraman awakened by antiwar movement; 1968 Dem Convention footage still chills), ***Rapa Nui*** (Easter Island stud Jason Scott Lee falls for girl from wrong side of giant heads; visuals upstage dialogue).
COMEDY	***North*** (kid declares free agency, hires attorney, then scours globe for perfect parents; Reiner's family fable is made for the VCR), ***And God Spoke*** (dopey Hollywood hacks try to shoot a Nineties biblical epic; cinematic Silly Putty).

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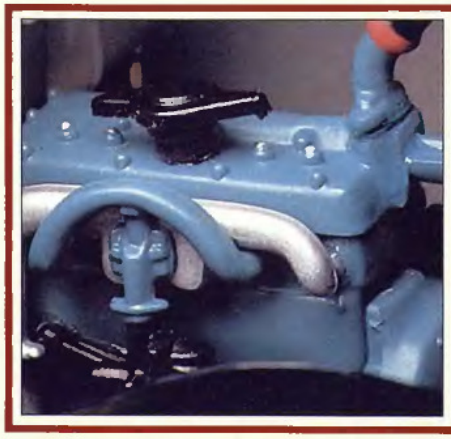

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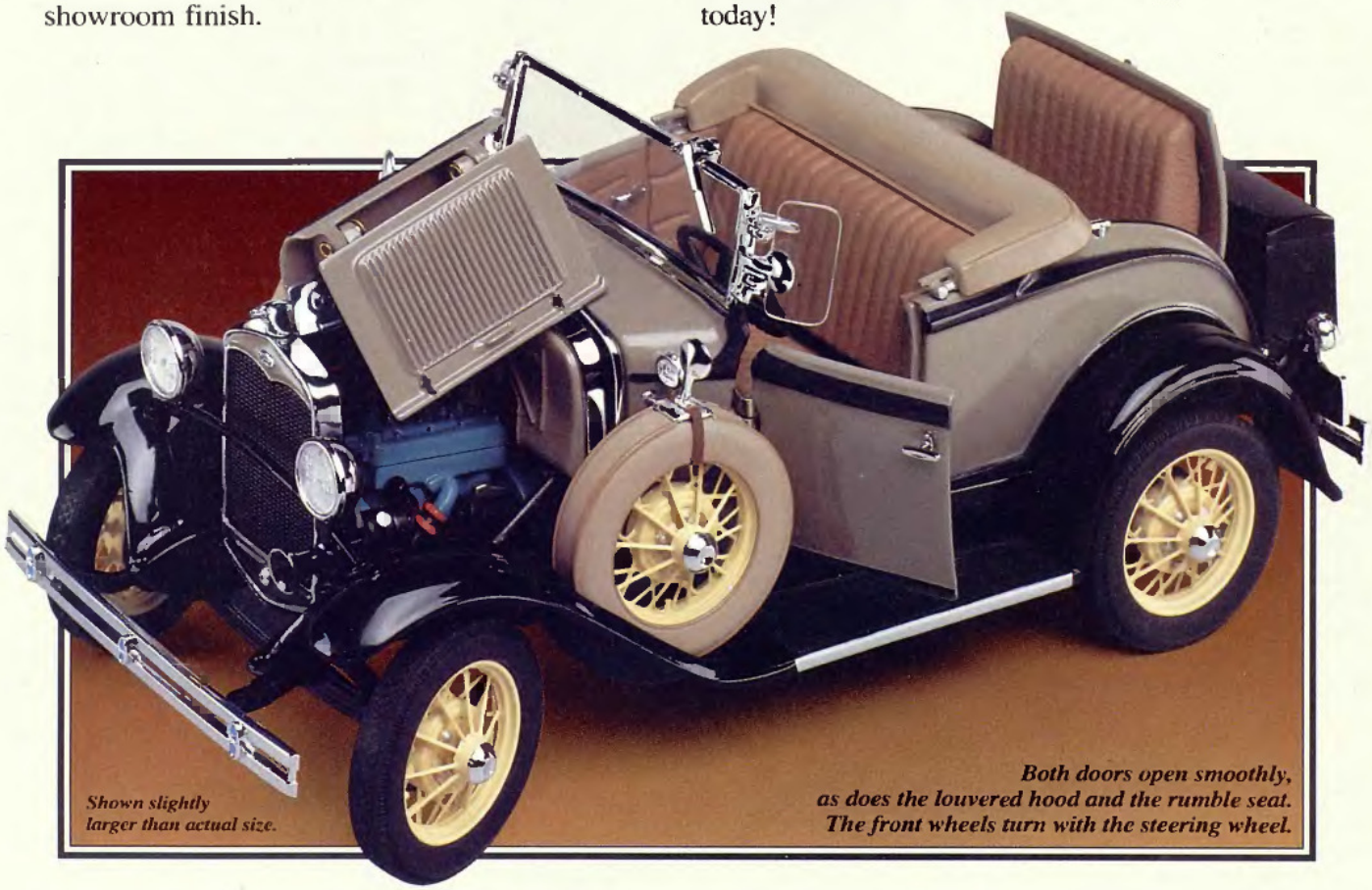

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ERNEST HEMINGWAY referred to George Plimpton's amateur excursions into professional sports as "the dark side of the moon of Walter Mitty." Perhaps that overstates the case, but Plimpton has done what every sports fan would love to do: He has played with the pros and lived to tell about it.

In ***The X Factor*** (W.W. Norton), the editor of the *Paris Review* reports on a different sort of sports encounter—playing horseshoes with president-elect George Bush one week before his inauguration. Although he has not played in 30 years, Plimpton is one point from winning the game when Bush throws a ringer to claim victory. As they part, Bush proposes a rematch at the White House.

Plimpton suffers this defeat inordinately and broods about the rematch. He decides he must discover the quality that puts consistent winners over the top. "It is a quality that goes by many aliases: competitive spirit, the will to win, giving it 110 percent, the hidden spark, Celtic green, Yankee pinstripes, guts, the killer instinct, élan vital, having the bit in one's teeth and so on." His pursuit of "the X factor" takes him from locker rooms to boardrooms. Bill Curry, the University of Kentucky football coach, tells Plimpton that the secret is focus. A dinner party companion insists that every great athlete is motivated by controlled rage. Henry Kravis, who engineered the $25 billion RJR Nabisco takeover, says winning is an inherent competitive urge. Billie Jean King tells him that the X factor is total concentration on the moment.

Armed with a year's worth of research and inspirational bromides, Plimpton arrives for the rematch and is trounced three games in a row. When asked for his ideas about the X factor, Bush talks about sportsmanship, confidence, concentration, fundamentals, adrenaline and maturity. He adds, "It all goes back to what your mother taught you: Do your best, try your hardest." On that note, Plimpton's urbane little volume fizzles out.

When a terrorist bomb explodes beneath the aircraft carrier HMS Mountbatten at the Royal Navy base in Portsmouth, England, Richard Marcinko and his crew of ex–Navy SEALs swing into action again. The fast-moving plot, thesaurus-busting obscenities and scenes of murder and mayhem in ***Green Team*** (Pocket), by Marcinko and John Weisman, combine to push it a couple of brutal notches above the authors' two previous best-sellers—*Rogue Warrior* and *Rogue Warrior II: Red Cell*.

In this new thriller, Marcinko forms Green Team, a counterterrorism unit that fights fast, hard and dirty against a new breed of bad guys who are equipped with lethal weaponry and motivated by religious fundamentalism. Marcinko discovers that the American admiral and the British admiral of the fleet who were killed in the bombing were tracking a new form of transnational Islamic-based terrorism emanating from Afghanistan. Their deaths are the first step in an international jihad financed by Afghanistan's flourishing opium business—that is, until Green Team opens fire.

Marcinko and Weisman know military technology and government jargon so well that their novels require a glossary to decode such acronyms as CINCUSNAVEUR (Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces, Europe). What makes their books work so well, however, is that along with the outrageous macho violence and vivid scenes of mass destruction, the authors have an intellectual vision of warfare and counterterrorism. Marcinko wages war on both the terrorists and their philosophy.

STEVE DIMENO

Plimpton's latest quest: *The X Factor*.

Two famous Georges play horseshoes; the posthumous autobiography of a legendary dealmaker.

Irving "Swifty" Lazar was best known as the host of an annual Academy Awards party that was a tougher ticket than the Oscar ceremonies themselves. Swifty was also "a dealmaker extraordinaire," to borrow novelist Michael Korda's phrase. He represented clients such as Humphrey Bogart, Larry McMurtry and Richard Nixon with equal measures of dramatic flair and chutzpah. He was a brilliant raconteur whose posthumous autobiography (with Annette Tapert), ***Swifty: My Life and Good Times*** (Simon & Schuster), is filled with tales, celebrity cameos and showbiz capers.

Lazar's book is almost nonstop anecdotes. Bogart nicknamed him "Swifty" when, on a bet, he made three movie deals for the actor with three different studios in 24 hours. His friend Frank Sinatra used to play elaborate practical jokes on him. Knowing how meticulous Swifty was about his clothing, Sinatra arranged to have a brick wall built in his closet. Lazar and Howard Hughes were once trapped together in a men's room in Las Vegas, not because of any malfunction but because there were no paper towels left. Both of them were so phobic about germs that they wouldn't touch the handle to open the door.

In addition to his circle of celebrity pals, Swifty was famous for two things: making deals for clients he didn't represent and not reading the material he sold to Hollywood. He admits to being guilty of both charges. He claims that he could get more money for those clients than their own agents could get and that illiteracy is a way of life in Hollywood.

BOOK BAG

Original Sin (Knopf), by P.D. James: The reigning grande dame of British mysteries has experimented with the genre in recent books, but this tale of a murdered publishing magnate demonstrates that she is still the form's master.

You Send Me: From Gospel to Pop, The Life and Times of Sam Cooke (Morrow), by Daniel Wolff: Wolff collaborated with the Soul Stirrers' founder, S.R. Crain; Sam Cooke's guitarist and bandleader, Clifton White; and musical researcher G. David Tenenbaum on the first biography of the man who invented soul.

The Nearest Faraway Place: Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys (Henry Holt), by Timothy White: From the editor in chief of *Billboard* magazine, a totally cool look at the seminal California surfing band and the culture that produced it.

Keith: Standing in the Shadows (St. Martin's Press), by Stanley Booth: The author of *Rythm Oil* and *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones* calls upon his 25-year association with Rolling Stones lead guitarist Keith Richards for a close-up look at the hard-driving, passionate musician who was once a choirboy and a convict.

USA Sports Ski Atlas (Gousha), edited by Balliett & Fitzgerald and the *USA Today* sports staff: This complete guide to Alpine and Nordic ski areas in the U.S. and Canada features full-color maps and detailed resort listings.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

STEVE RUBIN

GUPPIES & GUYS

Lee Alan Dugatkin of the University of Missouri and Robert Craig Sargent of the University of Kentucky have just published the results of their study of the mating habits of male guppies in a weighty journal called *Behavioral Ecology and Sociobiology*. After reading about their work, I'm not sure I can trust my male friends anymore.

Biologists often ask important questions. Why are the males of most species so competitive with one another during courtship rituals? What kinds of gestures do females make to attract one potential mate and reject another? Most biologists ask these questions because they are sincere scholars who want to crack the secrets of the sexual universe.

Dugatkin and Sargent observed some surprisingly sophisticated behavior in the male guppies in their laboratory. The two scientists set up a fish tank with invisible, movable partitions. Then they let a male and a female guppy swim in that tank while another male guppy watched from another tank. Sometimes the partitions allowed the male and female in the first tank to swim close together (in guppies as in humans, closeness usually indicates intimacy and favoritism). Sometimes the researchers kept the partitions farther apart so it appeared that the female was not interested in the male.

The bottom line of the experiment? The guppy voyeur, when introduced to the first tank, usually chose to swim next to the seemingly less attractive, less favored male guppies. He stayed away from the more successful Romeos. That's right, guppy fans: When given a choice to swim beside a male loser at love or a male winner, the third male chose the loser. In 24 of 30 independent trials with 30 different sets of guppies, the guppy voyeur swam over to the supposed loser and stayed as close to him as if they had been best buddies for life.

This news, of course, sent a chill down my spine. I looked in the mirror at my guppy-like face and guppy-like body and asked a painful question: Are the guys in my life who seem to be my friends actually not my friends? Are they only using me to make themselves look good? I had to find the answer to this question.

First, I went to my *Men* column editor, Jonathan Black. "Jonathan," I asked, "I know we have a professional relationship, but aren't we good friends as well?"

Jonathan looked at me guardedly. "How do you define 'friend'?" he asked.

"Somebody you enjoy being with," I said. "I mean, you drop by my cubicle to talk. Sometimes we go to lunch. You even invited me to a party at your house. You enjoy my company, right?"

"I enjoy your company, Ace," Jonathan said, "because I'm younger and thinner than you are. I'm also smarter and more diplomatic. And we all know I dress a hell of a lot better than you do. Besides, you're the *Men* columnist. That fact alone pisses off some women. Next to you, I look much better than if I sit in my office alone." Jonathan put a hand on my shoulder. "You're a great guy to have around, Ace," he said.

"Thanks a lot," I said. I was already truly discouraged. Maybe men are just like guppies. Maybe every strategy we use involves looking better than the other guy. Maybe, because of our competitive hearts and minds, we cannot be true friends with one another.

I went over to my health club and checked out this theory with my good buddy Charley. "Charley," I asked, "are we good friends?"

"Absolutely, Ace," Charley said. "You want to go lift some weights?"

"I'm a little tired right now, Charley," I said.

"Come on, old man, I need you. There are some great leotards on the exercise bikes. I want to show off, and next to you, I look really good on the bench presses and curls."

I was stunned. "Charley," I asked, "is that all that our friendship is based on?"

"Not necessarily," he said. "You make me look good on the treadmill, too. Just the other day this super wench asked me if you were my father. Hey, I'm no spring chicken, but next to you I look like a teenager. You don't know what that does for a horny guy like me. You're invaluable, Ace."

This talk gave me an idea, so next I checked with my sons. "Hey, guys," I said, "let me ask you a question: I know I'm your father, but am I not also your friend?"

"How do you define 'friend'?" Jim asked carefully.

"Yeah, Dad, how do you define 'friend'?" Brendan asked, looking sideways at Jim.

"You know," I said, "a buddy, a regular guy who makes your life easier because you enjoy being with him."

"Well, Dad," Jim said, "you do make life a lot easier for us."

"That's right, Dad," Brendan said.

"Because I'm full of wisdom and as a role model I've retained a youthful approach to life and you're proud to be seen with me?" I asked.

"Not exactly, Dad," Brendan said. "We hang with you because we look great by comparison. We know more about computers and music and culture——"

"And we're younger and talk more intelligently and have more social grace," said Jim.

"So the truth is, Pops," said Brendan, "as long as you're around, we can usually get dates. It's a lot tougher out there when it's just us young guys alone."

I've been told that guppies come from Trinidad, and I plan to go down there soon. They say guppies swim in schools of 15 to 100 fish, and I guess I'll join them. Because I view it like this: If I hang out with a bunch of guppies in the ocean, won't I look better by comparison to any woman who happens to swim by? Come to think of it, I'm not sure I want an answer to that question.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

NICE GIRLS DON'T READ ROMANCES

Permit me to introduce myself. My name has inexplicably become Cassandra.

My thick black lashes frame eyes the color of the skies in springtime. My complexion is creamy white, and I have flushed cheeks, rosy lips, small white perfect teeth. My tiny waist can fit within a circle made by a pair of large, rugged, manly hands. I have glorious raven-black hair, which I wear piled on top of my head. My breasts are high, large and handsome. My legs are long, my feet dainty. Did I happen to mention that I am a 19-year-old virgin?

OK, I may be having a little trouble with the 19-year-old-virgin stuff, but what the hell, I'll go with it for one important reason:

Men want me. Badly. Short and tall men, ancient lascivious toads and pimpled squeaking youths all stutter to stunned silence when I waft into a room. Rich guys and royalty lay their hearts and plenty of diamonds at my beautifully shod feet.

Me? Diamonds? Rich guys and royalty? Cool.

Yes, I have been reading romance novels. Identifying with the heroines. It's a tough job, but someone has to do it.

I used to think that only, well, trashy women read romances. I see them all the time in airports and subways. They're always wearing housedresses or polyester pantsuits, or, if they're really fat, white leggings and an undersized T-shirt. They're reading these books with torrid, florid, unbelievably ugly covers featuring Barbies getting their dresses ripped apart by savage Kens. These women always have slack jaws and glazed eyes and look like they're bingeing on mental Oreos. Sometimes they drool.

Whereas suited women and trendy green-haired girls are always reading Plato or something. Over the years, I've questioned many women, and they've all denied any familiarity whatsoever with romance novels. Tacky and stupid, they've said. Nice girls don't read romances, they've said.

Turns out I'm a dope. All the bookstores in my neighborhood have bigger and bigger romance sections, so I finally bought a copy. Jesus. They're masturbation books! They are teeming with the hottest sex that can be described using incredibly clichéd euphemisms. Like this passage from a novel by Sandra Brown, current darling of the booksellers:

> Emboldened by his impassioned plea, she stroked and caressed until she found the smooth spearhead lubricated with the precious nectar of his desire. . . . His fingers found her feminine threshold moist and pliant and trembling. She tightened around his fingers like warm closing petals as they entered that haven.

And then they do it. After tons of sucking on her nipples in worshipful frenzy, he delves into her and fills her completely and they meet on this entirely new plane of awareness!

This book was really stupid and I hated it. It left me utterly cold and blasé.

OK, I'm lying. Every sex scene was built up so slowly, with such excruciating attention to detail—exactly how the nipples were sucked and caressed, the texture of the skin, a plateau-by-plateau description of the orgasms, the rhythm of the thrusts—that I got into it. Just a little.

I decided to tell all the women I know. They knew already. They just wouldn't admit it until I did.

"Oh, yeah, they're definitely a turn-on, though you feel kind of icky and stupid afterward," said Rita.

"What are you going to do when you run out of fantasies?" asked Cleo. "Go to the video store?"

Of course you're not. Even if you're not afraid of video store clerks who give you the hairy eyeball, porn videos cater to men's fantasies. Porn movies made for women are beyond dull—they never get it right. The closest thing to female porn is *A Room With a View*, that Merchant–Ivory period drama in which the hero is so besotted with the heroine that we think he may die without her.

Studying these conflicting fantasies, it's easy to understand why men and women have a tough time getting along well enough to get laid.

Women's romance pornography (yes, that's what it is) is incredibly involved, with nice houses and costumes. The man must have valor, passion, social standing, rock-hard morality. And he must be so unbelievably obsessed with the woman that he's almost insane. Just the touch of the tip of her tiny finger throws him into uncontrollable fits. But he is honorable and suffers his lust stoically. He has a great body. He wears cool clothes. He really wants to take her out dancing and stuff. He adores going down on her and can always make her come.

"Yep, that about covers it," said Cleo. "Although to me, social standing means anybody who can play blues guitar."

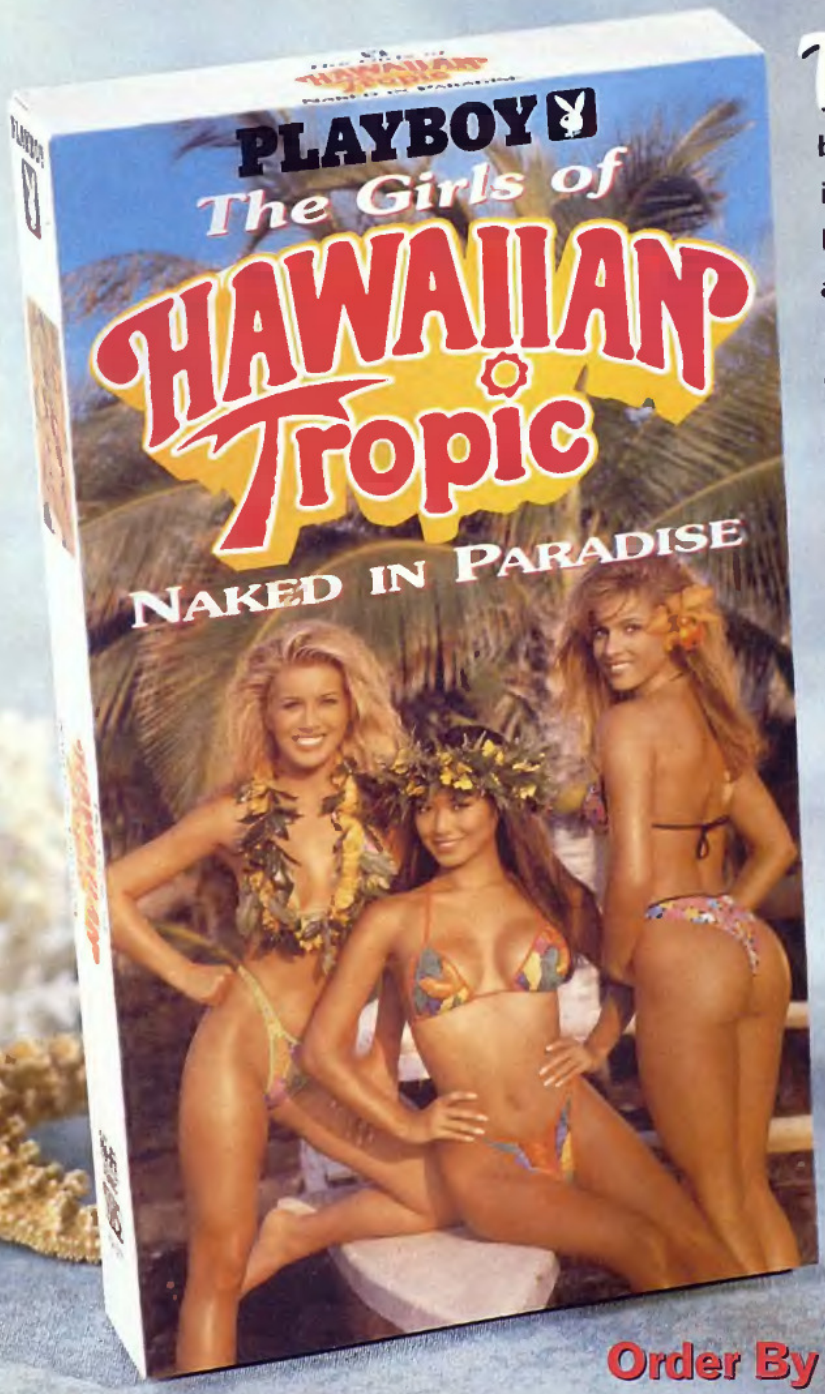
In men's pornography the woman must be young and preferably naked. She must have incredible tits, and she must beg for it. She loves to blow him and really wants to bring another woman or two or even three along for the ride. She doesn't care for a second if she never sees him again, doesn't care about fancy restaurants or jewelry or anything but his big hard cock. And she always thinks he's big.

It's a good idea if we know about each other's fantasies and if we let each other have them without whining. As long as we don't expect those fantasies to come true. Compared with men's fantasies, I am one of those women on the subways I've been sneering at.

I won't be sneering at them anymore. Now I understand. These women don't give a damn what they look like to me. They're immersed in a world where they are tender young maidens with raven-black hair and beautiful shoes.

PLAYBOY

The Girls of Hawaiian Tropic Naked in Paradise



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I both enjoy showing off her breasts, especially her areolae and her nipples. She gets the thrill of being a tease; I enjoy letting others see her provocative personality. We have experimented with a variety of techniques, from her wearing see-through lace camisoles, minimal-cup bras or sheer blouses to the seemingly accidental opening of a blazer or the plunge of an off-the-shoulder sweater. Unfortunately, she has pale areolae that sometimes can't be seen through even the sheerest material. Often she has worn an athletic top pulled down so the edge of the fabric is riding on the ends of her nipples and a good third of each areola is exposed above the top, only to go unnoticed. Is there a way to temporarily darken her areolae to draw more attention to them without irritating her skin or staining fabrics?—S.J., Fort Collins, Colorado.

You have just put every man in Fort Collins on alert. If they still need a breast to slap them in the head before they notice it, enhance the center of the target with a generous application of a water-soluble rouge. If that doesn't turn heads, go for the gold: Tattoo an arrow on her clavicle.

I'm a 31-year-old man who began to lose my hair at 17. About a year ago, I gave up and shaved my head. My girlfriend says I've never looked sexier. Once a week she lovingly shaves and caresses my pate and applies a little baby oil. With that done, we make love. While our sex life during the rest of the week is remarkable in its own way, nothing compares to "shaving day." Try as we might, however, we can't seem to get my head completely smooth. There's always a little fuzz or nicks. How can we get a close shave?—C.M., Billings, Montana.

You don't say whether you're using a blade or an electric shaver, but the latter will nearly always leave a 12 o'clock shadow. And you should probably expect nicks if your girlfriend is handling the razor while anticipating a big payoff. She may be a tad impatient. During the first few weeks of shearing your head, apply a warm towel and petroleum jelly before lathering up. This will help soften the skin. After a few months, you should be able to graduate to a straight razor, which one bald, distinguished colleague says makes his morning ritual as easy as "combing off your hair."

My girlfriend and I have an adventurous sex life. We've done most of the positions, used many of the toys and once invited her best friend to join us. But we've run into an obstacle: sex in public. We had the perfect opportunity to join the mile-high club on a nearly empty

flight. We figured if we put up the armrests, used a blanket to cover us, reclined and put her on top with her back to me, we'd have it made. But she couldn't get wet. The same thing happened in a broom closet at a mall. We want to screw in elevators, on beaches, on park benches. We even tried it on top of a high-rise in San Francisco. How can I get her wet fast? She doesn't like synthetic lubricants, and I've tried kissing her and using my fingers through her clothes beforehand, but no go. Are there any buttons that I'm missing or any vitamins she can take to get her going outside of the bedroom?—H.S., Sacramento, California.

While making love in public can be arousing because of its danger, it can also cause the dry-mouth reaction known as fear. Perhaps your girlfriend is concerned that your encounters will end in embarrassment, thereby overpowering her instinct to play the adventuress. The trick is to draw her attention to what you're doing rather than where you're doing it. To that end, don't always push for intercourse. Instead, finger her in the foyer, caress her in the carport, lick her in the lavatory. That will make it easier to jump back into place should a curious bystander peek around the corner. Or make love where she feels more at home, such as on her balcony. Still no luck? Give lubricants a try (why do you think petroleum jelly comes in those little tubes?). If you overcome her resistance once or twice, you probably won't need help the third time.

Last month, we rented one of those for-lovers-only suites, complete with a hot tub. It didn't take us long to realize that sex in a hot tub is unbelievable! We had only one problem: The condom we used broke, and we ended up using nothing. We've both since decided that that's not the answer, but I'm wary of using spermicidal foams and gels, because they may get watered down or wash out entirely. Any suggestions?—B.F., Phoenix, Arizona.

The heat from the water could diminish the strength of the latex after five or ten minutes. But the more immediate danger is that the lubricant will wash off. The condom may be more likely to break or slip off as a result. If you're determined to fuck underwater, have your lover use a diaphragm, give your condom a double dose of lubricant (inside and outside) and keep a close eye on your erection to make sure you're not sailing solo. If you're easily distracted, slip out of the water when it's time to slip into the condom. The tub will feel that much better after you've finished your lovemaking.

I want to expand into multimedia. Friends say I should go for the best sound possible. Can I use the speakers from my stereo with my computer?—J.P., Atlanta, Georgia.

Not unless you want to fry your floppies or distort your color monitor. Most stereo speakers are unshielded—the woofers emit a strong magnetic field that can wreak havoc on tapes, discs, hard drives and your monitor's cathode-ray tubes. (That's good to remember: Keep your home office and home entertainment centers at a comfortable distance from each other.) Most of the speakers that are sold with multimedia packages are shielded. They also contain their own amps. Experts say the best way to test a multimedia speaker system is to play your audio CDs on your CD-ROM drive before using it for games and reference works.

Because I travel for business, I have to lug around a portable computer. I get frustrated with having to recharge the battery constantly. Is there anything I can do to make it last longer?—M.W., Chicago, Illinois.

If you recharge a common nickel cadmium (NiCd) battery before it's completely dead, you're shortchanging yourself—it won't have so much life again. (For the record, and for any dinner conversation you might have with the Energizer Bunny, the phenomenon is known as hysteresis.) Make sure your batteries are completely drained before you recharge them. The newer nickel-metal hydride (NiMH) batteries, which aren't so widely available, can last 40 percent longer and don't suffer from that recharge lag. To help your NiCd batteries last longer, keep your computer screen (an energy sapper) as dim as possible and don't turn the machine on and off more than you have to. You can

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

also get power-management software that helps you keep an eye on your energy supply. Finally, store batteries in a cool place and recharge them the night before your trip rather than a few days ahead.

Over the three years I have been married, I've been unfaithful once. I admitted my mistake and I apologize constantly but have not regained my wife's trust. How can I convince her that I won't make the same mistake again?—J.S., San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Our advice: Stop apologizing. Flowers and regrets are not guarantees that you won't stray again. Better to analyze why you had the fling and address that problem. If you can, you'll be less likely to repeat your mistake. If you think it might help, share your conclusions with your wife.

Recently the Advisor suggested tipping the maître d' at the end of a meal "in appreciation of the total effort." Sophisticated people do not take chances on good service in an important situation, such as when you're trying to impress a business associate or special woman. I will excuse myself from the table for a moment and find my server. With my arm around his or her shoulder, I will offer the appropriate gratuity based on what I anticipate spending at that meal and say, "Take good care of my guest and me." Am I wrong?—K.K., Dublin, California.

If it works for you, fine, but it sounds to us like a scene from a bad gangster movie. What if your guests were to witness this scene? If a dinner is important to you, go to a place you know and where the staff knows you. If you're out of town, speak to the maître d', but save the tip for later.

My girlfriend and I have known each other for four years and have been living together for nine months. I have a hang-up about how many and what types of guys she has slept with. Other women I've known, including my ex-wife, have had no problem answering these questions. But my girlfriend says her past relationships don't matter. In this day of disease, don't I have a right to expect an honest answer from the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with?—H.B., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Sure, but only if you ask intelligent questions. Your concern over sexually transmitted diseases suffers a little from timing. You should have discussed your sexual health histories long ago. Examine why you really want a laundry list. Are you afraid you won't measure up? Would you think less of her if she had more experience than you? We suggest you let her preserve her past loves for what they are—memories.

I just started dating a terrific guy, but there's one problem. He's so small that during intercourse there can't be much movement because he tends to slip out. I am used to thrusting. Is there anything I can do to make our lovemaking more enjoyable?—K.J., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The first few sexual encounters of a relationship aren't always the smoothest—that may account in part for your lover's difficulties. Give him some time to find his zone and soon you may be lusting for his thrusting. In the meantime, experiment with different positions. To increase penetration (and to keep him from getting away), wrap your legs around your lover when he is on top or when you make love side by side. He might also find it easier if he grabs your ass to draw you closer and guide himself in and out.

How long can HIV survive on an improperly cleaned tattoo needle? Someone who is HIV-positive had a tattoo done right before I did, and when I asked the tattooer how he cleans his needle between customers, he said he soaks it in bleach. Am I at risk?—R.J., Detroit, Michigan.

Soaking a needle in bleach after giving it a good cleaning with hot water is an effective way to prevent the passing of the virus. Reputable tattoo artists are well aware of the dangers of spreading HIV and use fresh needles for each customer.

A few days ago, my husband and I stripped the sheets off of our water bed and doused it with baby oil. We had a wonderful time slipping all over the bed. When we were done, we showered together. After washing my hair I was happy to discover that it was soft and shiny but not greasy-looking. So not only does slippery sex feel great, it's also good for your hair! Thought I'd pass this along.—L.P., Madison, Wisconsin.

We're pleased to hear about your hair, but because we hate to see any good water-filled sex enhancer go to waste, be sure to wipe all the oil from your mattress. Over time, the oil could damage the vinyl. To make cleanup easier, drape a disposable plastic drop cloth (available at any hardware store) over your bed before your next slip and slide.

My problem is stamina. I am a 29-year-old man. When I was 19, I could go for a half hour. Now, I can't make it two minutes. I know I am not nearly in the shape I was ten years ago and I wonder if that has anything to do with how long I can last. Will shaping up improve my sex life?—R.D., Chicago, Illinois.

Possibly, but it's not really a matter of shape up or slip out. Even the most athletic men can suffer from control problems. Try this: During sex, instead of concentrating on how aroused you are, or how gorgeous your partner's heaving breasts are, or the fact that you're partaking in one of the most rewarding aspects of your humanity, take a long, slow breath as you're approaching orgasm. Change or break the rhythm or find something new to inspire fascination. That said, there is still incentive to buff up: Countless studies have shown that self-esteem—including body image—contributes to sexual energy. Anyone in touch with his body is likely to spend more time seeing what it can do.

Could it be true? I've heard that anal sex is illegal in some states, and that oral sex is illegal in others. How do police enforce something like that?—M.H., Washington, D.C.

Laws concerning anal and oral sex vary from state to state, though most are rarely enforced beyond being used to harass homosexuals. Historically, states have defined everything outside of the missionary position as defiling the laws of nature (are you turned on yet?). At last count, heterosexual anal sex was illegal in 15 states and the District of Columbia, while oral sex between straight partners is verboten in 16 states and D.C. (generally you can fuck freely in the Midwest and California, but stay on your toes in the Deep South). Many states also outlaw adultery, sex with a first cousin, premarital sex, living together and visible erections, though at last report, living with an erection wasn't a crime.

I have a new girlfriend, but our sex life is ho-hum. She is very systematic and likes to have sex only at night. She is tall, athletic, sexy—basically, she makes me horny. The sight of her naked turns me on, but when I don't feel she is as turned on, it is difficult to get an erection. There are times when she is incredibly horny and the sex is great. How do I keep her that way?—C.C., Tacoma, Washington.

As any scientist will tell you, observation is the first step toward solving a problem. The next time your girlfriend jumps you, make a mental note of the time, weather, day of the week, what you were wearing, any sudden movements you made during dinner, or any other variables that might have sparked her passion. Is she horny after a long workout? (If so, pay her health club dues and encourage her to go regularly.) Ask her about her day at work. Did she finish a big project? Did the boss compliment her? Narrow the variables until you're left with one or two common catalysts. All that may not be necessary, of course: Not every woman screams in delight, rolls her eyes and kicks the walls during sex, and your girlfriend may be enjoying herself more than you think.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

STUPID GOVERNMENT TRICKS

it's tax time again. do you know where your dollars are?

By JOHN J. KOHUT

What? The Big Game's Today? Well, Since We're Already Here. . . .

After the office of Secretary of the Air Force Donald Rice was alerted that taxpayers had footed the $5700 bill for him and his wife, plus an aide, to fly on an Air Force jet to Notre Dame University on the day of the big football game between Notre Dame and Air Force in 1990, a spokesperson explained that Rice had gone to discuss "official business" with ROTC cadets.

When You've Got It, Flaunt It

A 1994 report by the General Accounting Office questioned numerous instances of defense contractors' charging the Pentagon for costs related to employee morale. Sparta Inc., a computer contractor, billed a total of $560,000 for employee conferences in Jamaica, Hawaii, Mexico and Grand Cayman Island. Sippican Inc., a maker of oceanographic gear, billed $11,000 for liquor, $62,000 for employee use of a 46-foot company-owned fishing boat, $15,000 for T-shirts, $5000 for running shoes, $6000 for Red Sox tickets and $31,000 for scholarships for employees and their children. Another contractor charged $2184 for a hospitality suite at the infamous 1991 Tailhook Convention in Las Vegas.

Yossarian, Call Your Office

The Senate Budget Committee determined that during the Eighties Pentagon efficiency experts saved between $27 million and $136 million each year. However, the work of the efficiency experts cost between $150 million and $300 million each year.

Free Flipper

In 1992 Congress told the Navy to "develop training procedures that will allow mammals no longer required for this project to be released into their natural habitat." About $500,000 was earmarked for the task. The mammals in question were 100 dolphins, 20 sea lions and a few beluga and false killer whales that had been used, at the cost of $8 million per year, in Navy programs. The $500,000 was used up in one two-day meeting in Albuquerque of specialists who concluded that dolphins held longer than seven years probably could not be reintroduced to the wild (animal rights activists disagree). All but five of the dolphins, meanwhile, float in cages eight yards long and eight yards wide.

Radical New Idea

According to figures compiled by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and reported by the Centers for Disease Control, more than one third of the 5546 pedestrians killed by cars in 1992 had blood alcohol levels higher than the legal limit for drivers. The NHTSA decided to spend $370,000 to study why drunk walkers are hit by cars.

This Is Going to Be Really Important One Day, and I'm Going to Look Stupid

A study by the genetics department at the University of Washington is investigating digestive irregularity in worms. Scientists observing the one-millimeter-long worms defecating are also monitoring a mutant strain they created that is constipated. Funded with tax dollars? You bet.

News Flash! If You Get Shot in the Head, You're in Trouble

A $2 million Army research program at Louisiana State University Medical Center involved firing pellets into the heads of drugged cats and studying their injuries to improve treatment for soldiers with head wounds. Of the 700 cats shot, 103 were killed outright. The others were brain-wounded but kept alive so that neurological tests could be conducted. Dr. Michael Sukoff, spokesman for the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, which protested the research, noted that after six years of cat shootings, the researchers "concluded that a brain-injured organism will stop breathing." In other words, as had been concluded in similar studies 100 years earlier, respiratory support can keep brain-injured people alive. The scientist in charge of the program went on to win a $1.8 million Pentagon contract to study head injuries in rats.

Money for Nothing

In 1994 the Department of Defense concluded that the Selective Service draft registration system could be suspended "without irreparable damage to national security." Each year the system registers between 1.5 million and 1.8 million 18-year-olds for the nonexistent draft. The service's annual budget is $24 million. President Clinton rejected the proposal, instead asking Congress for $23 million to fund the program for 1995.

The Rabbit's Holding, Man

In 1993 the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine termed "outlandish" a $3 million taxpayer-funded research project to determine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVE CALVER

whether marijuana will make rabbits more susceptible to syphilis and mice more prone to Legionnaires' disease.

Excuse Me!

In 1994 the Environmental Protection Agency gave a $500,000 grant to Utah State University to study whether cattle burps contain enough methane to encourage global warming. Researchers fitted range cattle with special breathing devices to measure the methane in their belches. Three years earlier, the feds had spent $300,000 to measure the methane in cow farts.

Daringly Innovative in Its Lameness

Late in 1993 the *Los Angeles Times* reported on an Air Force plan to launch 2000 pounds of sand into orbit aboard a communications satellite. Because some electronic equipment for the flight was not completed in time, the Air Force decided that the sand would act as ballast. John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists noted that the mission would still cost $70 million and called the idea of launching dead weight to compensate for missing technology "the silliest thing I have ever heard of."

Hey, I Hear They're Handing Out Free Dynamite

According to a report by the General Accounting Office and the Senate Committee on Aging, Social Security programs dispensed $1.4 billion during 1993 to more than 250,000 alcoholics and drug addicts, most of whom, instead of using it for recovery purposes, fed their habits. The report found that only 78,000 of the beneficiaries were subjected to any monitoring of the money they received. One package store owner in Denver was found to have received $160,000 a year from the program on behalf of 40 alcoholics whom he kept supplied with liquor.

The Never-Ending Reagan Revolution

From 1991 to 1994, Congress is reported to have secretly authorized more than $65 million for the Central Intelligence Agency to buy back what remains of the estimated 1000 Stinger missiles it distributed to Afghan rebels to battle invading Soviets during the Eighties. (Some of the missiles have already surfaced in Iran, Qatar and North Korea.) The original cost of each missile was $35,000 when the Army bought them from General Dynamics. In 1990 the CIA was said to be offering $50,000 per missile in the buy-back program. Now the price is reportedly $100,000 per Stinger.

Makes Sense to Me, Beavis

Two years after posting $500 million in losses and after the start of a new year that found the U.S. Postal Service running up expenses of $215 million more than expected, Postmaster General Marvin Runyon announced the possibility of large cash bonuses for his managers if the total loss for the current year could be kept to $1.3 billion. With postal executives earning average salaries of $83,000, they could share in a $9 million bonus pool. Meanwhile, despite 33,000 layoffs, the Postal Service spent $7 million to replace its corporate logo.

We Could Make Everyone in the U.S. Sound Like Donald Duck for 60 Years

Since 1925 the U.S. Bureau of Mines has maintained a huge underground reserve of helium gas in Amarillo, Texas to fuel the Army's fleet of dirigibles. Unfortunately, the Army hasn't had a fleet of dirigibles in about four decades. As of 1993 the stockpile was valued at $1.6 billion, enough helium to last the U.S. 60 years. The operation employs 220 Bureau of Mines workers and has driven the agency $1.3 billion into debt. When asked during her testimony before the House Budget Committee why the Clinton 1995 budget still did not eliminate the national helium program, Office of Management and Budget Deputy Director Alice Rivlin said, "I think we keep it for some mysterious political reason"—namely, the helium industry is afraid the reserve would flood the market and put private dealers out of business.

How About That New Slogan: It'll Get There When It Gets There?

After the Postal Service dropped its advertising claims that its two-day Priority Mail service was guaranteed, it destroyed all envelopes bearing the two-day claim at a cost of $185,000. A 1993 Senate investigation had found that only 77 percent of Priority Mail was actually delivered within two days.

I've Got It—We'll Give 'Em Some Money and They'll Arrange Stuff . . . Good Stuff

For fiscal 1994 the Senate Labor Committee added $4 million to the Dwight Eisenhower Leadership Development Program, designed to foster "new generations of leaders in the areas of national and international affairs." The program awards grants of $175,000 for efforts to stimulate those leadership skills. Grant proposals have included a Texas university's offer to arrange for 100 "at-risk fifth graders" to attend Rap and Eat programs featuring the rap group Chillin' Time, and Wayne State University's plan to run "leadership development seminars" that would include the Washington International Walkabout—students would get to walk around Washington, D.C. for six days.

If They Were to Sell a Page-a-Day Version Featuring Famous Congressional Scandals, They Might Get a Handle on That Deficit Thing

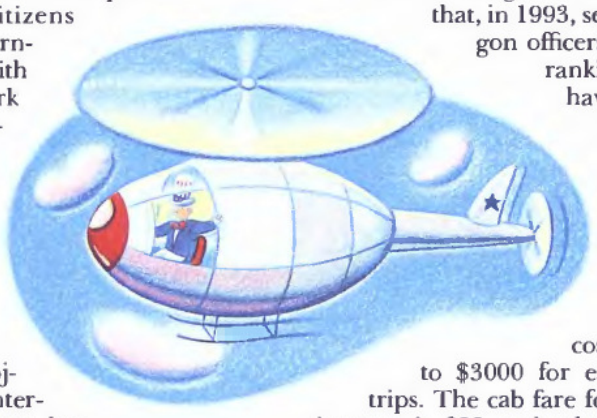
For those of you who insist on getting a free wall calendar every year, each member of Congress can pass out 2500 copies of the U.S.

Congress' annual calendar. The calendar features a photo of the Capitol and lists important dates in U.S. history. The yearly production costs of the age-old giveaway item total $740,000. If all are mailed out to constituents, you can

add on another $2 million. The last serious attempt to discontinue this practice was led by Representative Peter Kostmayer (D-Pa.) in 1977. "There are too many calendars in America," said Kostmayer. "This is a step toward getting rid of such clutter." It failed.

Oink!

The *Congressional Pig Book Summary* is an annual publication produced by Citizens Against Government Waste. With a focus on pork barrel spending, each volume lists numerous examples of members of Congress appropriating federal money for projects of local interest to themselves but of dubious national concern. Here are some examples from the 1994 funding bill considered by Congress:



- The Senate Agriculture Committee appropriated $4.4 million for "wood utilization research." Since 1985, $27.1 million has been funneled into the research.
- The Senate and House ag committees spent a combined $34.6 million for research into screwworms, even though the worm has been eliminated from the U.S. This funding is apparently directed at a program to eradicate screwworms from southern Mexico.
- The Treasury–Postal Service bill saw the House add $2.4 million for the design and construction of a parking facility in Burlington, Iowa that would provide 200 parking spaces for federal employees. However, there are only 18 federal employees in Burlington.
- An amount of $11.5 million was set aside to modernize a power plant at the Philadelphia Naval Yard, which was scheduled to be closed.
- Money was added to help fund a five-car, two-mile transit system in Orlando, a project that may total as much as $42 million and won't be complete until at least 2010. A free bus shuttle currently covers the same area.

A Gun Is a Terrible Thing to Waste

Established soon after the Spanish American War, the Army's Civilian Marksmanship Program was intended to improve the shooting skills of potential draftees. Now, it lends weapons and provides 40 million rounds of free ammo to gun clubs and Boy Scouts and is budgeted millions of dollars every year to train citizens "so they can function in the national interest in case of war." Funding for 1995 was set at $2.5 million.

At Least They Weren't on Their Way to the Golf Course, Right?

The Washington Post reported that, in 1993, senior Pentagon officers and high-ranking civilians have regularly traveled by helicopter to Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland at a cost of $1000 to $3000 for each of 238 trips. The cab fare for the same journey is $22 and takes about 20 minutes. A spokesperson for one of the frequent fliers said that his boss prefers copters because he sometimes travels with "classified material that needs the security" of traveling by air.

Another Job We Should All Have

In February 1993 it was revealed that the Resolution Trust Corp. had been paying 1300 workers an average of $35 an hour to photocopy loan files at Home Fed Savings Association, a failed California thrift. The cost of the photocopying, directed by the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse, was expected to total from $25 million to $30 million. According to the RTC's inspector general, Price Waterhouse hired a billing manager for $1505 a week from a temp agency, then charged the government $6700 a week for the individual.

Give a Boy a "How to Fish Politely Handbook" and He'll Fish Politely His Whole Life

A General Accounting Office report said that in 1991 the Fish and Wildlife Service was so concerned about the misconduct of participants at bass-fishing tournaments that the agency spent $250,000 on copies of the 32-page booklet *How to Conduct (and Conduct Yourself in) a Bass Tournament.*

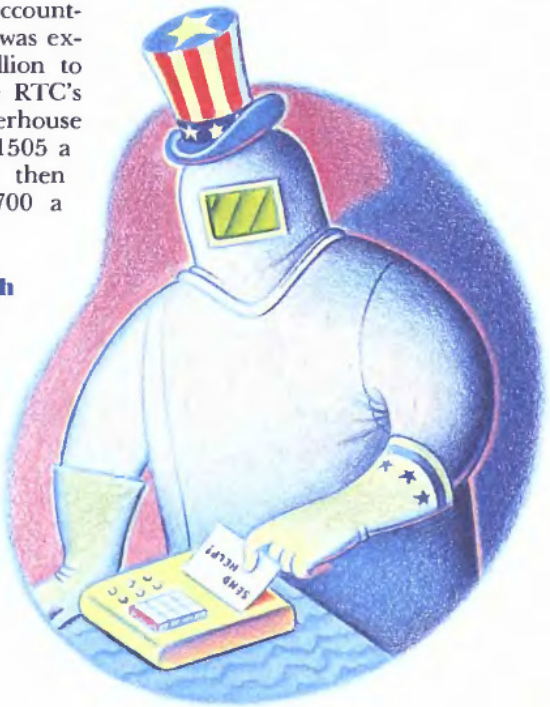
Paying Money to Stop Spending Money

According to *The Progressive*, Congress authorized $1.8 billion in 1994 to "allow for the orderly termination of the B-2 bomber program." Inexplicably, $791 million of that sum was allotted for research and development. The balance went toward purchasing five more B-2s. And although there is a moratorium on nuclear testing, the authorization bill also provided $217.4 million "to support the readiness of the Nevada Test Site to resume testing, if necessary, at a future date."

So That the Cockroaches Can Communicate With One Another

When Senator Carl Levin (D-Mich.) looked into reports that the Air Force was spending $73 million on 173 custom fax machines designed by Litton Industries to survive nuclear blasts, he found the reports inaccurate. Actually, it was spending $115.6 million—or $668,000 per machine. The Air Force had rejected a machine built by Magnavox that cost only $15,000. That model was built to the required specifications, but it transmitted pages in newspaper quality while the Litton model transmitted in magazine quality.

Excerpted from "Stupid Government Tricks: Outrageous (but True!) Stories of Bureaucratic Bungling and Washington Waste" (Plume).



THE CONTRACT ON AMERICA

the new crime bill makes life safer—for some

By BOB WIEDER

In the past two decades almost 3000 Americans have been sentenced to death by state courts. Of these, 254 have been executed. And about 50 death row inmates have been found innocent and were released before the state could get them down the last corridor.

Capital punishment is costly, cruel and unjust. But damn, is it popular.

Last summer Congress passed a federal crime bill that created almost 60 new capital crimes. And the GOP has promised to start executing citizens with zealous efficiency (that's why its plan has been called the Contract on America).

Congress clearly feels, despite immeasurable evidence to the contrary, that the federal government can speed up things by increasing the number of crimes that warrant death and by hastening the process. Execution pretty much ends pesky appeals.

Politicians relish the testicular allure of eye-for-an-eye justice. But it appears that the anatomy of the common man is not part of the equation.

The bulk of the new death penalty laws protect our elected officials and their cohorts. Do you feel more secure?

Indeed, you'll take the big fall by killing almost anybody associated with the federal government, from the president on down to White House staffers, relatives of federal officials, court officers, jurors and state or local officers who happen to be standing near federal officials during investigations. The only surprising omission are lobbyists, and that was probably a printing error.

The basic judicial principle is that the government takes care of its own. The rest of us have to deal as best we can with life on the street. If that's a rap on the government, it's also a jurisdictional fact: The feds bear responsibility for what happens to civilians when we are on federal property. They protect people more important than you or I, in places most of us never visit. Still, the crime bill does have educational value—for aspiring criminals.

Quiz: You want to cut your boss into shoebox-size pieces. To avoid a federal death penalty, you should perform the act: (a) in a national park, (b) on an aircraft carrier, (c) at the Bureau of Weights and Measures, (d) in a police station. Correct answer: (d).

Similarly, if you want to send a letter bomb to your neighbor, use UPS or a bike messenger and not the U.S. mail; first, because you want the bomb to get there, and second, because using a postal worker to do your dirty work can get you stamped "deceased."

While Congress did raise the stakes on using a firearm while committing a violent federal crime (such as re-

moving the tags from a mattress or cheating on your taxes) or to influence the outcome of a drug deal, it certainly left the homicidally inclined with lots of room to maneuver.

Murders committed with knives, garrotes, poison, baseball bats, karate kicks, swords, crossbows, blunt objects, chain saws or vats of boiling tar are not the government's concern so long as you don't make a hobby or religion out of it. But be warned—if you torture a person (say, by making him watch C-SPAN) and then kill him, you could qualify for lethal injection.

And try not to involve major modes of transportation. If you wreck a train, plane, car or ship to kill someone, you've not only gone way overboard but may ride the lightning yourself. And just forget altogether "the use of weapons of mass destruction resulting in death."

The crime bill specifically discourages—by threat of death—the use of biological weapons (germs) and chemical weapons (say, drugs sprayed with paraquat). Admittedly, we'd like to execute whoever brings in the Asian flu every year—possibly by operating heavy machinery on the carriers while taking decongestants—but what exactly did our lawmakers have in mind here? Are muggers now arming themselves with Saturday night poxes? As unlikely as it sounds, do our lawmakers know something that we don't?

And speaking of mass extermination, if you saw *Schindler's List* and found yourself thinking, Genocide—there's a career, get it right out of your mind. Afire with get-toughness, Congress upped the ante for genocide from life imprisonment to you know what.

Some of the new laws create a double standard between the acts of private citizens and the acts of government agents. Consider the problem of dueling death penalties: On the one hand, "the obstruction of the free exercise of religious rights resulting in death" entitles Uncle Sam to snuff the offender, though some people would call that a fair description of what federal agents did in Waco. On the other hand, you could say David Koresh and the Branch Davidians were guilty of "interference with federally protected activities resulting in death."

The feds have finished remodeling one of their many prisons, turning one wing into a tidy little death row and erecting a small execution chamber in the yard out back. The first ten candidates selected by Janet Reno are drug kingpins (all black) whose main crime seems to have been killing other drug kingpins.

Not to be bloodthirsty about it, but do we really want to discourage so sternly the one self-limiting aspect of the drug trade?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SELF-SERVICE

WATERFORD, MICHIGAN—*A 34-year-old tavern patron carried safe sex to the extreme by helping himself not only to a few dozen condoms but also to the machine they*

came in. The tavern called the cops, who recovered the machine at the suspect's home, along with its supply of rubbers and $31.75 in quarters. Commented the police, "All we can figure is, he was anticipating a big weekend."

OUR KIND OF HELP

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA—*The income tax season got off to an exciting start in a part of Nebraska where the phone directory provided citizens with an 800-number help line. Because of a numerical screwup, the help offered was sexual. People calling the number got a steamy come-on for an erotic phone line instead of tax shelter advice. The phone company has since installed an intercept that gives callers the correct number for the IRS.*

KID GLOVES

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—*Broward County furnishes latex gloves to bus drivers worried about catching AIDS or other diseases from handling the 300 to 400 transfer slips given to them by passengers each day. One driver explained, "Some people have transfers in their mouths, or they have them down their pants or in their bras. You don't want to think about where they've had them." AIDS educators expressed dismay at the drivers' lack of understanding about the disease, but a county transit director said the fear was real even if mistaken. "It's a commentary on the times in which we live."*

GRAPES OF WRATH

TORONTO, ONTARIO—*The Canadian Supreme Court endorsed the use of drunkenness as a defense in rape and other sexual abuse cases, causing an uproar in Canada's legal community. Although the court did not explicitly grant rape rights to drunks, it did compare extreme intoxication to insanity, which could make it impossible to prove intent to commit a crime. The director of a women's center in Montreal said the ruling "opens up the process of appeal for every rapist and assaulter of women in the country, as the vast majority of assaults are committed by people under the influence of alcohol."*

CALL GIRLS, LITERALLY

LONDON—*Aggressive advertising by prostitutes has alarmed local officials who fear the campaign will give the city a bad name. Tens of thousands of bawdy business cards have been posted in public places, mainly telephone booths, and offer a variety of sexual services. Legally, neither civic officials nor British Telecom can prevent the posting of the cards because the phone booth walls aren't damaged and littering laws don't apply.*

FAMILY VALUES

TAIWAN—*Taiwan's minister of justice ruled that death row inmates have the same right as other citizens to bank their sperm so that the family line can continue even after their execution. Posthumous parenthood is less favored on the Chinese mainland, where the population-conscious government would prefer to head off such ancestry.*

CLERICAL CAPERS

LONDON—*A group of gays stormed a Sunday Mass at Westminster Cathedral and denounced Vatican opposition to condom use by releasing 55 helium-inflated condoms, which floated to the ceiling of the 123-foot-high dome of Britain's main Roman Catholic church.*

A 64-year-old British bishop caused a small commotion when he penned a marriage manual that includes explicit advice on arousing one's partner, recommends experiments with novel sexual positions and endorses making love all around the house.

POT-POURRI

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA—*Despite renewed interest in marijuana reform, the Drug Enforcement Administration stuck to its guns with a two-day "antilegalization" forum at the FBI–DEA training center here. Police from around the country were brought in for instructions on how to beat back growing skepticism about the war on drugs. No reform spokesmen were invited.*

Elsewhere: A German court ruled that cannabis is medically safer than alcohol or tobacco, and substantially increased the amount that must be consumed before a user can be charged with a misdemeanor.

TONGUE-LASHING

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—*For nine years "the rumor just kept getting bigger and bigger," until University of Kentucky*

officials conceded that, yes, their roaring wildcat's tongue does look a lot like a penis. A number of fans claimed to be offended by the cartoon logo, so the artwork is being revised to resolve the matter.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

POLITICS IN CYBERSPACE

The real threats to the Internet are not the criminal and asocial types but the politically correct left-wing liberal flamers who keep anyone with an opposing view from posting. On alt.feminism, I was insulted by feminists who feel that heterosexual men are predators to be avoided at all costs. These same feminists put male posters' names in headers, saying that the men condone rape, a reference to their opinions on the subject. I have gotten equally negative feedback from PC flamers dominating several other groups. Attribution has become a dangerous thing with the self-proclaimed thought police out in force on the Net. The liberals on the Internet are into limiting civil rights in a big way. Nonplatitudinous opinions need not apply.

Allen MacCannell
Munich, Germany

The postal inspectors mentioned in the piece on computer bulletin boards ("The Postman Always Stings Twice," *The Playboy Forum*, December) are not the only ones lurking on the information highway. Officials at Central Michigan University are trying to censor all materials that are obtained, kept or viewed on the computers. The existing policy states that in order to get an online account (Educentral), I must give administrators the power to determine if something in my directory is obscene or unacceptable, and they can browse my files at any time for any reason. My computer science account (which is supposed to be private) became the subject of an interrogation by one of our administrators. After informing me that some of my files were obscene, he threatened to send copies of the pictures to my mother. He also threatened to bring me up on sexual harassment charges because I use some of the pictures (with bikinis or undergarments strategically placed) as a screen saver. This same administrator has also told science-lab staff members that if they have any of this material on their systems, it must be removed or their jobs will be terminated. What can we do?

Max Boettger Jr.
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

Not much. You signed an agreement that gave the university the power to snoop, and you have about as much privacy as a tenant in a rental apartment. Gun-shy administrators are overreacting in the wake of recent suits involving transmission of supposedly obscene images. As for your screen saver, your computer screen is considered part of the workplace environment. By posting images that could be interpreted by sensitive types as hostile, you've left yourself open for sexual harassment charges. (Although we would think the complaint would have to originate with an offended female, not some twitty administrator.) Your local conflict presages a future political firestorm—whoever pays for the wire owns it. Once Jesse Helms latches on to the fact that the Internet is powered by government funds, expect him to purge the lines with cybersoap.

FOR THE RECORD

DON'T TREAD ON ME

"I have absolutely no intention of apologizing for anything I may or may not have said. I am entirely capable of outrageous utterance and practice it with great skill and intend to continue doing so until the First Amendment is repealed and politically correct speech becomes the law of the land. I urge to all that my accuser be avoided in all professional situations lest her delicate sensibilities be offended by some offhand remark made in her presence."

—ATTORNEY JIM SHEETS TO THE WARREN COUNTY PROSECUTOR AFTER WITNESS ADVOCATE KAREN MCKINNON FILED A SEXUAL HARASSMENT COMPLAINT WITH THE OHIO SUPREME COURT'S DISCIPLINARY COUNCIL ACCUSING SHEETS OF MAKING OFFENSIVE REMARKS AND SEXUAL ADVANCES

CONDOMS AND HIV

I can corroborate the points made in T.G. Rand's article "Sleeping With the Virus" (*The Playboy Forum*, January). I am a college student in South Carolina, a state recognized for its Baptist influences. This past semester I spent nine weeks researching the abortion issue across the state. During several interviews with workers at Christian pregnancy centers and with pro-life activists, I was outraged to learn of the anticondom and antisex-education campaigns. Because fewer and fewer teens in the Nineties are practicing abstinence (as the conservative organizations would have it), discouraging condom use increases the spread of AIDS, other sexually transmitted diseases and teen pregnancy and ultimately puts a burden on the health care and welfare systems in the U.S. The teaching of safe sex, especially condom use, is in the best interests of every parent, heterosexual, homosexual and taxpayer in this country.

Scott Brodeur
Charleston, South Carolina

T.G. Rand's article provides critical data that educators can use to refute misinformation about condoms. Far-right groups are promoting abstinence-only, fear-based education programs that exaggerate condom failure rates and misuse many of the studies described in Rand's article. The Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S. has identified more than 300 communities in 43 states in which school districts battle the content of sex education programs. There is no evidence that programs undermining condom use help young people to remain abstinent. However, one can assume that these types of programs will discourage condom use. People are

already inconsistent users of condoms—giving them information to justify not using condoms is a serious mistake. Aside from abstinence, the best protection against HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases is a condom. Responsible organizations that care about public health should refrain from undermining one of the only tools we have for curbing the HIV and STD epidemics.

Debra Haffner
Executive Director, SIECUS
New York, New York

"Sleeping With the Virus" made me see red. To intentionally promote a campaign that discourages condom use is reprehensible. What's needed among young people now is information to help them navigate the uncertainty of adolescent sexuality, not more lies. To that end, the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development surveyed 550 Minneapolis and St. Paul teenagers on their sexual behavior, beliefs and attitudes. One of the study's more dramatic discoveries involved the relationship between sexual discussion and STD risks. The University of Minnesota research team found that partners who talked with each other about their sexual histories were at lower risk for STDs than those who had no discussion. They also discovered that talkers were more than three times as likely to use condoms consistently and five times more likely to be involved in a monogamous relationship. Based on these findings, the sociologists concluded that communication among adolescents may result in less risky sexual behavior. Now that's information that kids, educators and parents can use.

Sylvia Weston
St. Paul, Minnesota

INVITATIONS

The January piece "By Invitation Only" states: "We suspect that real rapists aren't swayed by public service ads." I must ask, What is your definition of a "real" rapist? Is a real rapist someone who stalks women in Central Park? Is he a kidnapper who chains his victim to a bed? Breaks into your house? Yes, yes and yes. The majority of real rapists, however, are guys a lot like you. Maybe he's had too much to drink. Maybe she has too. Maybe she doesn't mind making out in the cab and agrees to come in for a nightcap, but when she says no and he refuses to stop, that real guy becomes a real rapist. Come on, get real.

Andrea Babcock
Garden City, Kansas

No, get sober. A lot of confused courtship happens under the influence and a lot of sex happens in the absence of a refusal: We hold both parties responsible. Adding a rape charge to the morning-after hangover or morning-after regret is tragic, unjust and turns a co-conspirator into an accuser.

Hooray for "By Invitation Only." There is no better place to see this sensitive and extremely important issue addressed than in a magazine renowned for its literary content and viewed by so many men. Thanks for cutting to the heart of the matter.

Suzanne LaChance Luce
Redwood City, California

NIPPLEPHOBIA

American Photo magazine apparently suffers from the same phobia as the garment industry ("Nipplephobia," *The Playboy Forum*, January). The January–February 1994 cover features supermodel Kate Moss in a gauzy midriff top baring navel, pelvic bone, ribs and breasts, but no nipples! The magazine altered the photo, offending hundreds of readers. No wonder Moss looks like she's lost her best friend(s).

Denise Gatlin
Chicago, Illinois

I've heard that if you drive along state highway 52 in New Mexico, you will see yellow caution signs with the profile of a horned cow, indicating open range. The older signs show a cow with a mammary gland (udder) and the usual complement of teats (nipples). The new signs are the same except the gland now lacks nipples. Someone in the state government has decided not to show a cow with teats. How's that for phobia?

Theodore Belling Jr.
Winston, New Mexico

CRUSADERS

The Reverend David Trosch wonders if the clients of an abortion center might be carrying the next Christ ("Christian Soldier: Take Two," *The Playboy Forum*, January). Let's take that to the next logical argument: What if we look at the end of Christ's life rather than the beginning? Catholics, as well as almost all other Christian sects, abhor capital punishment almost as strongly as they do abortion. What if they had been successful in stopping Christ's execution? Would we still have been allowed entry to heaven? Easter, the celebration of Jesus' death and resurrection, is the most important holiday in Christianity. Without the controversy and publicity caused by Christ's martyrdom, he more than likely would have fallen into obscurity and been long forgotten. Hence Father Trosch's statement is as illogical as his argument that murdering abortionists is justifiable homicide. No number of wrongs will ever equal one right.

David Kveragas
Dunmore, Pennsylvania

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

AMERICAN
PHOTO
Special Issue:
The 100 Most Important People in Photography
The Top Talents and Biggest Success Stories in the Business
Supermodel Kate Moss (see #32) photographed by Sante D'Orazio (see #19)

COMICS: THREAT OR MENACE?

pop culture censorship is nothing new

By WILLIAM J. HELMER

Prompted by the prosecution of cartoonist Mike Diana in Florida, one of our Contributing Editors recalls the last time our country was imperiled by comic books.

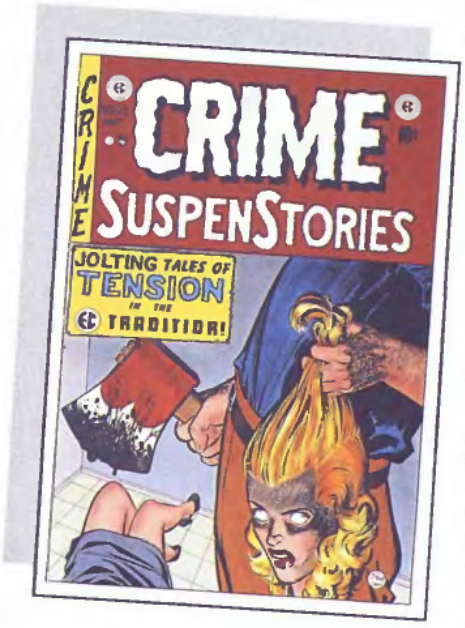
I'm a little hazy now, but I think it was around 1953 when the youth of America, corrupted by a new line of comic books, began disemboweling people and cutting off their heads. The problem did not reach serious proportions in my community, where everyone knew one another and the discovery of a decapitated corpse guaranteed a flurry of warnings and condemnations over the high school's scratchy PA system, or a pronouncement from the principal to be read in homeroom. Evidently the situation was a lot worse in larger cities, where the bodies stacked up like cordwood, but locally it was considered disruptive to the educational process. I can remember one such event that resulted in an assembly lasting much of the afternoon.

We were fidgeting in our seats in the auditorium, anxious to get back to our studies, when the stage was taken over by a dozen or so teachers, several administrators and most of the student council. The last to arrive was the principal himself, a portly old fellow in a rumpled double-breasted suit who fairly bounded up the stage steps lugging a bulging briefcase and one of those pouches that hunters use to carry the small game they've killed. He dropped these on a battered oak table with loud thumps that triggered a howl of feedback from the auditorium speakers. The glare in his eyes would have been more impressive had his face not been so flushed with distress.

Without a word of introduction he fished among his papers until he came up with a comic book, which he held high in both hands. It was *Crime SuspenStories* or one of the popular EC horror comics of the day, which typically featured slime-dripping creatures and elaborate graveyard or torture scenes that the kids had taken to emulating. This issue differed from the more action-oriented covers mainly in that it presented a close-up of a woman's severed head. You could hear the collective yawn.

Flapping the comic down on the table, the principal then unzipped the rubberized pouch, which contained something the size of a bowling ball. A tuft of blonde hair appeared. Then, his fingers entwining golden locks, he pulled out the severed head of Louaine Moggsberger, our class reporter. I'd noticed in class that her chair was empty but hadn't given it any thought.

Now there was a collective silence. Had it been the head of Randi Sue Leutweiler, our most popular cheerleader (who, incidentally, put out),



I'm sure the reaction would have been one of shock and dismay. But Louaine was homely as a cowpie, and the loss did not register as a great one, especially with class elections just weeks away. So the effort at melodrama was only a qualified success, considering how jaded and warped we had become from reading our comic books.

We were far enough out of the mainstream of American culture that the seriousness of decapitation, disembowelment, live burials and other tasteless pranks didn't fully register until network television came to our community a few months later with national newscasts reporting the work of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. The hearings featured the research of Dr. Fredric Wertham, a psychiatrist whose book, *Seduction of the Innocent*, documented comic books as the source of nearly all the youthful depravity that put our traditional value system at risk. They wouldn't let Dr. Wertham go on TV, I found out later, because his heavy German accent made him sound like a Nazi, and World War Two was still fresh in people's minds.

Still, Dr. Wertham provided the senators with plenty of grisly fodder, scared the hell out of our complacent parents and put EC horror comics out of business just in time.

Growing out of those Senate hearings was something called the Comics Code Authority, a censorship scheme that pretty well sterilized comic art for the next 20 years. But the country was saved from itself, and that's what counted. When the so-called underground comix came along in the Sixties and Seventies, I had matured enough to realize the threat they presented to yet a new generation of American children, who almost certainly would be led into lives of sex and drugs and social irresponsibility by the filth rapidly reappearing in head shops, as if there were no connection. I predicted, correctly, that these impressionable kids would turn into hippies, who of course scoffed at my efforts to remind them of the frightful Fifties.

I told them about the horrors unleashed by comic artists such as Wally Wood, Will Elder, Jack Davis and Harvey Kurtzman, but I was laughed at by the Robert Crumbs, Gilbert Sheltons, Skip Williamsons and Jay Lynches of the day. They accused me of exaggerating, of making up the decapitation and disembowelment stories. Obviously victims of the new reefer madness and brainwashed by goofball gurus, they claimed the only heads that rolled in the Fifties were those of the cartoonists—which, I understand, are now considered to be valuable collectors' items.

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CRACKED OBSESSION

we've been misled by false myths about crack cocaine, and the war on drugs has become a war on the black community

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was designed to protect blacks in the aftermath of the Civil War. In recent years, there has been no clearer violation of the spirit, as well as the letter, of that amendment than in the way our drug laws are written and enforced.

This is obvious in the sharp differences in the penalties meted out for crack as opposed to cocaine powder. Crack, formed by boiling cocaine powder with baking soda, is a drug used mostly by blacks, who, according to 1992 statistics from the U.S. Sentencing Commission, accounted for 92 percent of the defendants in the 2900 crack-cocaine cases studied. A mere three percent of the defendants were white. The use of powdered cocaine is most predominant among whites, and the biggest group caught using it is white.

The chemical makeup of these two forms of cocaine is essentially the same; their physical effects depend on the manner of ingestion. Powdered cocaine that is shot into the bloodstream, an increasingly popular method, is at least as addictive as crack, which is smoked. The difference between the two is cultural and economic: Crack is easier to market in small quantities on the street corners of the ghetto.

Wouldn't you know it—the penalty for possessing a gram of crack is the same as it is for 100 grams of powdered cocaine. Because of this sentencing madness, the so-called war on drugs has become a war on the black community, and a generation of black youth are its prisoners.

Federal guidelines mandate that a person caught with five grams of crack receive a minimum sentence of five years in jail, with a maximum of 20. But possession of five grams of powdered cocaine carries no mandatory sentence and is treated as a misdemeanor with a maximum penalty of one year.

That may be why Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy said, in testifying before Congress last year: "I simply do not see how Congress can be satisfied with the results of mandatory minimums for possession of crack cocaine." But Congress has never proved rational on any part of the drug issue.

The mandatory sentencing law on crack was passed in 1986 in response to the crack-related death of Len Bias, a University of Maryland basketball player and the Boston Celtics' first-round draft pick. In the heat of that moment, Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill, who represented Boston, got the law added to the new crime bill after only three and a half hours of discussion on the floor of the House. There had not been a single committee hearing on the complex issues involved. No expert witnesses were heard, no scientific evidence evaluated, no effect on the community assessed. Had congressional members stopped to listen to the experts, they might have learned that the assertion that crack is far more dangerous than other drugs is invalid.

Research has shown that crack addiction is no more difficult to treat than addiction to any other drug. Richard Rawson, who runs a much commended drug rehab program in Beverly Hills, reported in a study for the Heritage Foundation: "Cocaine addiction is in many ways easier to overcome than alcoholism or heroin addiction, or even nicotine addiction." And in treating cocaine addicts, Rawson has found little distinction between crack and powdered cocaine.

This doesn't mean crack is a good thing. But the hysteria surrounding it has resulted in an illogical and harmful sentencing policy.

This glaring discrepancy in the law has been condemned by many drug experts. For more than a year, the U.S. Sentencing Commission, an independent agency created by Congress, has sat on a report that challenges this unjust aspect of the fight against drugs.

This most thorough study to date concludes that crack should be treated no differently than other forms of cocaine and denies that it is the cause of an upsurge in violent crime. According to a draft copy obtained by the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*: "Homicide rates reportedly have remained fairly stable during this century and have not increased uniformly in heavily crack-involved cities."

After demolishing the arguments for treating crack more harshly than powdered cocaine, the first draft recommends two options: Reduce the penalty for crack to that for powdered cocaine, or, if political considerations require some harsher penalty, make it five times stiffer. But those recommendations were dropped under pressure from the Justice Department.

Because of the political climate, the report was not released in time to affect the debate on last year's crime bill. Further study of the matter was mandated, and a report was supposed to be issued by the end of 1994. Then that report, too, was delayed. In the telltale words of one Sentencing Commission staffer, "Any talk of lowering drug penalties is just too controversial."

Eric Sterling was counsel to the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime when the crack amendment was passed. "It was sheer panic. Everyone felt that the spotlight for solving the drug crisis was on them. And if it wasn't, they wanted it to be," Sterling told *The Boston Globe*. He added: "In some sense, legislators viewed the crack epidemic the same way the Germans saw the Jews. If only they could get rid of the people who use crack, then we would have a better society. All of our other problems would go away. The crime bill was the distillation of every fear, anger and resentment that members of Congress felt about their impotence to solve the scary things in life."

That, in a nutshell, is what is wrong with the entire war on drugs, of which the crack offensive is the most extreme injustice. In our zeal to find a scapegoat for the larger problems of this society—joblessness, alienation, the breakup of the family—we have focused on a drug itself rather than on the reasons people use it.

It is time we ended the hysteria and began treating drug abuse as a social and medical problem. As a start, Congress should demand that the taxpayer-funded Sentencing Commission disclose the findings of its original report on crack and use them as a basis for making the laws more rational. Maybe the new Republican majority could get behind this and heed the call of its libertarian anti-big-government heritage. Hysteria is not cost-effective, and leads only to more government and bad policy.

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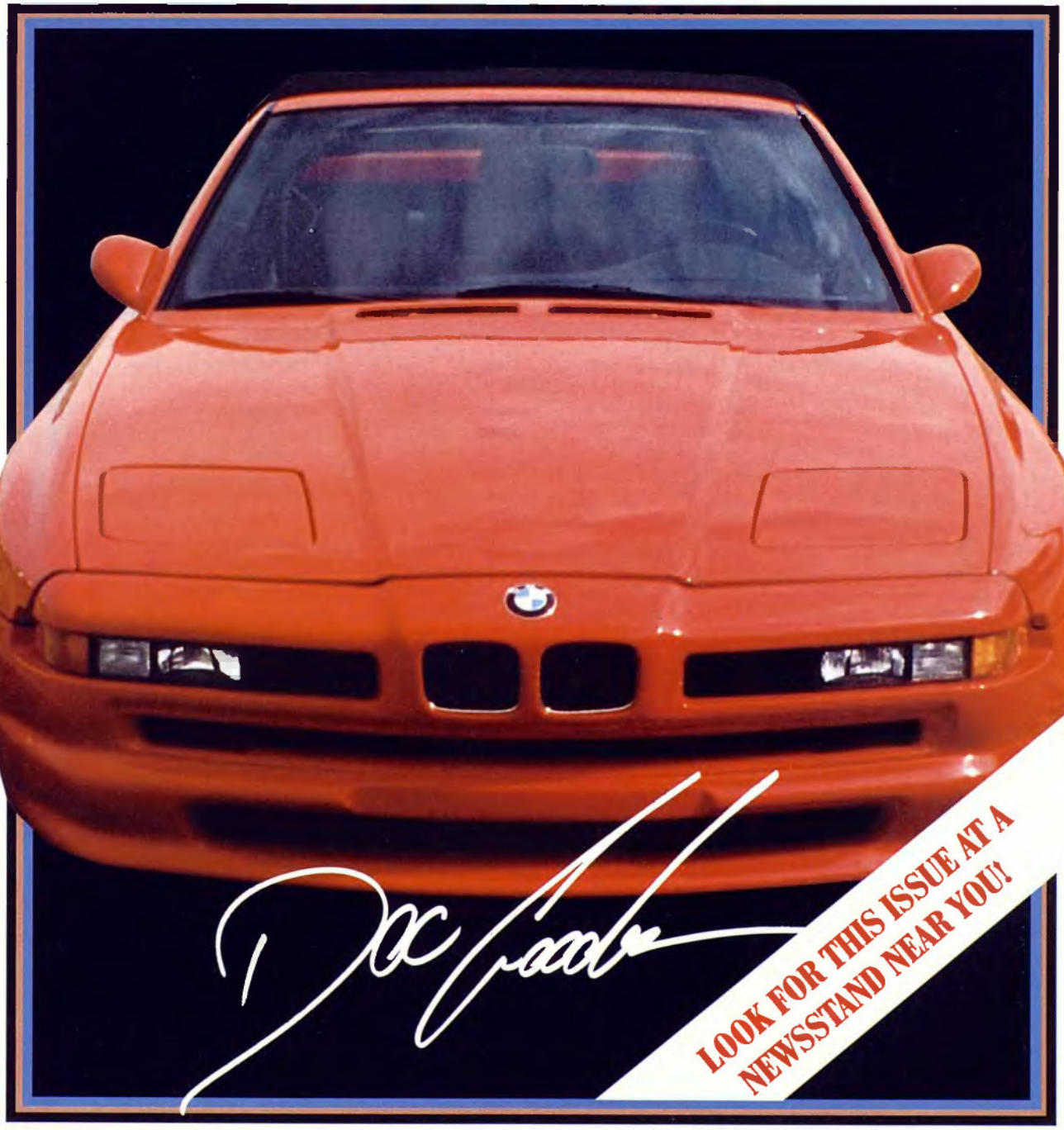

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID MAMET

a candid conversation with america's foremost dramatist about tough talk, tv violence, women and why government shouldn't fund the arts

In a joke that made the rounds not long ago, a beggar in New York City's theater district approaches a well-dressed man for a handout. "Neither a beggar nor a borrower be," the man says sanctimoniously. "William Shakespeare."

"Yeah?" the beggar fires back. "Well, fuck you. David Mamet."

It is a measure of Mamet's influence that he could claim title to that line.

But even if somebody else (Shakespeare, maybe) said it first, nobody has said it better, or put it in a more secure context, than David Mamet—playwright, essayist, novelist, scriptwriter and director. If Arthur Miller is to be remembered for his plays about the sorrows of capitalism—"Death of a Salesman"—and the witch-hunting side of the American character—"The Crucible"—then Mamet has been bold enough to take on those same themes in a raw, bare-knuckled fashion in two of his best-known plays—"Glengarry Glen Ross" and "Oleanna." The latter play touched a hot wire to the already nervous issue of sexual harassment in America. The public responded viscerally, even physically. Shouting matches and fistfights broke out in some audiences. To anyone who has followed Mamet's career, this was both surprising and predictable. It is never certain where Mamet will go next, only that the next move will be ambitious and that it will strike at the heart.

Mamet was born in 1947 to Jewish parents who divorced when he was young, and he was raised in Chicago. Mamet's father was a labor lawyer. His stepfather was—according to Mamet's own writings—a heartless and sometimes violent man. As a young boy, Mamet was exposed to the sort of cruelties that are prevalent in his work. Asked once where he picked up his ear for abusive, obscene talk, Mamet answered, "In my family, in the days prior to television, we liked to while away the evenings by making ourselves miserable, based solely on our ability to speak the language viciously. That's probably where my ability was honed."

He was also exposed to the theater at a young age as a child actor (he once danced onstage with Maurice Chevalier). Although he was, by his own estimation, "the worst actor in the history of theater," he spent most of his college years at Goddard (which he dismisses as "intellectual summer camp"), hanging around the campus theater. That was the advent of Mamet the playwright.

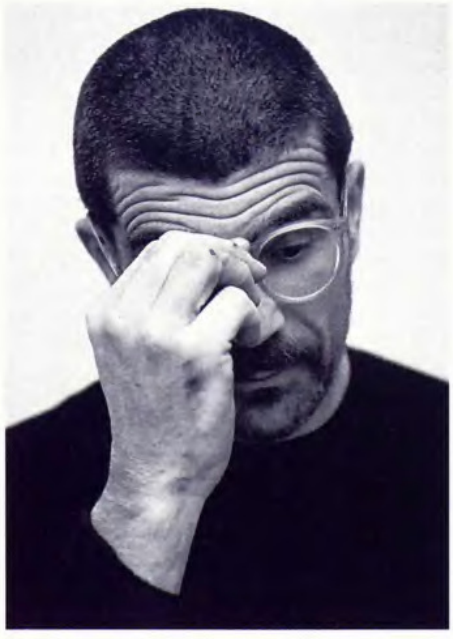
First, however, there were jobs that exposed him to life as it is lived away from the suburbs. He cooked on a merchant ship in the Great Lakes, drove a cab, sold rugs and real estate and even did a short stint as an editor, writing copy for the pictorial features in PLAYBOY*'s sister publication, "Oui." During these years, however, his focus remained on the theater. In 1975, when Mamet was 27, he announced his arrival, emphatically, with "American Buffalo."*

That play, like all of Mamet's work, was full of the kind of rough talk that people were unaccustomed to hearing onstage. Brutal, elliptical and obscene, it sounded like the streets (or the pawnshop, which was its setting)—only different. "Eloquent stammering" was the way Mamet's dialogue was described by one of the many critics who have tried to parse his language. That David Mamet was a unique and disturbing new voice seemed undeniable.

And if anyone wanted to deny it, they were quickly disabused by the body of work piled up: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (for which he won both a Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award), "Speed-the-Plow" and "Oleanna," among others.

In the late Seventies, after his play "Lone Canoe" was less than generously reviewed, he wrote the screenplays for "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "The Verdict." This initial exposure to film led Mamet to direct his own projects—"Homicide" and "House

"Con men are fascinating people. I've always been interested in the continuum that starts with charm and ends with psychopathy. Con artists deal in human nature, and what they do is like hypnosis."



"I stopped talking to the press because I just didn't know how to answer most of the questions. And my inability was seen as reluctance or coyness. I thought, Why should I subject myself to that? And so I quit."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HENRY HORNSTEIN

"You can't say that Wayne Newton's head is too small. Or that Richard Simmons is too pudgy. Other than that, you can say anything so long as you don't mean it. If you mean it, you're in a lot of trouble."

of Games," starring Lindsay Crouse, whom he had married in 1977. They were divorced in 1990. Mamet also wrote the screenplays for "Hoffa" and "The Untouchables" as well as an episode of "Hill Street Blues."

In addition, Mamet has written a book of poems ("The Hero Pony"), three collections of essays ("Writing in Restaurants," "Some Freaks" and "The Cabin"), a children's book, "Warm and Cold," with illustrations by Donald Sultan, and a novel ("The Village"). Mamet's private life is of a distinctively masculine nature. Though his plays are set in the rough, crowded, contemporary urban world, Mamet lives in rural Vermont in an old farmhouse with his wife, actress and singer Rebecca Pidgeon. He is known to collect guns and knives, to hunt and to play serious poker. Facile comparisons to Hemingway follow Mamet, who does not bother to refute them. He has, in mid-career, stopped giving interviews. (He used to send out a form letter to people who wrote objecting to the language or violence in his plays. The letter read: "Too bad, you big crybaby.")

Mamet did agree, however, to a "Playboy Interview" late last summer in Massachusetts. He was editing the final cut of the film "Oleanna." **Geoffrey Norman** *and* PLAYBOY *Assistant Managing Editor* **John Rezek** *conducted the interview. Their report:*

"Mamet met us punctually at nine A.M. *on the third floor of a walk-up where he works, a block or two from the Harvard campus. He looked fit and alert but more the scholar than the macho man of reputation. The office was a working space with theater posters on the walls and books on the shelves. Before we started, Mamet, who had just started drinking it again, sent out for what he said was the 'best coffee in Cambridge.' While we waited for it to arrive, we made small talk and were struck that this man who is known for the rawness of his dialogue would speak so softly, and so deferentially. What surprises you is that Mamet is flawlessly polite, bordering on the courtly. He reminisced affectionately about Chicago and then described his labors on the film version of 'Oleanna,' his controversial play (he has been called a 'vicious misogynist' and 'politically irresponsible' for writing it). When the coffee arrived (it was as good as advertised), it seemed like a good time to switch on the tape recorder. In three days of discursive conversation, Mamet spoke at times with the crude wit of his best characters and at others with an informed, recondite precision. He quotes a wide range of writers; some, such as Kipling and Veblen, are long out of fashion. His answers were sometimes enigmatic, occasionally evasive, often elaborate, frequently funny. David Mamet, people might be surprised to learn, is a very funny man. He likes jokes and he loves show-business stories, which he tells with relish.*

"But he is also deeply serious about his work. We began our talk by asking about 'Oleanna' and the storms it generated."

PLAYBOY: Your film *Oleanna*—and the play—pushed the culture's hot buttons, with a man and woman winding up, literally, each at the other's throat. Why is there such tension between the sexes?

MAMET: This has always been a puritan country and we've always been terrified of sex. That terror takes different forms. Sometimes it is overindulgence and, of course, at other times it's the opposite.

PLAYBOY: Why should this be a time of repression?

MAMET: For one thing, there is economic scarcity. People tend to get cranky when there aren't so many jobs to go around. Also, I think our expectations are scrambled. Sexual drive is designed to make sure the species will survive, as much as we fight the fact. But for young people today, it is very difficult to say, "Fine, either with you this year or with someone else next year, I'm going to get married, buy a house, get a job, settle down and raise kids." It's terrifying for them to say that. They can't get married. There aren't any jobs. They can't buy the house and have the dog named Randy. Our expectations have become greater than our ability to meet them.

PLAYBOY: So the alternative is the kind of antagonism we see between the sexes?

I don't believe the theater is a good venue for political argument. Not because it's wrong, but because it doesn't work.

MAMET: Alternatives are going to emerge. In the Seventies and Eighties, there was the notion of continual romantic involvement. You said, "I don't want to get married; I just want to go out there and have a good time." That worked for a while and then, suddenly, it didn't seem like such a good idea anymore. Back in the Sixties or Seventies, *National Lampoon* published a story of a rumor about a new strain of the clap that guys brought back from Vietnam. If you got it, you died. Very funny.

So now you can't become committed to somebody because you can't support a family, and recreational sex is out because AIDS might kill you. As a result, society is going to bring us to some sort of intermediary mechanism, something to keep people wary about getting involved with each other. Here it comes—sexual harassment. The culture has to supersede. Alternatives will emerge to take the problem off our shoulders.

"Gee, what does she want of me?" It's a rhetorical question. It means, "I don't understand, better back off." On the other hand, "I need him to be more sensitive to me." That's poetry. It doesn't mean anything. It means, "I'd better back off because of my fear."

PLAYBOY: Your timing with *Oleanna* was perfect. When the play was first performed, sexual harassment was probably the most incendiary issue around. Were you influenced by the Clarence Thomas hearings?

MAMET: No. I didn't follow those hearings, actually. It was weird. I wrote the play before the hearings and I stuck it in a drawer.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAMET: Two reasons. First, I didn't have a last act. Second, when I wrote the play, it seemed a little farfetched to me. And then the Thomas hearings began and I took the play out of the drawer and started working on it again. One of the first people to see the play was a headmaster at a very good school here in Cambridge. He said to me, "Eighteen months ago, I would have said this play was fantasy. But now, when all the headmasters get together at conferences, we whisper to one another, 'You know, all of us are only one dime away from the end of a career.'"

PLAYBOY: Was that a typical response?

MAMET: There was a great deal of controversy at a level I've never encountered in the theater. In the audience, people got into shouting matches and fistfights. People stood up and screamed "Oh bullshit" at the stage before they realized they'd done it. A couple of people got a little crazy and lost their composure.

PLAYBOY: So it isn't a good date play?

MAMET: It is a terrible date play. But I never really saw it as a play about sexual harassment. I think the issue was, to a large extent, a flag of convenience for a play that's structured as a tragedy. Just like the issues of race relations and xenophobia are flags of convenience for *Othello*. It doesn't have anything to do with race. This play—and the film—is a tragedy about power. These are two people with a lot to say to each other, with legitimate affection for each other. But protecting their positions becomes more important than pursuing their own best interests. And that leads them down the slippery slope to a point where, at the end of the play, they tear each other's throat out. My plays are not political. They're dramatic. I don't believe that the theater is a good venue for political argument. Not because it is wrong, but because it doesn't work very well.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you can understand and empathize with the female point of view in this hostile climate? Your critics would say your point of view is almost exclusively male. Cheap shot?

MAMET: Not cheap, but inaccurate. Take Oleanna, for instance, the points she makes about power and privilege—I believe them all. If I didn't believe them,

the play wouldn't work as well. It is a play about two people, and each person's point of view is correct. Yet they end up destroying each other.

PLAYBOY: So it is possible, then, that Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas were both telling the truth?

MAMET: Yeah, sure. You know, the whole notion of American jurisprudence is that you can't determine who is telling the truth. That's not the job of the jury. The jury is supposed to decide which side has made the best case. Polls—which are replacing the judicial system as the way we settle disputes—are no better.

PLAYBOY: But they do provide clarity, which some critics find lacking in your work. They find your dialogue almost intentionally obscure. What do you say to them?

MAMET: First of all, I'd like to thank them for their interest in my work.

PLAYBOY: Then?

MAMET: Then, I suppose, I'd like them to think about *Oleanna*. They say the play is "unclear," and it occurs to me that what they mean is "provocative." That rather than sending the audience out whistling over the tidy moral of the play, it leaves them unsettled. I've noticed over the past 30 years that a lot of what passes in the theater is not drama but rather a morality tale. "Go thou now and do likewise." That's very comforting to someone who is concerned or upset. When you leave the theater and you say, "Oh, now I get it. Women are people, too." Or, "Now I get it, handicapped people have rights," then you feel very soothed for the amount of time it takes you to get to your car. Then you forget about the play. If, on the other hand, you leave the theater upset, you might have seen a rotten play. Or, you might be provoked because something was suggested that you could not have known when you came into the theater. Aristotle said we should see something at the end of tragedy that is surprising and inevitable.

PLAYBOY: But while your structure is classical, the speech is entirely modern and urban, and, some critics have said, free of content. How do you get your characters to convey anything?

MAMET: There is always content in what's being said. That content is not necessarily carried by the context of the words. There has never been a conversation without content. If you're in a room where a lot of people are talking with one another and you can't hear a word of what's being said, you can still tell what the people are saying because their intent communicates itself.

One of the things I learned when I studied acting is that the content of what is being said is rarely carried by the connotation of the words. It is carried by the rhythm of the speech and the posture of the speaker and a lot of other things. All conversations have meaning.

PLAYBOY: Do men and women use speech differently?

MAMET: Probably. But men talk differently to other men under different circumstances. Conversations with their peers in a bar vary from conversations with strangers in a bar. No one ever talks except to accomplish an objective. This objective changes according to the sex of the person, the age of the person, the time of day. Everybody uses language for his or her own purpose to get what he or she wants. I think the notion that everyone can be everything to everybody at all times is a big fat bore. Men have always talked with one another. I find it interesting that in the past five or six years, women have started talking with one another. It's called "consciousness-raising," whereas men talking with one another is called "bonding."

PLAYBOY: Is the rough, profane talk characteristic of your plays an exclusively male language?

MAMET: Anyone who would think that apparently hasn't met my sister [screenwriter Lynn Mamet Weisberg]. I have never found the issue of profanity to be very important. In the plays I was writing, that's how the people actually spoke. It would have been different if I had been writing bedroom farce. But I wasn't. I was writing about different kinds of people, people whom I knew

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something about.

PLAYBOY: Including con men.

MAMET: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: The con game is one of the fixtures in your work. What's behind your fascination with the con?

MAMET: Well, I have spent some time around con men, and they are fascinating people. I've always been interested in the continuum that starts with charm and ends with psychopathy. Con artists deal in human nature, and what they do is all in the realm of suggestion. It is like hypnosis or, to a certain extent, like playwriting.

PLAYBOY: How?

MAMET: Part of the art of the play is to introduce information in such a way, and at such a time, that the people in the audience don't realize they have been given information. They accept it as a matter of course, but they aren't really aware of it so that later on, the information pays off. It has been consciously planted by the author.

PLAYBOY: And he is working a con?

MAMET: Right. Now, in a bad play, the author will introduce the information frontally. You actually tell the audience that you are about to give them some information and that it is important to what happens later in the play. In a good play, the information is delivered almost as an aside. The same mechanism holds true in the con game. If you're giving the mark information that he—or she, in the case of a film of mine called *House of Games*—is going to need in order to be taken advantage of, and you don't want him to know that he has been given the information, then you would bring it in through the back door. Let's say my partner and I are taking you to the cleaners. The three of us are talking and my partner and I get into an argument. We start saying things that you aren't supposed to hear. I say to you, "Excuse me for a second, I'm sorry about this, and blah, blah, blah." Then I take my partner aside and we start screaming at each other, really out of control. You have not only been given information, you've been told to please look the other way. Well, that is going to put your mind on afterburner. Later you use that information, which you think you got accidentally, to put together what you think are the pieces.

PLAYBOY: A useful skill, then?

MAMET: Sure. The con game is what people do, most of the time, with few exceptions. After we reach a certain economic level, we try to say that we're no longer trying to talk you out of your money. We're doing "investment banking" or we've got a film "in development."

PLAYBOY: Films in development is a world you know something about. You've written scripts and directed films.

MAMET: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And used Hollywood as material in your play *Speed-the-Plow*, which painted a pretty bleak picture of a world where the con is everything.

MAMET: Well, any business will eventually degenerate into a con game. The cause of the process is any kind of boom. If you get a boom, certain myths will crystallize around that success and cause eventual failure. If you get a boom in American virtue, like you did in World War Two when the citizen-soldiers of this country flat-out saved the world from Nazism, it is inevitable that you are going to have a military-industrial complex and wind up fighting a whole bunch of wars because you want to find a place to be virtuous again. Vietnam was the inevitable outcome of D day. We had the golden age of cinema and the consequences of it.

PLAYBOY: This sense of corruption was almost overwhelming in *Speed-the-Plow*. Because this is a world you know, was there some personal malice reflected in the play?

MAMET: Not nearly enough.

PLAYBOY: Is your work in movies a way to make money or a way to do interesting things?

MAMET: Well, both. I love making movies.

After we reach a certain economic level, we're no longer trying to talk you out of your money. We're doing "investment banking."

I love writing them and I love directing them.

PLAYBOY: At the end of the day, do you ever get a sense that you should go back to your room and to your real work, which is writing plays; that maybe movie-making is a lesser form?

MAMET: I don't think it is a lesser form. I do, however, feel absolutely that the theater is my real work, and when I'm making movies I sometimes feel like I'm playing hooky. I'm like the pilot flying multimillion-dollar airplanes, landing them on aircraft carriers, and when he gets out of the cockpit he says, "And they pay me to do this, the fools."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel like you have to cultivate that part of your career fairly assiduously? Or can you stay in Vermont and write plays and go back to films when the spirit moves you?

MAMET: I think I am hanging on by my fingernails. But I also think most people feel the same way out there and don't show it. And I do spend a lot of time in Vermont.

PLAYBOY: In the theater—as a writer and a director—you worked with the same tight core group of actors. Has it been tougher in movies, with the kind of egos you find there?

MAMET: I've heard all the stories about big egos, but I have never encountered them myself. Maybe if I stay in the business long enough, I will. But I think it might be a bum rap. I've found on movie sets the most hardworking people I've ever seen. There is an ethic of help out, pitch in, get the job done, keep quiet about how hard it is to do. It is kind of the modern equivalent of a cattle drive. I'm sure there are bad apples. You'll find that in any business.

PLAYBOY: You like actors, then?

MAMET: They are absolutely the most interesting people I know. I loved hanging around them when I was young and I still love having them for friends. I'm especially lucky that way.

PLAYBOY: You've written scripts that were altered and, when the movies were finally made, had other people's names on them. Do you resent that your own work wasn't accepted?

MAMET: Sure, of course. Like everybody else in the world, I would like everything to be exactly my way all the time. You know that old line about the scriptwriter who gives something to somebody to read. It's a first draft, and he's looking for a reaction. "Tell me," he says, "how much do you love it?"

PLAYBOY: Is there any story you especially want to do?

MAMET: Oh yeah. There's one project I want to do. A Hemingway novel—*Across the River and Into the Trees*. I was talking with some of the people who have the rights and I finally figured out a way to do the movie. It isn't one of Hemingway's better novels, but that could work in its favor. Somebody once told me that the better a play is, the worse the movie version will be. I think the same may be true of the novel.

PLAYBOY: Like a lot of other American writers, you have been compared to Hemingway.

MAMET: A heavy, impossible burden. You know, you can't play Stanley Kowalski without being compared to Marlon Brando—even by people who never saw Marlon Brando in the movie, let alone onstage. He revolutionized that role and the American notion of what it meant to act. The same is true of Hemingway and writing.

PLAYBOY: Any validity to the Hemingway comparisons?

MAMET: No, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: The way you live? Your interest in hunting and guns?

MAMET: I have always felt that my private life is nobody's business except my own and, of course, that of the readers of this magazine.

PLAYBOY: What is the most curious description of yourself that you've read?

MAMET: I read only the good stuff. But seriously, there is a kind of flawed

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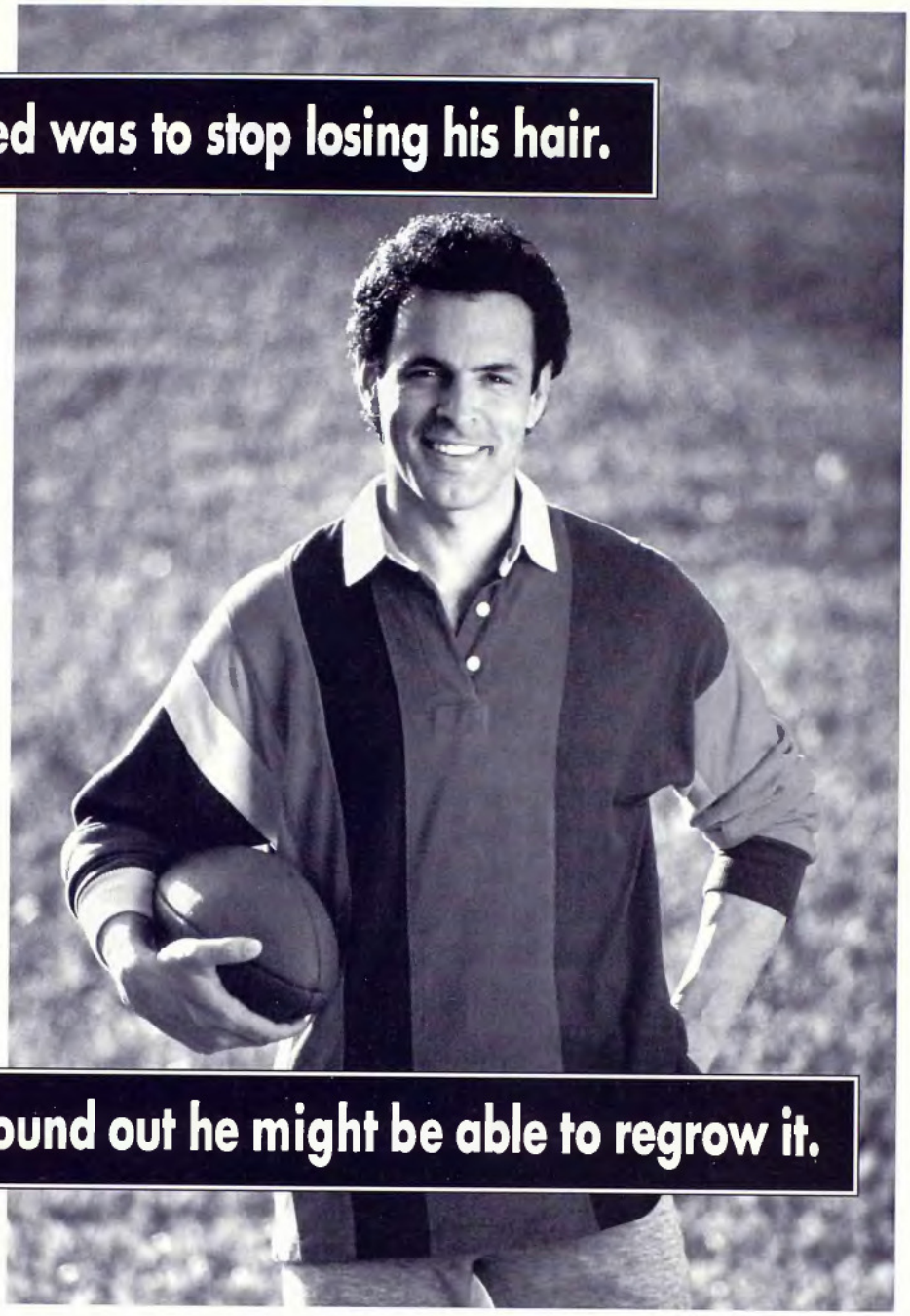

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis – 7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis – 7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting – 4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness – 3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains – 2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases – 1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity – 1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain – 1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo – 1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching – 0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis – 0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms – 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue – 0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia – 0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure nse ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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thinking in the world today that has to do with celebrity, with the idea that there are special people who are somehow different from the rest of us, who lack the usual human weaknesses. So inevitably we revere them and then, when we get closer, we are disappointed by them and turn on them. We're all the same. That's why I stopped doing the press. Until this interview.

In one of my last interviews I explained that I didn't like talking to the press because it made me feel stupid.

The interviewer said to me, "That is ridiculous."

I said, "See."

I stopped talking to the press because I just didn't know how to answer most of the questions. And my inability was seen as reluctance or coyness. I thought, Why should I subject myself to that? And so I quit.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps celebrities are no different from the rest of us. But don't people develop unique skills? Doesn't your gift for dialogue give you a better-than-average ability to size up people from what they say? To tell, for instance, when they are lying?

MAMET: I have a good sense of what people are like and when they are lying. Except when I'm emotionally involved. Then, like everyone else, I am hopeless.

PLAYBOY: How do you see through a lie—or a con?

MAMET: There are clues—they are called "tells," because they tell you something.

PLAYBOY: What are some examples between men and women?

MAMET: We see them all the time but sometimes we choose not to because we're emotionally involved. It is in our interest to disregard the fact that someone was late, forgot a telephone number, got the wrong size or forgot a birthday.

But these are things most of us know. Or, if we don't, you can't learn them from me. I think it's natural that when someone has a little notoriety, we start to assign certain magical attributes to him that just aren't true. People say to me, "Can you tell us about the art of playwriting?" I say it isn't an art, it is a trick. There are no magic properties that go with a little publicity.

PLAYBOY: People nevertheless find fame to be irresistible.

MAMET: Absolutely. Let me tell you my favorite story about that. Gregory Mosher is flying from Chicago to New York because he's casting a play and he wants to see Rex Harrison. The plane is late and he gets in the cab and says, "47th and Broadway, I'm going to the theater."

So the cabdriver says, "What are you going to see?"

And Mosher tells him.

"Who's in it?" the cabdriver asks.

"Rex Harrison and Claudette Colbert." The driver stands on the brakes, pulls over to the side, turns around in the seat and says, "Claudette Colbert?

Claudette Colbert? I fucked her maid."

That is absolutely my favorite theatrical story.

PLAYBOY: If celebrity is a current American obsession, then violence is another. Do you think that we live in more violent times?

MAMET: More violent than what? The world is a very violent place. It always has been. Why is it a violent place? Because human beings are wired with a touchy survival mechanism that goes off very easily.

PLAYBOY: What is your personal response to actual flesh-and-blood violence? To a fistfight on the street, perhaps.

MAMET: Well, it's pretty shocking, isn't it? Not at all what we've been led to expect.

PLAYBOY: Are you attracted to violence? In prizefights, say? Or bullfighting?

MAMET: No. I've never been.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider your work to be violent?

MAMET: Violent? No.

PLAYBOY: As an artist, do you find it more challenging to deal with the evil and violent side of human nature? In your script for *The Untouchables*, the Al Capone character—played by Robert De Niro—stole the movie from Kevin Costner's Eliot Ness.

MAMET: Drama can't be about nice things happening to nice people. Anyone who has ever been around gangsters knows that they are extremely charming. They speak colorfully, they're sentimental. Generous. They are interesting to write about, interesting to create.

PLAYBOY: In your work, women are frequently the victims of violence, beginning with the violent seduction in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*——

MAMET: I should point out here that what I wrote for that scene was, "They kiss."

PLAYBOY: The tabletop scene—you didn't write that?

MAMET: "They kiss."

PLAYBOY: OK. But there is a pattern in your work. Paul Newman decks Charlotte Rampling in *The Verdict* and now, in *Oleanna*——

MAMET: Look, you mention *Oleanna*. People might want to know why these two characters are at each other's throat. Well, you have a two-character drama. One person is a man and one person is a woman. Two people in opposition. That's what drama means. I sincerely believe that my job as a dramatist is to explicate human interactions in such a way that an artistic—not mechanical but artistic—synthesis can happen.

It is just dead wrong to suggest that my work incites—or supports—violence. My job is exactly to the contrary. My job is to show human interactions in such a way that the synthesis an audience takes away will perhaps lead to a greater humanity, a greater understanding of human motives. I don't know how successful I am at it, but that absolutely is my job. If the net effect is otherwise, which I don't think that it is, then they should throw me in jail.

PLAYBOY: Are the best American characters people who get things done by violent means? Capone and the gangsters. Hoffa. Gunfighters in a Western.

MAMET: Well, that's the American myth. See it and take it.

PLAYBOY: Going all the way back to *The Deerslayer* and other Cooper novels?

MAMET: It goes back as far as America. See it and take it. There's nobody there, boys, jump in and take what you want. Manifest Destiny. I mean, Lord have mercy, if it's Manifest Destiny to take over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, what is that except pillage, plunder and steal?

PLAYBOY: Is there excessive violence in films and on television?

MAMET: Sure.

PLAYBOY: There are serious suggestions—from the attorney general, among others—that society needs to control the depiction of violence. Could you live with that?

MAMET: The question, of course, becomes, What is violence and who gets to say so? It is a serious question when the community standard gets so broad. Any law is going to be interpreted by community standards, because people aren't machines. Laws probably work as long as we have a community that understands them in more or less the same way, or is willing to trust one another to interpret them ad hoc. When you don't have that community, it's like the blind men trying to describe an elephant.

PLAYBOY: What if the attorney general and her team could identify exceedingly and unacceptably violent content? Would it be helpful for them to eliminate it?

MAMET: Once you set up a czarship of any kind, rest assured that however brilliant the original people are, those who come after will be swine. That's the way it works.

The problem is, who's going to decide and what are his or her qualifications? There was a story in the papers recently about a fellow who calls himself a performance artist, and he very well may be. If I knew what performance art was, I'd be better qualified to say. Anyway, he is HIV-positive, and in his act he has an associate score his back with a scalpel and then press paper towels against the cuts to take blood impressions, which he hangs on a clothesline to dry. His performance is funded in small part by government money, and that has caused some controversy. Is it art? Hell, I don't know. And if I don't know, then Janet Reno sure doesn't know.

PLAYBOY: OK. Then if the government shouldn't be in the business of censoring expression, should it be in the business of supporting it? There is a lot of discussion about cutting off federal funding of the National Endowment for the Arts and the Public Broadcasting System. Do you think that this would be a disaster for the arts?

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MAMET: Right. I'm going to say something heretical. My experience has been that literal, actual art flourishes better without government support. On the other hand, having come up the hard way as everybody does in show business, it would be nice if some people could be helped. I'm torn between wanting to see them helped and wondering if the government is the best way to do it. I mean, people object to the government's subsidizing—even a little—this fellow's performance art. Well, I object to a lot of the pablum that gets grant money. I think people who get that money would be better left to their own devices and eventually to lapse back into the real estate business.

PLAYBOY: Without public television, won't children be deprived of an alternative to repetitive violence, which some people say is the real threat? Doesn't the sheer number of killings they see on the screen eventually desensitize them?

MAMET: I don't buy it. The violence you see on television and the violence you see in real life have nothing to do with each other. Even kids know it. The reports of violence in the news, on the other hand, may desensitize them. Too much exposure to the O.J. Simpson case may desensitize them. The answer is, one does not have to watch television.

PLAYBOY: You're a father. Is it part of your role as a parent to censor what your kids watch on television?

MAMET: I don't think kids should watch television. Period.

PLAYBOY: Not even *Sesame Street*?

MAMET: Not even *Sesame Street*. And I love *Sesame Street*.

PLAYBOY: Then what's the problem with kids watching it?

MAMET: The problem isn't with *Sesame Street*. The problem is with television. If you aren't watching television, then you could be learning some other skill like carving wood, or even reading. I was talking with a friend of mine, a guy who is something of a scholar of show business, and I said, "I don't get television. I believe I understand certain things about the essential nature of live performance and the central nature of radio and movies. But I don't understand television." He said, "Television is essentially a medicine show." And he was right. For X minutes of supposed entertainment, television is going to have your attention for 30 seconds so it can sell you a bottle of snake oil. That is its essential nature. It's a sales tool.

PLAYBOY: Can't technology change that? With some cable channels, for instance, you have no ads.

MAMET: No. Not at all. It's possible to have television without ads, but that doesn't alter its essential nature. You can describe a painting—a Renaissance masterpiece—on the radio and it might have a certain amount of value. But it is not the best way to do painting.

PLAYBOY: You've done some work for television. Didn't it change your opinion of the medium?

MAMET: What is television's agenda? It is a tool to sell you products. What are the tools it uses? Guilt. Shame. Envy. It tells you to be like Ozzie and Harriet. I grew up in the first television generation and I spent a lot of time wondering why my life was so inferior to—and unlike—the lives I saw depicted on television.

PLAYBOY: Which brings to mind the British reviewer who called you "one of our chief critics of capitalism."

MAMET: I don't think I was ever a critic of capitalism. I'm a dramatist. The drama is not a prescriptive medium. Part of what the drama can offer—because it should work on the subconscious level—is the relief that comes with addressing a subject previously thought unaddressable. I'll give you an example.

On the day John F. Kennedy was shot, Lenny Bruce was performing in San Francisco. Everybody was waiting to hear what Lenny Bruce would say. He came out onstage, shook his head and said nothing for five full minutes. Then he looked up at the audience and said, "Vaughn Meader." That was the comedian who'd made his career out of imitating one character—John Kennedy. Saying that—making that joke—was an incredible relief. Does that mean Lenny Bruce was insensitive to the terror and horror and tragedy inflicted on the country, on the Kennedy family? No. He was doing his job as a humorist and he was doing it bravely.

What is television's agenda? It is a tool to sell you products. What are the tools it uses? Guilt. Shame. Envy.

Anything I might know about American capitalism is not going to be found in a play.

PLAYBOY: Just the same, your play—and film—*Glengarry Glen Ross* could be called an indictment of the kill-or-be-killed nature of business.

MAMET: Yeah. Well, Robert Service said it best. He said there isn't a law of God or man that goes north of 10,000 bucks. You know, money makes people cruel. Or has the capacity to do so. Human interactions—that's what I hope my plays are about. The rest of it is just a way to get somewhere.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about money? Is it better to have money than not?

MAMET: I'd say so. But you can get carried away. There's a story about Herb Gardner, who wrote *A Thousand Clowns*. First a play, then a movie. He's hot and his agent comes to him with a deal for a television show. Gardner thinks it's a dumb idea and says, "I don't want to do the show." The agent says, "Herb, listen, do this show and you'll never have to write another word."

PLAYBOY: And?

MAMET: Well, you have to ask yourself if that's why you became a writer. So you'd never have to write another word?

There is another story. I was talking to a guy who'd been in the CIA and had an idea for a script. He said, "You know, you could probably make 50 million off this deal. For a half hour's work."

I said, "Fifty million for half an hour's work, huh? That works out to 4 billion a week, if you don't put in any overtime. That comes to 200 billion a year, if you take two weeks off for vacation."

"Listen," this guy said, "when you're making that kind of money, you can't afford to take a vacation."

PLAYBOY: All right. Getting back to earth here, you mentioned Lenny Bruce, who made his reputation by saying what couldn't be said. Is there anything left that you can't say?

MAMET: You can't say Wayne Newton's head is too small. Or that Richard Simmons is too pudgy. Other than that, you can say anything. Or you can say anything you want so long as you don't mean it. If you mean it, you're in a lot of trouble.

PLAYBOY: Aren't we actually moving back, in a way, to a climate like the one that existed during Lenny Bruce's time? Isn't that what some aspects of the political correctness on American college campuses is all about, that there are some things you can't be allowed to say?

MAMET: Well, sure, but I think centralization will do away with free speech before PC does.

PLAYBOY: Centralization?

MAMET: Sure. One day, three corporations will own all the means of disseminating public information. We'll have to get through their censors, who will make the PC kids look like mice.

There was a Russian dramatist who described working during the Stalin era. He had to sit down with this guy whose job was to censor plays for the Party. The guy would say, "You can't put this and that onstage," and the playwright would say, "Sit down, for Christ's sake. Have a cigar, have a drink, let me tell you what this play is about. Blah, blah, blah."

So the censor listens and says, "Well, OK, but I got to check it out with my boss. Tell you what, when the guy says so and so, in act three, take that out so I can tell my boss."

And the playwright says, "Fine, I can live with that."

(continued on page 148)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man who knows that a running river and the right companion make a perfect day even when the fish aren't biting. For him, a chilly trout stream can become a romantic discovery. He pursues an active lifestyle with one eye on tradition and the other on the high-tech tools of tomorrow. PLAYBOY readers spend more than $24 million on fishing equipment a year. They know that PLAYBOY is the right magazine for men who aren't afraid to get their feet wet. (Source: 1994 Spring MRI.)

article by Betty Friedan

HERB CALLED Annie at noon and said, "I'm taking the train home early. I have something to tell you." When he got home he told her his job was over. He had been called in and told he was through. Just like that. In all his adult life he had never worked for another company. Here he was, over 50, and he had no idea what he would do now, what he should do, where to start. He looked gray. It was as if the world had come to an end for him, but he was still alive.

And Annie, my neighbor, told me about the depression, the numbness, the horror and the angina pains. Herb, who was a legend in the industry and who had made his company the pioneer it was, thought he was going to be there forever, and now he was paralyzed. Annie's reaction was different. She had been a model and a design director and was now living full-time in a little country town taking care of two children she'd had late in life, making exotic flower arrangements for wealthy weekenders, helping her time-pressed executive sisters plan their daughters' weddings. She had already learned to adapt to changing circumstances.

"I'm not into that kind of long-term planning anymore," she said. "I used to have it all figured out. I'd finish my education in so many years. Make big money modeling for so many years and then switch to another career. Get married by such and such a time. Have children five years later. Take a short maternity leave from my job; hire a housekeeper and a nanny.

"But after I had my first baby, all that tight-assed control just had to go. I've had to learn to take it as it comes. I've stopped planning years ahead. It's a relief, not having those long-term plans and constant worry when you can't meet them."

When Herb lost his high-powered job, Annie was willing to pick up the kids and move,

WOMEN OUTLIVE MEN, RIGHT?

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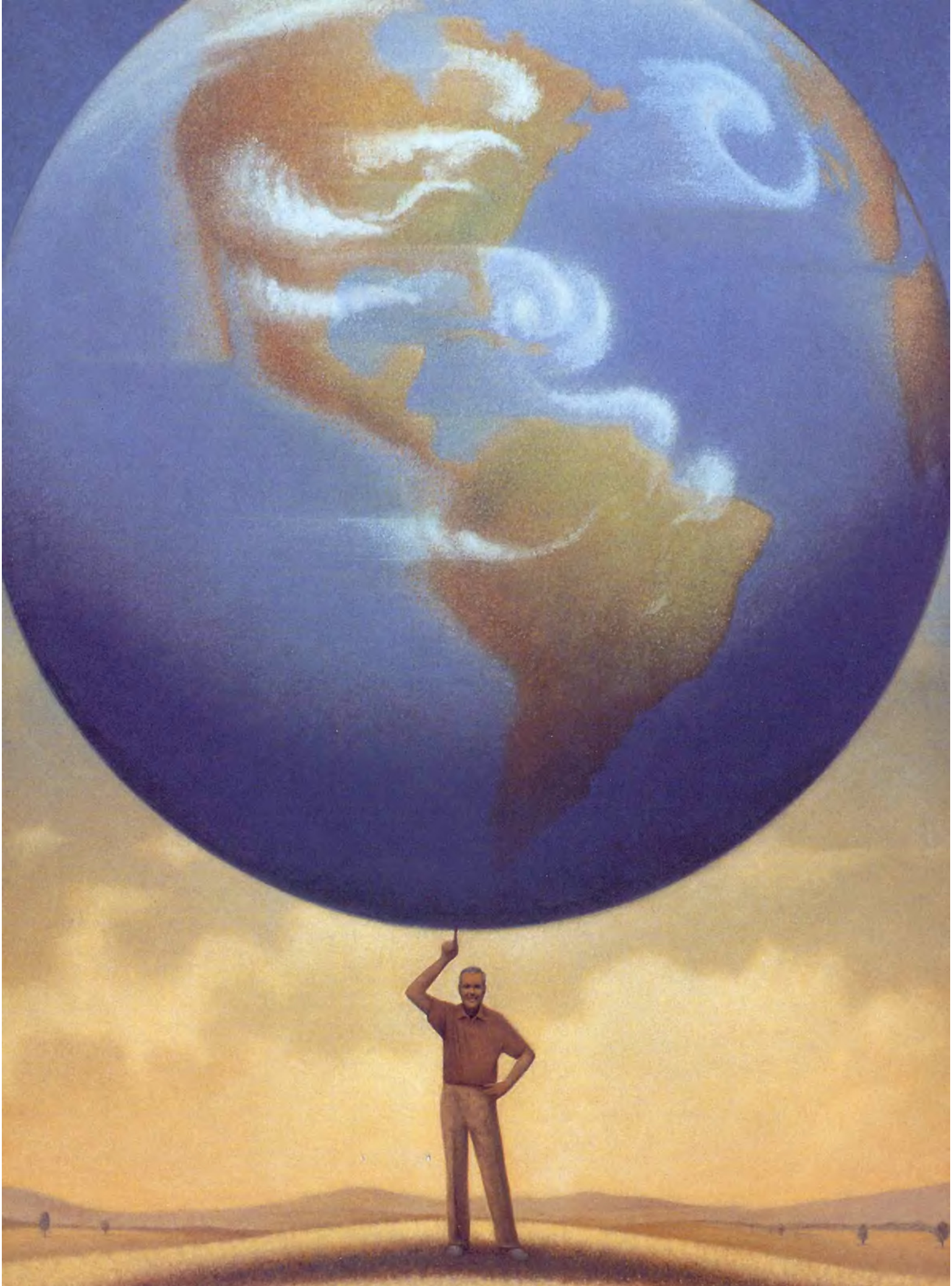
why men die young...



finding something to do in whatever city they ended up moving to. This turned out not to be necessary. A small rival agency asked Herb to redesign their graphics. But he still looked "gray in the face," Annie said.

And I thought, there it is, that's why women live so much longer than men in America today. Maybe the younger men, who won't have—and who can't expect—the kind of straight-line, lifetime careers that came to such a traumatic end for Herb, will learn to live flexibly like Annie. Maybe they won't die eight years earlier than women as American men are dying today.

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It has bothered me for a long time that men die so much younger now than women. Life expectancy for American women today is 80; for men, only 72. At the turn of the century, both men and women had an average life expectancy of 45 to 46 years. In all species, females have a slightly higher life expectancy than males. They are the ones who give birth; evidently their hardiness evolves for the survival of the species. But this increasing discrepancy between the life expectancies of men and women is a phenomenon of this century. And perhaps it's a final remnant of society's not taking women seriously that the scientific research institutes don't spend billions of dollars to find out why.

If I were a man, I'd get quite angry thinking about that. Why shouldn't men live as long as women? As a woman, I get angry thinking about it. My father died in his early 60s from heart disease. My mother buried her third husband at 70, turned her amateur card-playing skills into a professional career as a duplicate bridge manager and died at 90 only after a stupidly protective young doctor made her resign from that job and go into a nursing

and why you'll live longer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID WILCOX

home. In the past year alone, three men I loved, two around my own age, the other six years younger, died of heart disease, stroke and lung cancer. I miss them. I am lonely without them.

As a woman, as a feminist, I feel no urge to gloat over the strengths-that-have-no-name that make women live longer. I want to ask seriously: Why shouldn't men live at least as long as women? Going back over my research for my book *The Fountain of Age* and thinking about the men I've interviewed, I've come up with some startling answers. If I'm right, men who are now in their 20s, 30s and 40s may not die as young as their fathers. The future Herbs may not have to go through his trauma. They are already being forced to learn the skills that may make them live longer. The changes in men's lives that are accelerating at this time—changes that seem threatening and not always welcome—may add up to a new kind of strength in men. These changes may make them more durable and more reliable than machismo, may lead to longer life. And the woman–man equality that this entails will end the war between the sexes and will transcend the politically correct feminist battle lines and masculine backlash that have preoccupied us in recent years.

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The research conducted over the past 20 years provides some clues. It is remarkable how unprogrammed age deterioration seems to be, how variable from individual to individual, how much it seems to depend on what you do or don't do. Recent studies in Sweden and in the U.S. have shown that deterioration and decline among women and men don't show up until they are well into their 80s.

Those men smoked. Those men ate a lot of red meat, eggs and butter. Those men, in the increasingly competitive, hierarchical white-collar bureaucracy of midcentury life, didn't exercise. My mother played golf and tennis, taught us to swim and took exercise classes when we were growing up. My father's only exercise was fishing on our annual two-week vacation in Wisconsin.

Competitiveness and greed caused an increasing number of men to die from heart disease in the quarter century after World War Two. The recent decline of this disease can be at least partly explained by the new consciousness of diet and exercise, by the new awareness that hard-driving, type A behavior makes one a candidate for heart disease and by the advent of the two-day weekend (my father worked in his store until after six o'clock every night and all day Saturday). But that female–male discrepancy remains. The amelioration of heart disease has turned out to be as great or greater for women, despite the predictions that once women took on those jobs and careers that were driving men to early graves, women would also die younger. They do not. All that juggling seems only to strengthen women.

The factors that contribute to long life, according to studies at the National Institutes of Health, are more complex. What separates those who live long, vital lives from those who deteriorate with age are purposes, projects and bonds of intimacy. Work and love, as Freud said, are the basis of personhood. Freud may have been wrong about women, but he wasn't wrong about everything.

Since bonds that keep us human and purposes that use our abilities and keep us moving in society are so important in the latter stages of life, it is clear why women have an advantage over men. Women, especially those who have lived through the enormous changes of the past 30 years, have had to keep reinventing their purposes and projects, reinventing their selves, in response to change. Psychologists and anthropologists used to bemoan the "discontinuities" in women's lives: to have to move suddenly from tomboy to sweetheart, from college student or career woman to the isolation of housewife and mother, and then, with women's liberation, back to school, starting new careers in midlife or after the nest empties. In this generation, women are trying to have it all at once, or in sequence, with no clear lines or support from society on exactly how, or when, to do it all.

For older women, age itself was just another change, a signal to reinvent oneself. It was also a basic part of their traditional strengths, and perhaps essential to survival of the species, that they had to be sensitive to change, had to keep responding to it as their children grew, as their men moved. They also had to respond to changes in their own bodies, such as menstruation and menopause. There's no question that women's zest, ability to love and desire to explore untried paths continues throughout midlife.

On the other hand, masculinity was defined as the ability to knock down the other guy and keep ahead in one's career, to say nothing of standards of sexual potency or prowess.

It's men's dirty secret, which guys don't talk about much even with one another, how they feel when they can't knock down the other guy so easily, or get it up, as they head for 50 and beyond. But what's no longer a secret is the increasing frustration, rage and depression felt by men in their 40s and 50s who, because of company takeovers or downsizing, are suddenly out of a job and its security and benefits. Some men in their 60s are out of the work force for good because of "voluntary" early retirement.

Downsizing and forced retirements affect women too, but they have had more experience finding temporary and part-time jobs. They've learned to create services and small businesses to help support themselves and their families, or even moved into professional careers at midlife. In the face of age, adapting to the discontinuities that used to be considered handicaps for women turns out to be a strength.

The research now shows that men and women who have single careers for their entire lives, no matter how powerful or successful, will not live as long or as vitally as those who have done more than one thing and have the flexibility nurtured by those changes.

As for the ability to nurture, women have been trained for that task from the beginning. Not long ago, women were supposed to live for love alone, and were to be solely responsible for nurturing their children and aging parents. Recent research shows that career women today still take most of the responsibility for nurturing—which, it seems, cultivates a flexibility that enables them to live when most men have retired or died.

But men are now sharing in that nurturing, though not yet equally. Men learning to nurture is the stock of movies, situation comedies and television series. There is such a focus on single dads, widowers and divorced men that actresses complain of no parts.

In my generation, when a man's wife dies, the man is likely to die in the next two years unless he remarries. Then his life expectancy goes back to normal. If he survives five years alone, his life expectancy also goes back to normal. Evidently, he has by then acquired the skills of self-nurturing. When a woman's husband dies, she may grieve but she doesn't die. She has the elemental skills of survival and the flexibility to respond to change. She's not even necessarily interested in remarrying ("I've nursed one through already"), which is just as well. The men her age are either dead or turning in their wives of 40 years for 20-year-olds and starting over again with new babies.

The crucial life-extending element in bonds of intimacy is not necessarily sexual. It is the ability to "touch" another, to be your authentic self with another and be accepted. Research shows

(continued on page 86)

"I missed your video camera when it was broken. When we made love it was like we were just rehearsing."

The Doctor Is In

an intimate session with our favorite therapist

How to Make Love All Night (and Drive a Woman Wild)
MALE MULTIPLE ORGASM AND OTHER SECRETS FOR PROLONGED LOVEMAKING
BARBARA KEESLING, Ph.D.

If Barbara Keesling, Ph.D., could give just one piece of advice to men and to women, this sex therapist would say the following: "Sex is about enjoying yourself, not putting on a show. Guys, get over the performance thing. And ladies, don't expect your partner to know how to touch your body and how to find its hot spots until you know how yourself." Simple erotic wisdom is Keesling's hallmark in a trade she has plied for more than a decade. At 39, she has worked as a sex surrogate, earned a doctorate in psychology, written three books on lovemaking and launched a sex therapy practice. Keesling now includes PLAYBOY on her very sexy résumé. "When I wrote my latest book," she says, "I hoped it might get me into PLAYBOY. Looks like I was right." Her first two sex guides could be considered bedside primers. *Sexual Healing*, published in 1990, deals with treating sexual dysfunctions, and 1993's *Sexual Pleasure* explores the female libido and sensuality for couples. Her latest manual, *How to Make Love All Night (and Drive a Woman Wild)*, unlocks the secrets of prolonged sex, notably a man's ability to achieve what was once considered an exclusively female treasure: multiple orgasms. Already in its second printing, the book is only the latest chapter in Barbara's study of the joys of the flesh. "There's always something new to learn about sex," she says, "and always something new that feels good." Born in Pasadena, Barbara attended Catholic high school in Torrance, California, then headed straight into the job

"People want to know what I look for in a guy," says Barbara. "That's simple: a man who talks sexy to me and has a very large . . . vocabulary."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

market. "I did six years with the Postal Service," she says, "but spent most of my time there thinking of ways to get out." In 1980 she found one. While taking a course on human sexuality, Barbara learned about the sex surrogate business, and before you could say, "What's up, Doc?" she was getting naked with five clients a week. "I treated men by using touching exercises and hands-on counseling. And, no, I never found a

"When I was in high school," says Barbara, "I should have been elected Least Likely to Appear in PLAYBOY magazine. I was a true geek—tall, skinny, thick glasses. I didn't have sex then. Not that I didn't want to," she adds. "But after a while you just stop trying."

client I was tempted to keep—though I must say they all came out pretty well." Fifteen years and three degrees later, Barbara now operates a counseling-only practice in California—that is, when she's not doing book tours and talk shows. With such a packed schedule, does she have any time left to meet men and practice what she preaches? "Not lately," Barbara admits, then smiles. "But I am hoping to remedy that situation."

Working as a sex surrogate had its perks, remembers Barbara (in private session, below and opposite). "As a surrogate you don't hold back," she explains. "You respond. So, yes, if I met with a client on a day that I was particularly horny, I might be very responsive."

PICKPOCKET

THE BLACK WIDOW SPIDER IN THE POWER SHED, SHE'S MY PAL

FICTION BY THOM JONES

THESE KIDS that slashed the top on the Saab (ain't it a shame, 1200 miles on it, a black ragtop, turbocharger, five-disc sound system), these kids called me Chop-a-Leg, which is what I had done to me. They chop a leg when the foot turns gang green. I had diabetes 12 years and wouldn't quit smoking. My podiatrist warned me the day was drawing near, but I didn't listen. I was still out there trying to get my kicks. Now I traded the five-speed in for an automatic since when you been chop-a-legged, your prosthetic foot don't rightly feel the clutch and that can mean smash your ass!

I got a hardtop with a V-6 and these kids calling me Chop-a-Leg raked up the paint job with a blade, so now I don't have to take care parking it or lay in bed and worry about no ragtop. See, I'm new to the neighborhood and they don't know who I am. All that shit—"I got a new car, what if it gets nicked?"—is over. I got the problem defused. Those kids did me a favor. I mean I got friends, OK, who could see to it that I could park that car anywhere in the city and nobody but nobody would get near, cause I'm a stand-up con with connections, but in my old age I find I really do abhor violence, squalor and ugliness. And I was a kid once. I did stuff like that. So I let it slide and had a talk with those boys. It was a highly effective conversation. There won't be no more *fuck fuck* with that car.

The doctors gave me the first diabetes lecture more than a decade ago. They fine-tuned the spiel over the years. There were updates. In one ear, out the other. I figured, You're gonna die, no matter. But they were right. I got hit with the shortness of breath, blurred vision, fire-and-ice neuropathy, borderline kidney function, a limp dick and armpits so raw I got to use Tussy Cream Deodorant or go aroun' with B.O. Is that Tussy like *fussy* or Tussy like *pussy*? Heh heh.

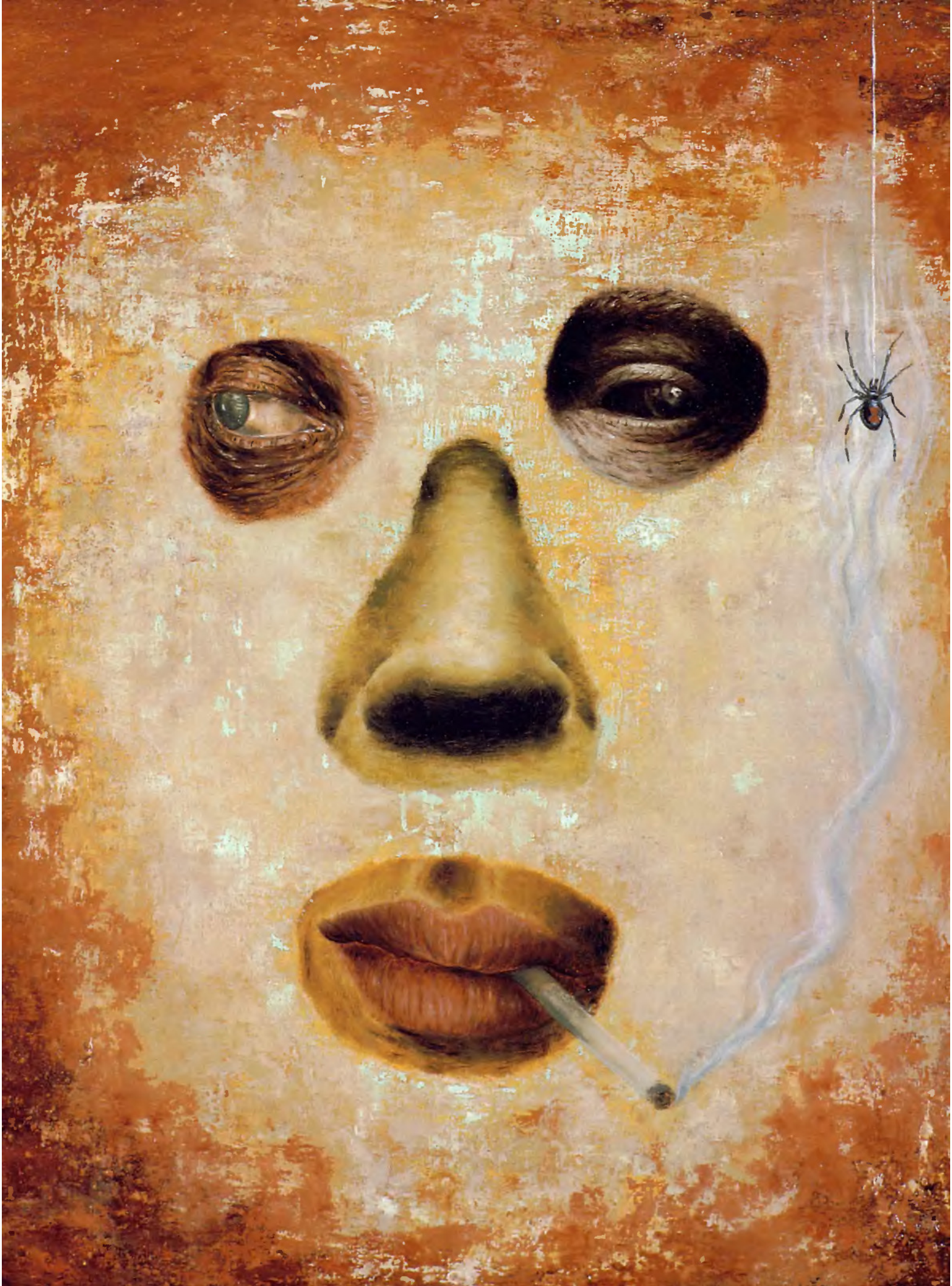
One night after I got proficient with my new foot, I hobbled down to the basement: Peg-leg Pete. Heh heh. I like to go down there at night and listen to *Captain Berg's Stamp Hour* on the shortwave. Comes on at two A.M. I always know the time, right on the money, bro. Serious. I bought a German clock (Sharper Image, page 98, $249 plus shipping) with a radio transmitter in it that computes with the real atomic clock in Boulder, Colorado, and from that I set my watches. I got a solid gold Rolex President—your captain of industry watch. I got a two-tone Sea Dweller with a Neptune green bezel, a platinum Daytona and a plain GMT Master in stainless steel. A Patek Philippe and so on. They all right on time. Believe it. You might think, Why is he worried about time? 'Cause he got so little left? What is the man's problem? Like God going to cheat him out of a second or something? When you are fascinated with clocks, it's because you're an existential person. Some guy wears a plain watch with just a slash at the noon, three, six and nine o'clock positions, you can put your money on that man. If the watch is plain with Roman numerals, he's also a straight guy. Non-neurotic. Trust that individual. If you see someone with a railroad face—same deal. Arabic numerals on a railroad face, trust him a little less. A watch with extraneous dials and buttons, don't trust 'em at all, especially if they wearing a jogging watch and they ain't in shape. This is just a general rule of thumb—your man may be wearing a watch that goes against type since his father give it to him. Wealthy people buy $40,000 timepieces that look like a Timex 'cause they don't want to get taken off. The people they want to know how much their watch cost will know, but no pipehead or take-off artist will know. As they say, if it doesn't tick, it ain't shit. You wanna know if your woman cheats? There's a certain watch style and nine times out of ten, if she's wearing it, she's guilty. I swear.

A good pickpocket is very careful. I did very little time in the joint, relatively speaking, and I made incredible income. Never hurt a soul. Didn't like jail. You know, joint chow is conducive to arterial occlusions. It's all starch and fat. It's garbage and then you lay around eating all that commissary candy. Smoking. I hate dead time in the joint. Idleness truly is the devil's workshop. I was goin' nuts watching fucking *Jeopardy* up in my living room, no cigarettes, no action—just waiting for my stump to heal. Reading medical books. When doctors Banting and Best was up in Toronto "discovering" insulin in 1922, they give what little they had to a vice president of Eastman Kodak's kid, James Havens, and it brought James around. Meanwhile everybody is going to Toronto where they are trying to make bathtub insulin as fast as possible. They can only produce just a couple of units a day and they give it to this one and that one while a thousand diabetics are dying each day. One thousand a day. The treatment then in vogue was a semistarvation diet that might give you a year, a couple of months, a few days. When you are a diabetic out of control and you get hungry, it ain't like ordinary hunger. It's a sick hunger—*polyphagia*. Put such a person in the hospital and they'll eat toothpaste. Birdseed. I mean, I said I got connections and I could have gotten some of that 1922 insulin. After that there would come a phone call one day and somebody would want a favor and I would have to say yes to that favor, no matter what. That's part of the life.

Even now insulin isn't cheap. It ain't no giveaway. Shoot up four times a day. Syringes, test strips. They cost as much as three packs a day. Heh heh. But each day I get is a gift, OK? I should be dead. Before 1922, I am dead. The shortwave is an old fart's pleasure, but then I am 67 years old. Most criminals don't live that long outside or in.

Anyhow, I was down there in the basement when I blew a breaker with all my radio gear going, so I went into the little power shed and snapped on the light and seen a pack of cigarettes from the golden days of yesteryear: Kool Filter Kings. I didn't want to smoke a cigarette. Didn't need to. But

PAINTING BY KEN WARNEKE



you know, human nature is strange, so I fired up. I didn't inhale. Face it, it's scary the first time after you've been off. When you're standing there on an artificial leg thinking about the ambiguity of life. Tomes have been written. I know. I'm just standing there when I spot a skinny-ass spider hanging in its web. There was dust on the cobwebs. I blew smoke on it and the spider didn't move. Looked like a shell. Dead, I figure. It's the middle of winter. I mashed out the cigarette, snapped the breaker and went back to the radio. Three nights later, I get this craving for a cigarette. I had forgotten the spider, and I went back into the power shed and smoked a Kool all the way down to the filter. It was the greatest goddamn cigarette I ever smoked in my whole fuckin' life! The one I had two nights later was almost as good. I took a big drag and blew it all out and the spider in the web moved like greased lightning. Jesus fuck! I seen a little red hourglass on its belly and Christ—Jesus fuck! But what the hell, it's just a fucking spider, black widow or no. Still it gave me a thrill and I could identify with this little motherfucker. Your black widow is your outlaw.

After I run through that pack of Kools I find that I'm still going into the room to check on the spider. It was always in the same spot. What is it eating, I wonder? It's the middle of winter. There isn't another bug in sight. That night in bed I am so worried the spider is going to starve that I get up, take a little ball of hamburger out of the refrigerator, hobble down to the basement like old man Moses and squeeze the hamburger around a web tentacle and give the string a little twing. The spider don't move. Starved to death. I was too late. One day too late, like with my atomic clock transmissions and everything, I'm late. Chop-a-leg and all that shit. Always a day late and a fucking dollar short.

Actually, the spider was reviewing its options. I believe she had the sick hunger. When she smelled that meat, she made her move and then I seen the red hourglass flash on her belly again. Seein' that hourglass was like walking into a bank with a nine-millimeter. What a rush! The spider pounced on that hamburger and gave it a poison injection. I wiggled the web a little, so the spider would think she had a live one, you know. Then I realized that the light was on and conditions weren't right for dinner. She was used to permanent dark. I shut off the light and closed the door. After *Captain Berg's Stamp Hour*, I returned and the ball of hamburger was gone. Not only that, the spider seemed to intuit a message to me. The spider was used to having me come in there and blow smoke on it and I think, Aha! I get it, you got a cigarette jones. Fuckin' A! Maybe you would like a cup of coffee, too, you nasty little cocksucker. Piece of chocolate cake with ice cream and some hot fudge. I would like some too. Heh heh.

I peg-legged it over to a deli and bought a package of cigarettes and when I get back, I'm standing there enjoying the smoke and watching the spider—you know, chop-a-leg can't be that bad when you got eight legs—that's when I get the cold, dead feeling in my good leg, the right one. My chest gets tight. My jaw hurts. My left arm hurts. I stagger upstairs and take an aspirin and two of my peptoglycerin tablets or whatever. Heart pills. Nitropep, whatever. Put two under your tongue and they make your asshole tickle. Make it turn inside out.

I laid in my bed consumed with fear. My heart was Cuban Pete and it was rumbling to the congo beat. It took a long time to calm down. When I was finally calm, I said, "OK, God, I'm ready. Take me out now. I've had it with this whole no-leg motherfucker."

The next thing you know the sun is up and fuckin' birds are cheepin'. Comin' on happy at six in the morning for Christ sake. I pursued a life of crime because I hate daylight. It's just about that simple. When you hate daylight, when you hate anything, you will develop a certain ambiguity about life and you get reckless in your habits. You overeat. You take dope. You fall in love with a bad person. You take a job you hate. You declare war against society. You do any number of things that don't cut any ice when you try to explain your motivation in a court of law or to a doctor, to a dentist or to the kids on your block who hate you for having a new car. God didn't take me out when I was ready. I was ready but the next thing birds are cheepin' and somehow you find that you just have to go on.

I didn't even think I was listening at the time but after chop-a-leg I was at the clinic and I heard this doctor say, yeah, yeah, he knew this intern who had high cholesterol. A young guy with a 344. So what this guy does is eats oatmeal three times a day. He puts some skim milk on it to make a complete protein and in three months his cholesterol drops down to 25. Twenty-five! I didn't think I was listening but it registered later. Come back to me.

I drove to the store and bought a large box of Old Fashioned Quaker Oats. I started eating oatmeal morning, noon and night. I like looking at the Pilgrim on the box. What a happy guy, huh? I discovered that if you like your oatmeal to taste "beefy," you only need to pour some hot water over it. You don't boil it for five minutes. I mean you can, but nobody is going to come in and arrest you if you don't. For a while I liked it beefy. I also liked it regular. Once I forgot and bought Quick Quaker Oats and discovered I liked them even better. Skim milk and oatmeal. Three times a day. My leg started feeling better. I lost that shortness-of-breath thing. How simple. How easy. On the night before Christmas I sat alone in my kitchen and ate my oatmeal with a mashed banana in it. What more could a person want out of life, huh? I felt so good I put on a dark Brooks Brothers suit and a cashmere topcoat and went to the shopping mall, where I lifted $3000 in green. Just wanted to see if I still had the touch. Hah! Back in the saddle again. I even boosted a home cholesterol kit. You stick your finger and put a drop of blood on a strip. Fifteen minutes later I get a reading of 42. Can you believe? I can. I sincerely believe that the regression of arterial plaque is possible even in a brittle diabetic such as myself. When they autopsied Pritikin, his coronary vessels were cleaner than a whistle. Already I have lost 30 pounds over and above the amputated leg. I take righteous dumps twice a day. I sleep like a baby. I'm a happy guy. I'm lifted from my deathbed and restored to acute good health. Sex might even be a possibility. I already tol' you I'm 67 years old but now I'm feeling horny again for the first time in years.

Every night after *Captain Berg's Stamp Hour* I continued to go into the power shed and feed the spider. She's my pal, see. I stacked all my empty oatmeal cartons in her direction with the Pilgrim smiling at her. It adds color to an otherwise drab decor. Heh heh.

I come out of retirement. I go out and boost on a regular basis now. I don't need the bread but I like being active. Ain't you glad to hear of my comeback? I bet you are rightly delighted. I plan on living to be a hundred. For insulin discovery, they gave Dr. Fred Banting the Nobel Prize, and he was gracious enough to share his end of it with Dr. Charles Best. To keep guys like me going. Heh heh.

The spider, what it wants more than hamburger is that I should light a cigarette and blow smoke at it so she can suck it in through her spiracles and get some nicotine on her brain. Gets this look like, *"Come on, baby, drive me crazy!"* It's just a tiny spider brain. Say, "Jes' a little puff would do it, mah man."

But I look at the spider and say, *"Suffer, darlin'!* It's for ya own good. Take it from a man who knows."

"I was just wondering, Mr. Parker, when you planned to come by and pick up Mrs. Parker?"

from buttons to bucks, here's how to dress for warm weather

PLAYBOY'S **SPRING** AND **SUMMER** FASHION FORECAST

By HOLLIS WAYNE

THE LOOK this spring is all-American, according to menswear designers Calvin Klein, Paul Smith and Donna Karan, with bold colors and preppy styling reminiscent of the Fifties. Softly structured suits are being paired with bright, solid-colored shirts and equally vivid ties made of retro iridescent fabrics. Although the three-button single-breasted suit still dominates the menswear scene, two-button styles are making a strong comeback. So are such Ivy League classics as oxford shirts, argyle V-neck sweaters and madras jackets. We like the latter worn casually with a crewneck shirt and a pair of plain-front khakis as pictured on page 84. You can complete this look, or any of the other looks in this feature, with saddle shoes, penny loafers (forget the pennies, please) or even white bucks, which Pat Boone would love.

What's the ward an suits? Three-button single-breasteds are the hottest style for spring and summer. On the opposite page: A wool two-buttan broken-lined single-breasted model with two besom pockets, by Joop, $950; combined with a cotton oxford buttondown shirt by Thos. McLellon, $125; and a herringbone-weave silk tie with a subtle sheen, by Robert Talbott, about $70. Contrasting colors light up the handsome ensemble at right. It includes a three-button single-breasted linen jacket with three open-patch pockets, about $480, and matching flat-front trousers, about $200, both by Paul Smith; a cotton dress shirt by Victor Victoria, $120; and a silk iridescent tie by Joop, about $100.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO

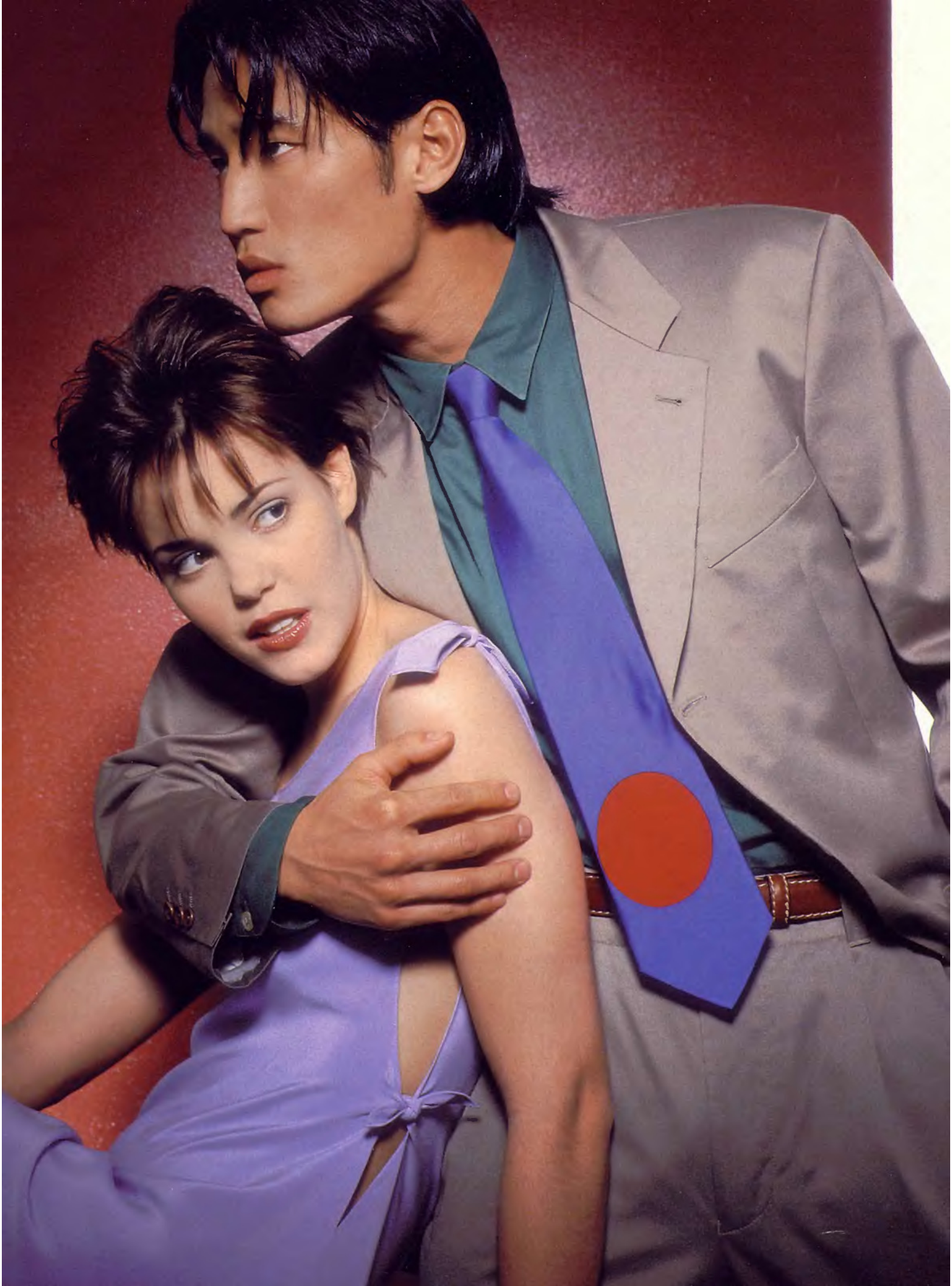
It takes a tall man (at least six feet tall) ta carry off a faur-button single-breasted suit. Opposite page: A linen-and-cattan four-button suit jacket, $575, with double-pleated trousers, $250, both by Calvin Klein; paired with a cotton shirt with hand-finished topstitching, by Paul Smith, $165; and a silk tie by Jaop, $95. The relaxed way to wear a three-button suit or sports jacket is ta button only the tap one or two buttons. At right, he goes far twa in a waal-blend sparts jacket, $995, and a polyester-and-rayan shirt, $185, both by Donna Karan; warn with waol trousers by Boss–Hugo Bass, $150; a silk Jacquard tie by Robert Talbott, about $70; and jazzy two-tone shoes by Salvatore Ferragama, $285.

A pair of weekend preppies: This guy (left) has it made in the shades with sunglasses from Paul Smith Spectacles by Oliver Peoples, abaut $200; an argyle six-ply cashmere tweed cardigan sweater by Malo, $1850; a broadcloth shirt by John Bartlett, $170; a cotton T-shirt from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $30; cotton flat-front khaki pants by Joop, $125; and a calf-leather belt by Prada, $120. Our thinker on the opposite page dresses for the 19th hole in a cotton golf jacket, $125, flat-front khakis, obout $70, and T-shirt, obout $10, oll from Double RL by Ralph Lauren; worn with a shirt, about $70, and a cotton knit V-neck sweater (tied oround his neck), about $190, both from Polo by Rolph Louren.

Left: Designers are so partial to plaid this spring that the madras shirt jacket is back. This linen-and-ramie unlined single-breasted model by Victor Victoria, $350, goes great with a cotton crewneck long-sleeve shirt from Hugo by Hugo Boss, $150; cotton flat-front khaki pants by DKNY, about $90; and leather braided belt from Calours by Alexander Julian, about $20. Opposite page: You couldn't miss this sharply dressed couple in a crowd. His ensemble includes a catton poplin three-button single-breasted suit by Bass–Hugo Boss, $750; a green cotton shirt by Joap, about $100; a silk tie by Gene Meyer, about $60; and a leather belt with outstitching, from Colours by Alexander Julian, $25.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

HAIR BY MAXIE SPAZZOLI/MAKEUP BY NAOIYA NOTTINGHAM
WOMEN'S STYLING BY BASIA ZAMORSKA FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES



For many men in my generation, the end of a career brings panic, often misdiagnosed as heart disease.

that a crucial factor in cancer remission is the presence of a confidante with whom a patient can share feelings. The way this affects the immune system is biochemical, and it can't be replicated by drugs. That same research shows that women are better able to express and share their feelings than men.

I have a hunch that men under the age of 50 may not die so young. Perhaps more important than exercise and diet is the fact that younger men are not so likely to define themselves by the ability to knock the other guy down or by sticking to a career. And, by necessity or desire, they spend more time nurturing. The increasing equality between women and men and the economic changes undermining men's dominance demand a new kind of sharing, which may ease the burden of dependence and open new lines of communication between the sexes.

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The men my age, or those five, six, ten, even 12 years younger than I am, are dying. My women friends have had their bouts with breast cancer or arthritis, but one and all, they're still going strong.

The triple bypass has become so common among these men that it hardly raises an eyebrow. But it still makes headlines when a powerful man such as Steve Ross is felled by prostate cancer only months after putting together an enormous corporate merger. Meetings were postponed last summer when Disney chief Michael Eisner, the epitome of the Eighties empire-building media mogul, was rushed into quadruple-bypass surgery at the age of 52.

I was driven home to New York one night from my son's home outside Philadelphia by a man who runs a car service. My son had been his first customer when he started this service after retiring from a high-risk branch of the oil business. In his 60s now, he has a fleet of 18 cars and employs older men and women, careful, experienced drivers who have retired or need to moonlight. He told me about his chest pains when he was in the oil business and of the cardiologist's dire warning. He got his partners to buy him out.

"My heart's just fine now," he told me. "I sleep all night. I make enough. My kids are educated. I don't need a fancy house with the right address. I don't need a fancy office. I enjoy running this service. I enjoy driving people like your son and getting to know people like you. I've got 18 drivers now, but I take the customers I want to drive myself. I've got a lot of time to live now, and I'm enjoying it."

On a plane to Chicago, I met an old acquaintance, in his 70s now, who told me that he sold his big public relations firm with its 100-person staff and trendy accounts. "I do only the accounts I really believe in now. I don't even have a secretary." So he flies coach, not first class. "That won't kill me," he said, laughing.

For many men in my generation, the end of a career brings panic, often misdiagnosed as heart disease. Even a painter friend, who used to enjoy shocking the critics and is now doing a nostalgic series about Greta Garbo, complains: "They don't want us around taking up their attention. They don't want to see us. It's time for us to leave."

A different pattern is beginning to emerge among the younger men I see. It's as if they don't intend to live—or die—as their fathers did. They see no future in hard-driving, heart attack–breeding careers, even as they keep moving up in the corporate rat-race themselves.

My "media escort" in San Francisco works for publishers on an ever-changing part-time schedule. But at night she plays in a country music band. The members of that band, in their 30s and 40s, define themselves as much by their country music gigs as by their careers. By day, one runs a pizza parlor, one is a lawyer, one a computer software expert, one a legal secretary, one a social worker. Somehow, the men and women seem to fit their kids into all this, sometimes bringing them along. No rigid linear career for any of them, the men as flexible now as the women, putting everything together—job, music and kids.

Lecturing in Seattle, I met Hank Isaac, 47, who has been in this new mode since his 30s. An industrial designer and engineer, he was getting ahead in a big corporation where long hours and constant business travel kept him from spending much time with his wife, Kathleen, and daughter. A modern couple, respectful of each other's careers and carefully allotting "quality time" with their child, they got the sense of real time slipping by. So they took the risk of giving up their corporate jobs in a Midwest city and sold their house in the suburbs. They moved to Seattle, where they now live on a 45-foot trawler on the water. Hank and Kathleen jointly run a toy store, and their daughter, now 14, helps out after school and on Saturdays.

Choosing this type of career are men who have been successful in the corporate world, and I also see it adopted out of necessity by men downsized from supposedly secure careers into the kinds of jobs only women are expected to take. But they are kept from the total crash that sent such men to suicide during the Depression because their wives already work those not-so-glamorous jobs. And, in varying degrees, they share the child care, the trips to the dentist, meetings with the teacher and the attention to clean socks and report cards.

•

Younger men are beginning to realize that there is no lifetime security now, no sure climb to the top, no matter what they study in graduate school. I see it in the MBA classes I lecture to in my role as visiting professor in the Leadership Institute of the University of Southern California School of Business. There is an anxiety, a new insecurity that makes students realize the importance of flexibility, of "doing what I really want to do" instead of that Eighties obsession with making a quick million on Wall Street. At the same time there's a new security that enables men to make choices even if they do not ensure a multimillion-dollar future: Their wives earn enough so they can take that gamble.

A woman I once worked with has been promoted to a top job in cable television, and her husband and kids will have to move from New York to California. But he doesn't object, because her salary has enabled him to leave the corporate world to go to graduate school, which he can do in California as easily as in New York. He wanted more control of his own life before it was too late.

With that sort of existential, take-it-as-it-comes approach, career moves no longer can be planned. Life keeps changing, as it has for women all these years. Relax and enjoy it, as the lawyer and the computer whiz playing drums and electric guitar in the country music band in San Francisco are doing right now. I doubt those men will die much younger than their wives.

As for those all-essential bonds of intimacy, the news is also good. I think of

(continued on page 151)

LESLIE NIELSEN'S STUPID LITTLE GOLF BOOK

Lessons and Teachings From a Lifetime of Bad Golf

BEFORE WE get started, I want to make one thing clear: I'm not a teacher of golf, or of anything else, for that matter. Yes, I've been called the duffers' guru, the high priest of the high handicappers and the Bobby Jones of bad golf. But I prefer to think of myself as a lifelong student of the game who happened to get a look at a few of the answers when the real teachers left the class to peek through the window of the girls' locker room. Now, I'm not saying that golf can't be taught. Golf *can* be taught. It's just that it can't be learned. This fundamental and unalterable fact explains why many aspiring players spend so much time and money taking lessons yet never seem to improve. In fact, they usually get worse. Of course, that doesn't explain how so many golf pros can still make a comfortable living teaching the sport, but then there are a lot of things about this great game I don't understand. People have always told me, "Leslie, if you were to write down everything you don't know about golf, it would fill a book." Well, I guess they were right.

INSTRUCTION BY LESLIE NIELSEN *with* HENRY BEARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

When To Take Up Golf

When is the best time to take up golf? I don't care if you're 15 or 50, the answer is still the same: ten years ago.

The Grip

Golfers are always worrying about, and then fiddling with, their grips. Is my grip too strong, or is it too weak? Should the Vs formed by my thumbs and my forefingers point to my chin or my right shoulder? Is my hand pressure too tight? Are the calluses on my palms in the right places? The way I see it, the grip is the simplest thing to master in the game of golf. There is one absolutely inflexible rule you must follow when you take your grip: Always hold the club at the thin end, where that length of rubber stuff is, and not at the end that has the curved metal or wooden thing with the number on it. Now, if you don't think one piece of advice is worth anything, just try hitting a couple of buckets of balls holding the club the other way.

The Stance

A good stance is a key part of golf. Address the ball. Square up the club. Now drop your head slightly until the ground between your legs comes into sight. You should see two feet. If you don't see any feet, or only one foot, or three or more feet, you need to work on your stance.

Watching The Ball

Which part of the ball do you focus on when you swing? Some guides tell you to look at the back of the ball or the inside quarter. All wrong. I believe that to promote clean contact, your eyes should be on the bottom of the ball. When you set up to hit, if you can't see the lower half of the ball because it's sitting down in the rough or in a divot or hollow in the fairway, take the time to roll it over onto a tuft of grass until at least some of the underside comes into view. It's a small thing, but I've often found that in golf, if you pay attention to the little details, the big problems take care of themselves.

Ball Position

Jack Nicklaus says to hit your shots with the ball lined up with the inside of your left heel. Sam Snead says you should hit drives with the ball forward, but have it back toward the center of your stance with shorter clubs. To me, where you like to have the ball when you set up to hit a shot isn't that big a deal. What's much more important is where you place the ball after it disappears into the trees. There's only one correct position for that ball: inside your pocket.

Drive For Dough

You have heard the golf cliché "Drive for show, putt for dough." I think driving is more important than putting, but I do not mean driving the ball. I mean driving the cart. Why? Because in a golf match, unless you're behind the wheel, you're behind the eight ball.

First of all, whoever drives keeps score, since the scorecard and pencil are on a little clipboard thing in the middle of the cart's steering wheel, and whoever keeps score has a significant advantage. Second, as driver, you can—and should—always take your opponent over to his ball first, even if you're away. Get him to hurry his club selection by gently rocking the cart back and forth with a few light taps on the accelerator as he fumbles in his bag for the right stick. As soon as he picks one, immediately speed away. He's almost certain to feel he's got the wrong club. And finally, the quicker you get to a ball that you sliced toward a water hazard or an out-of-bounds marker, the greater the odds that you will find it in a decent lie just short of the trouble. You will find this to be especially true if your opponent is standing on the other side of the fairway, 150 yards from the cart (and his bag), trying to figure out how to hit his 75-yard approach to the green with a five wood.

A Word From Bill Clinton

I remember that early in the 1992 presidential campaign I was in Los Angeles on a fund-raising trip, and I was about to play a round of golf with a few of the fine folks in the film industry who were so generously supporting my candidacy. I'd stuck a few new Titleists in my pants pocket, and I was headed toward the practice green to try a new putter that

Hillary had bought for me, when who should walk up but Leslie Nielsen.

"Governor Clinton," he said to me affably, pointing to my pants. "What's that in your pocket?"

"Golf balls," I replied, a little puzzled by his question.

"Golf balls," he repeated, as if he were giving the matter a great deal of thought. "Tell me," he said after several moments, "is that anything like tennis elbow?"

The Ideal Foursome

I suppose every player dreams of playing a round of golf in a foursome with some of the game's all-time greats. Imagine teeing it up with Arnold Palmer, Sam Snead and Ben Hogan. It would certainly be an honor to play with these legendary golfers. But let's face it, they all take the game very seriously, and they all are pretty uncompromising when it comes to the rules. That's why, if I had an opportunity to play with a trio of outstanding individuals but wanted to still have some fun and stand a chance of turning in a decent scorecard, I'd pick George Shearing, Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder.

Taking Relief

The great Bobby Jones, who wrote with such eloquence and insight on every aspect of golf, also brought blessed lucidity to the often confusing subject of where, and when, to take relief. He wrote: "No matter how great a sense of urgency a golfer may feel in responding to a call of nature, he should refrain from untrousering his apparatus until he has fully considered all the factors that may bear upon the business. Not the least of these concerns is the likelihood of the unheralded arrival upon the scene of a lady whose attendance at a display of extramural urination would mortify even the least mannered of men. A short detour into the surrounding shrubbery is well worth the modest expenditure of time and effort it entails, for not only has the individual seeking relief thereby assured himself of privacy but he has eliminated the deleterious effects of any wayward gusts or zephyrs on the trajectory of his discharge. Now he has only to provide an ample margin for error in his aim, and see to it that his footing is secure, for once the process of draining the dew from one's lily has been commenced, it is not easily interrupted. Further, he should take care to ascertain that his piccolo has fully played its tune before it is replaced in his pants, for having announced an intention to go and see a man about a dog, it will be with no little embarrassment that a golfer returns from the interview looking as if the animal in question peed upon his leg."

Which Club?

It's remarkable how often a fellow golfer will ask you what club he should use for his next shot. I want to say, "Look, how the hell should I know when I can barely figure out what club I should hit?" But that's a little rude, so here's what I do instead. I say, "Listen, it's simple. Figure out the yardage to the pin. OK, 195 yards. Drop the last digit and divide by two. If there's a remainder, just drop that, too. That leaves nine. Now, subtract the number of strokes you've already taken on the hole. Let's say you lie two, so we get seven. Now multiply your handicap by your hat size. We'll say you're a 14.3 (forget the part to the right of the decimal) and you wear a 6¾ (forget the fraction). Six times 14 is 84. Since that's less than 100, we add the par of the hole—five—to the number we got earlier. Seven plus five equals 12. Hit the 12 iron." Nobody asks twice.

A Mystery

What is it about golf? You watch Michael Jordan defy gravity as he scores a game-winning jam, and you don't believe for one second that you could make that shot. And you don't think that you could ever hit like Ken Griffey Jr. or pass like Troy Aikman or skate like Wayne Gretzky. But you watch Nick Price hit the pin from 190 yards out, and you say, Hey, if I had more practice, I could do that. What can we learn from this? Not much, really. But it does explain why there aren't miniature basketball courts along the highway, and why no one is selling pink-and-green baseball uniforms, x-out footballs or funny head covers for hockey sticks.

A Foolproof Way To Knock Six Strokes Off Your Score

Skip the last hole.

Perchance to Dream

miss april is miss practical by day, mischief by night

WHEN Danelle Folta tells us, in all sincerity, "I don't think you would want to be in my dreams," our first thought is, We beg to differ.

Then this 26-year-old international model confesses that she's a devotee of Stephen King, Clive Barker and other horror scribes, and we begin to understand. "Oh," she exclaims, "I look forward to sleeping, because my dreams are so crazy and scary. And I love to be scared! But should I tell you some of my scary dreams? You'll think, This girl is really morbid."

We assure her of our iron constitution, and she relents.

"All right, I had this dream the other night," she says. "I'm riding around in a Jeep—I don't even drive a Jeep!—and I come up to this spectacular, half-finished house. I go in and the people

Danelle is a multitalented tomboy. She skis, she plays beach volleyball, she runs and she can take the ball to the hoop. "I'm going to go skydiving as soon as I find somebody willing to go with me," she says.

Danelle was born in Indiana, spent part of her youth in Denver and now travels the world. Her current home is in eastern Pennsylvania. "Wherever I go, I get along with people. Even in high school, I was friends with the jocks, the brains and the burnouts."

inside tell me there's a killer on the loose in the area. So I take charge. I tell everyone to go into the basement and that I'll find the killer. I'm prowling around the construction site, and the killer turns out to be a little boy. I capture him, but when I go back to the basement, all the people are chopped up. That was a great dream!"

While Danelle's imagination may be in overdrive, don't be fooled into thinking that Miss April is a flake. She still has her head on straight, even after six years of working as a model in the U.S., Europe and Asia. She has also done some acting, including a role in

"I've always wanted more," Danelle says emphatically. "I'm not saying that in a greedy way, but I just want everything that life has to offer. I told myself a long time ago, 'I'm never going to have another bad day.' And corny as it sounds, I haven't."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

Danelle is a bomb-down-the-mountain, never-say-die kind of woman. "If you say that I can't do something, that's my sign to go for it. I'll prove you wrong."

the TV series *The Untouchables*. "I played a dancer who was dating mobsters, trying to work my way up to Al Capone," she says. "I was sort of a bimbo type, which is the opposite of who I am."

Danelle was raised in Dyer, Indiana and is the youngest of six children. She is an appealing mix of the sweet, small-town girl who brags shamelessly about her sisters and brothers and the urbane businesswoman who is both smart and combative.

"I like to argue," she says. "If you disagree with me about something, I'll keep at you until you agree. I think maybe I have the lawyer gene in me."

To prepare for her arguments, Danelle soaks up information everywhere—from books, magazines and people she meets on the road. Not long ago, as she was waiting in a hotel lounge in Atlanta, she began talking with a man who works in the recycled-cardboard business. She hung on his every word as he explained how cardboard is turned into pulp and back into cardboard. When the man asked for her number, Danelle had to tell him—sweetly, of course—that she was interested just in recycling.

Danelle has her own business ambitions. She has been studying real estate, and her goal is to buy one piece of property a year for the next five years. But just because she has practical dreams doesn't mean that she's ready to abandon her middle-of-the-night adventures.

"My dreams help me get in touch with my fears, and my desires, too," she says. "I have my share of sexual dreams, which I guess are the female equivalent of wet dreams. And they're great!"

Dream on, Danelle.

—MICHAEL GERHART

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Danielle Marie Foltz

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 124

BIRTH DATE: 4·19·69 BIRTHPLACE: Hammond, IN

AMBITIONS: To stay passionate, loving, caring and never to become jaded.

TURN-ONS: A man who makes me feel like a woman - I love to feel like a woman!

TURN-OFFS: Con men, veal eaters, narrow minds.

IF I HAD MORE TIME: I'd read, learn languages, work out longer, volunteer more time, write a book, learn how to surf.

I'M PROUD THAT: I'm 100% natural - positively, absolutely no artificial ingredients!

PET PEEVE: Women who say they don't like women. We should support one another.

PET ADVICE: Spay and neuter your pets!

MY PHILOSOPHY: Laugh, laugh and when you're confused laugh, laugh some more!

Kindergarten - The Good old days

Me at 20!

All Grown up! modeling Italian Lingerie

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When she still felt rotten after two weeks, the blonde made an appointment with her physician. "Frankly, Ms. Harris," the doctor said after his examination, "I'm stumped. You're either pregnant or you have a cold."

"Well, I must be pregnant then," the woman concluded. "I don't know a soul who could have given me a cold."

What's the difference between the new Denver airport and the White House? Someone landed a plane at the White House.

Just a day after buying a parakeet, the owner was stunned when the bird suddenly fell off its perch and died. He returned to the pet store the next morning, carrying the tiny carcass.

The store manager examined the body carefully. "Did it have a yellow stool?" he asked.

"No," the customer replied. "No furniture whatsoever."

Two old friends bumped into each other at the grocery store. "Meg," one said, "it's good to see you. How have you been?"

"Oh, just great," the other gushed. "I'm four months pregnant."

"That's wonderful news!" her friend exclaimed, offering a hug. "I know how long you've been trying."

"Yes, it's been six years. I finally went to a faith healer."

"Gee, my husband and I went to a faith healer for two months—nothing."

The elated mother-to-be leaned toward her companion. "Go alone," she said.

Did you hear about the convention for schizophrenics? Anyone who is everyone was there.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Kowalski walked into a shop and ordered a pound of kielbasa. The clerk looked at him strangely. "What's wrong?" Kowalski snapped. "Are you thinking, 'The guy ordered kielbasa, so he must be Polish, and if he's Polish, he must be a moron?'"

"No, sir."

"If someone walked in and ordered corned beef, would you say, 'There's an Irishman. He must be a drunk?'"

"No, of course not."

"Or if a person walked in and ordered grits, would you say, 'There's a Southerner. He must be a redneck?'"

"Absolutely not."

"Then, if you don't mind my asking, what is your problem, young man?"

"This is a hardware store."

Every time the territorial Indian agent rode into the reservation, he was greeted with an upwardly thrust middle finger from an old brave. The old man would then lower his arm and thrust the extended digit outward.

"Look," the exasperated agent finally said, "I know what *this* is, but what the hell is *that*?"

"*This*," explained the Indian, "is for you. And *that* is for the horse you rode in on."

Following last November's sweeping Republican election victories, a reelected incumbent governor was asked by a reporter what he considered to be the cause of such low voter turnout—ignorance or apathy?

"Frankly," the happy winner declared, "I don't know—and I don't care."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A 50-year-old woman was posing nude in front of the mirror when her husband passed by. "I was at my gynecologist today," she said, preening, "and he said I have the breasts of a 30-year-old."

"Yeah?" he muttered. "What'd he have to say about your ass?"

"Oh, your name didn't even come up, dear."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: When a friend asked why he had missed a week of work, Kevin explained that it all started with a terrible nightmare. "I dreamed I went to bed with Tonya Harding, Lorena Bobbitt and Hillary Clinton."

"So?"

"The next morning," Kevin explained, "I woke up with a broken kneecap, a severed penis and no health insurance."

A Navy captain executed a few fancy maneuvers with his cruiser that had never been taught at the academy. The admiral flashed a quick message. When told by the skipper to read it in front of a bridge full of officers, the radioman hesitated. "Read it, damn it!" the captain barked.

"You are the stupidest, most ignorant S.O.B. ever put on God's green ocean!" the seaman reported.

"All right, son," the quick-thinking captain said, "take that below and have it decoded."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I'd like to fix up my basement like this."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

COURT MAGIC

EVERYBODY LOVES JOHNNIE COCHRAN. BUT CAN HIS REPUTATION SURVIVE O.J.?

■

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

TWO WEEKS before Christmas, when preparations for O.J. Simpson's trial were reaching fever pitch, Johnnie Cochran Jr. took a few hours off from his star client's case. He went down to Watts, climbed into the back of a white Cadillac convertible and rode through the streets as a star in his own right, the grand marshal of the Watts Christmas parade. The crowds adored him, and Cochran, resplendent in a purple blazer, black turtleneck and gold-rimmed designer shades, loved them back. He flashed his Eveready smile and waved with the panache of a big-city mayor. He told a television reporter that he was there as a role model: "Children in this community," he said, "need to know they can be anything they want to be." As his Caddy cruised by, some onlookers called, "Hey, Johnnie! Hey, Johnnie!" and others shouted, "Free O.J.! O.J. must be freed!"

All of this was to be expected, given Simpson's status as a national fetish and Cochran's status as the nation's top black lawyer. What Cochran did not expect was an encounter with a woman in her 70s who came up to his car and told him warmly, "You used to be my insurance man."

He could hardly believe it. That was almost 40 years ago, when he was a student at UCLA, working part-time for his father, Johnnie Cochran Sr., an agent with the black-owned Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Co. and a silver-tongued superachiever. Every Friday night, when people were home watching the fights on TV, Johnnie Jr. would go into the old Palm Lane housing project in South Central to collect premium payments and sell new policies. "That's amazing!" Cochran thought to himself as he shook the woman's hand. "I'm a child of this community myself."

A few weeks later, Johnnie Cochran was again the focus of attention when O.J. Simpson shook up his defense team. Cochran emerged on top, in a position of prominence that bespoke his client's unqualified confidence—and his peers' admiration. Robert Shapiro, one of the shaken, called Johnnie Cochran "the best lawyer on the planet" to try the case before a jury.

For astute O.J. watchers, this was no surprise. Indeed, the only surprise was how long it had taken Cochran to join the defense lineup. Lawyers in Los Angeles considered him the most plausible pick from the start—first, because he's so good and so experienced, and then, for reasons of obvious but essential symbolism, because he's black. The guessing was that O.J. had wanted him from the start, but that Cochran had resisted because of conflicts stemming from their friendship.

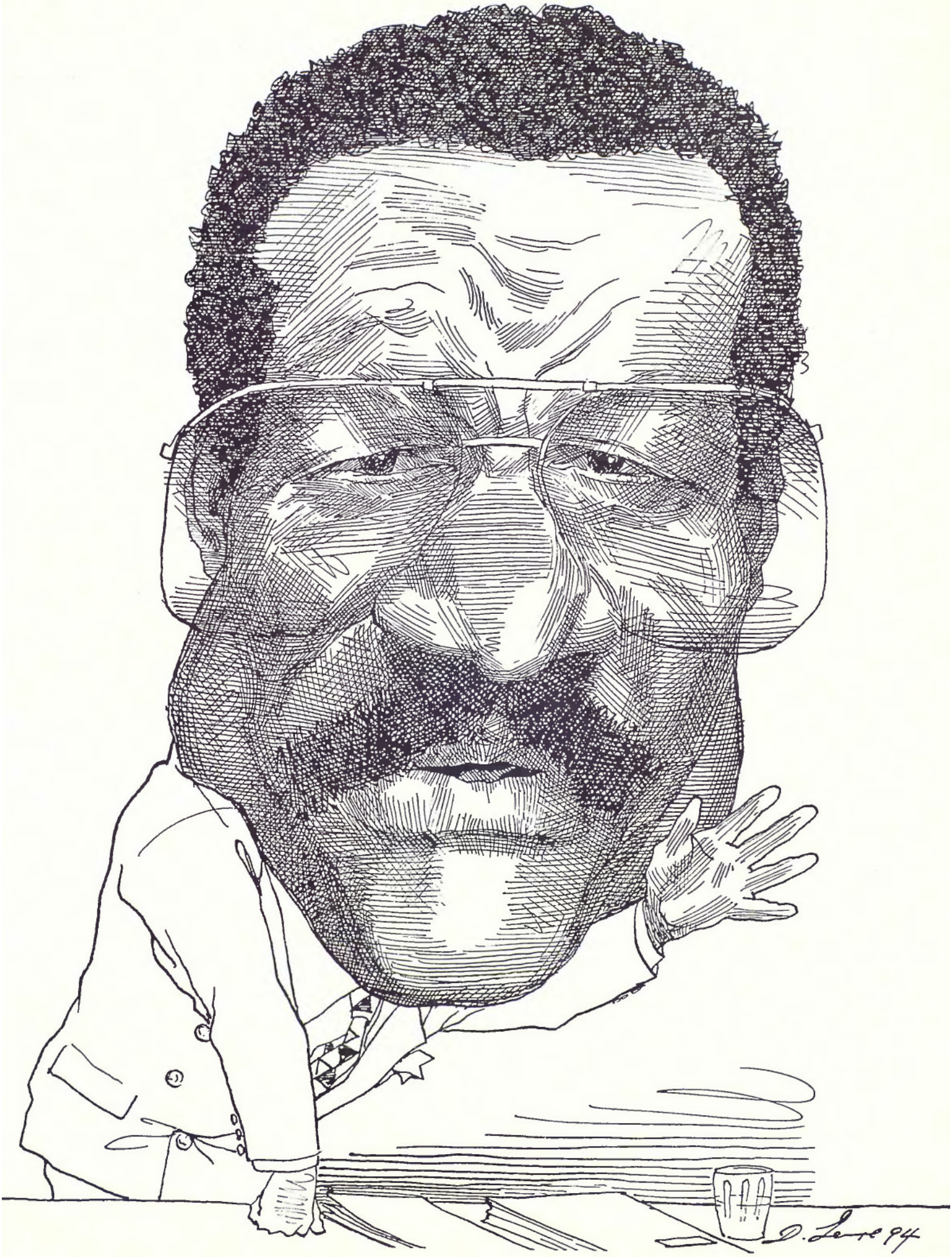
"I did resist," Cochran says. "It's true. He called me a bunch of times over the weekend he got arrested. I had gone to give a speech to the NAACP Legal Section in Chicago, and I got all these calls through my answering service. But I had some real reluctance."

Cochran is talking with me in the sun-drenched den of his home in the Hollywood Hills, a white, hard-edged, ultramodern affair perched on a hillside just below Griffith Park Observatory. It's a hot Monday morning, the day after Christmas. "I've known O.J. since he went to USC," he continues. "We didn't go out and party together, we weren't best friends. We knew each other, knew each other's families. I knew Marguerite, his first wife. I didn't know Nicole that well. His daughter and the daughter of one of my dear friends graduated from Howard University in 1992, and O.J. and I threw a graduation party for them.

"So we would see each other, but I didn't go out with him and Al Cowlings and the guys, that sort of thing. Still, I knew him better than I've known anybody else who has been charged with homicide, and that was why I wondered if I could be objective.

"Then I knew, because of all the media attention, that people would say, 'Gee, Shapiro's *(continued on page 144)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



DEALER'S CHOICE

POKER MAY BE A MAN'S GAME, BUT DARLENE KNOWS A FEW TRICKS THE GUYS NEVER HEARD OF

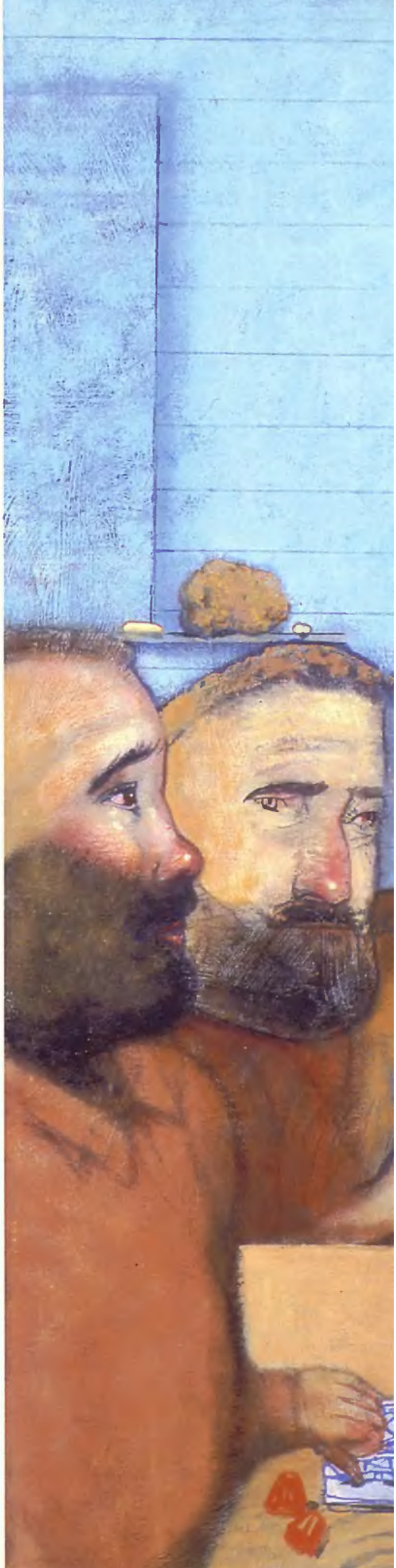
FICTION BY RICHARD CHIAPPONE

DARLENE KNOWS she was asked to play only because they needed a fifth for the game, but she's worked 17 straight days now, and the Friday night options for entertainment on this little island are not good. She is determined to be one of the boys. There's the cook, two maintenance electricians from the fish plant, a Filipino man she's seen driving a forklift on the dock and her. She hasn't won a pot all night and is down almost $30, but she's promised herself she's not going to get bent out of shape over every damn thing. That was the whole point in taking the cannery kitchen job on this rain-soaked chunk of Alaskan rock. Getting away from the pressures of city life a little, learning to relax. Anyway, this is only a two-dollar-limit game, and with the salmon season in full swing and the plant running three shifts, there are plenty of dishes to wash and she's getting all the overtime she can handle.

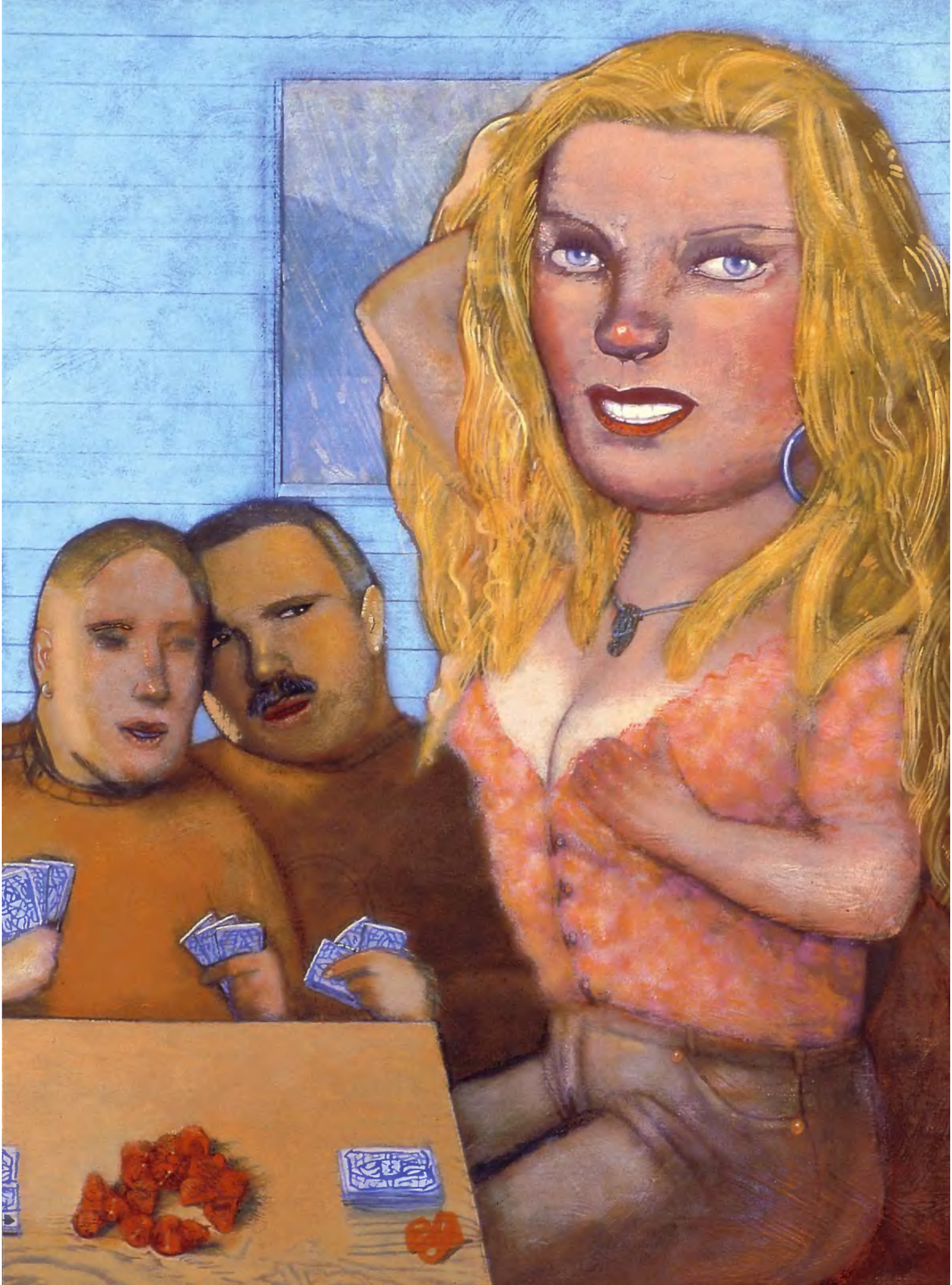
"What's the game again?" Darlene asks. She pours a little more tequila into her plastic cup, another splash of Mountain Dew. The absurdly green concoction looks and tastes like radiator coolant, but it's impossible to get alcohol in Chignik Bay, and the pint of Cuervo was the only thing she'd been able to score under the table. She pours a bit more into the Mountain Dew. What the hell, it's a friendly game.

"I just called it. Seven stud, Follow the Queen," the cook says. He's already dealt two cards facedown in front of everyone and is about to turn the next one up. He's mid-40s, a former Marine—he's told Darlene all about it: Nam, Cambodia—but he's gone to fat now, kept the haircut, lost the muscle. He wears a short cropped beard that extends from just under his eye sockets down across two substantial chins and on all the way into the collar of his bulging SPAWN TILL YOU DIE T-shirt. It gives Darlene the impression that his whole body is carpeted with the same half-inch, translucent, gray-white hairs. Along with the belly, the slouch and the watery pink eyes, the effect is undeniable: Everyone calls him Possum.

Possum pauses and lets Billy, the younger of the two



PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA



electricians, break a twenty and buy more of the red plastic wire connector nuts they're using for chips. The other electrician, Walter, a late-middle-aged man with the full beard and leathery wrinkles of a lifetime sourdough, is the banker for the game. While they work out the transaction, Darlene takes a swallow of her drink and tries to remember what Follow the Queen is exactly. These guys play strictly kitchen-table poker, with so many wild cards and twists on the last card and such that it's hard to keep track of them all: Low Chicago, High Chicago, Blind Baseball, Roll Your Own, Crisscross, Royal Birth—it goes on and on.

They are playing in Possum's room, one of the elementary classrooms at the village school rented out during the summer months to cannery workers. There are chalkboards and bulletin boards, and tiny wood-and-metal desks stacked almost to the ceiling in one corner. The table they are playing on tonight barely clears Darlene's knees, and she can't help thinking they should be working with white paste and construction paper instead of a poker deck. While Billy counts out his new wire nuts, she stands and stretches her legs. She pulls the tail of her blouse out of her jeans and smooths it over her hips with her palms. Leaning into the dish sink all day has put a knot in her neck a sailor would be proud of, and now she throws her head back and rolls it from side to side. When she looks back down she realizes Billy has finished counting and that they are all staring up at her from their tiny molded-plastic chairs.

"Follow the Queen?" she says, easing back down. She raises her eyebrows quizzically. "Tell me again how it goes?"

Possum clutches the deck tighter and pouts, letting Darlene know he doesn't plan to repeat himself. The truth is, when he explained the game she was chatting, doing some innocent flirting across the table with Billy. She casts a needy eye his way again.

"Remember we played it earlier?" Billy says, smiling. He's smitten for sure, and he's a real cutie too—tall and blond with big blue Norwegian eyes a lot like her own. But he's way too young for her, and in any case the other thing she promised herself when she signed on for the summer was that she would do the whole stretch without any of that kind of action, for once in her life. Those were her resolutions: For the next three months she was not going to get angry and she was not going to get laid. She had a vague theory that if she could avoid one of those she might avoid the other.

"Follow the Queen," Billy prompts her again. "You know."

"I think so," Darlene says.

"Follow the Bitch," Possum says. "Follow the mop-squeezing Bitch." He shoots Darlene an exaggerated, fake-apologetic glance, like he's suddenly realized there is a lady present. He makes it look playful, but when he dealt this game earlier he said the same rude thing, and there is a trace of heat in his words that Darlene recognizes right off.

It's just talk, she tells herself. Marine stuff. Construction-guy talk. And she's heard way worse every day of her life—who hasn't? She isn't going to let it bother her.

"What's wild?"

Possum ignores her and begins flipping the cards, announcing each one out loud as though no one else at the table can read them. "Billy gets a six. A nine of hearts for Walter. Roberto gets a——"

"Are queens wild?" She's doing it now half to piss him off. "Are they? Queens?"

Possum closes his eyes and peels the next card off the top of the deck. He holds it there upright in front of him but doesn't look at it. Through clenched jaws he says, "If a queen turns up, the next card, the one that follows, becomes the wild card. Comprendo?"

"Why, thank you," she says. "Thank you, Possum."

When he opens his eyes, his face collapses. "Well, wouldn't you just fucking know it?" He throws the card, the queen of clubs, to the man sitting on Darlene's right, the Filipino named Roberto. Roberto is a good player, quiet and smart, takes every bet seriously. At times, Darlene gets the impression he pretends not to speak English well in order to avoid all the table talk. She's seen plenty of real players like Roberto back in Las Vegas.

"Now you will be getting de wile card," Roberto says to her as the queen settles in front of him. "Next card. See? Pallow de queen."

"Natch," Possum says. "She would get the candy." He turns over another card and flips it to her. "Seven. Sevens are wild. For now, anyway. If another queen rolls, everything changes." He deals himself an ace of diamonds. "It's your bet," he says. "With the seven wild, you got a pair at the very least. You do understand that?"

She peeks at her two down cards, though she just looked at them as they were dealt to her—the move of a rookie, she's aware, because serious stud players, Roberto for instance, always wait until they get their first faceup card before looking in the hole. Who knows why? Maybe it's some kind of macho self-discipline thing. It reminds her of her first husband and the way he used to strut around every time he managed a "one match" campfire. You'd think he'd gained pecker length or something.

"Yoo-hoo," Possum says. "Anybody in there?"

"Wait," she says. "I have to think."

"Don't threaten us." He gets a smile all around.

She takes her time staring at the pair of sevens she has in the hole to match the one faceup. Three wild cards. It sets her heart pounding way out of proportion to the low limit in this game. She feels the heat rising to her face and tugs at the neck of her blouse.

"Two dollars," she says, throwing out eight wire nuts. "That's the most I can bet, right?" She pulls the pin from her hair, which she shakes out so that it falls, blonde and shimmering, over her shoulders and down the front of her blouse. "This is fun!"

"Give a woman a wild card . . . " Possum says. He rolls his eyeballs skyward, but Darlene notices that they stop and linger at the point where her hair ends along the ridge of her breasts. She fingers a button as though she might unfasten it. He toys with the pile of wire nuts in front of him. "Oh, how I'd love to raise," he says. "There is nothing in this world I would like better than that. Nothing."

Darlene can think of one or two things he'd like better. She says, "I hope I'm not stopping you."

"I'm not even going to try to explain." He simply matches her bet. Billy and Walter both see the bet as well, though there was no question that they would. They truly seem to be playing for fun, and Darlene believes it's because they probably make the unbelievable wages everyone says that they do.

The Filipino, Roberto, cuts his dark eyes at her, then back to his hand, carefully considering his queen and whatever he's got in the hole, then back to her again. She raises her drink and salutes him with it. He slides in his two dollars' worth of wire nuts. "I don't know 'bout dis one." He motions toward Darlene with his head.

She holds the cup to her lips and barely touches the liquid with the tip of her tongue. Across the table, Billy's neck goes red. Possum glares at her.

"Pot's right," he says. Still looking at her, he takes a sip of his beer, dries his fingers on his T-shirt and starts dealing the next round. "Follow the ballbuster. A jack for Billy. Nine of spades for Walter makes a pair. A jack for Roberto. And a queen for Missy! Free ride's over now, little lady. Sevens are no longer wild, and the next card is mine."

He's puffing up like the big sculpins

(continued on page 153)

"Let's see now: Jennifer . . . red hair . . . green eyes . . . great body . . . needs lots of foreplay . . . loves oral sex."

PART SEVEN IN A SERIES ✿ BY DAVID STANDISH

ROCK IN THE SIXTIES TOOK A LONG, STRANGE TRIP

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD

THEY ran into each other on the London subway. Mick Jagger was carrying an armload of records he had just received in the mail from Chess Records in Chicago; Keith Richards was knocked out that Jagger had them. They were amazed that they were both into Chicago blues and Chuck Berry.

They'd known each other growing up in suburban Dartford but hadn't been close friends. But starting in 1960 they began hanging out together, largely on the basis of their mutual interest in urban American blues. One night they found themselves at the Marquee Club in Ealing, where they had gone to see Alexis Korner's Blues Inc. Back then the British blues scene was tiny, and everybody knew everybody else. A special guest was announced, someone they had never heard of. As Richards remembered it—appropriately enough in a *Rolling Stone* history of rock and roll—"Suddenly it's *Elmore James*, this cat, man. And it's *Brian*, man. I said, 'What the fuck?' Playing bar slide guitar! We get into Brian after he's finished *Dust My Broom*. He's really fantastic and a gas. He's doing the same as we'd been doing, thinking he was the only cat in the world who was doing it."

It was the birth of the Rolling Stones. The band came together around Brian Jones, the blond-banged original leader of the Stones, whose interest in obscure American rhythm and blues set the direction of the band. The group's lineup shifted for a while before and after its July 1962 debut at the Marquee Club, but had settled into its classic aggregation early in 1963. Drummer Charlie Watts at first had hesitated for financial reasons—he was a designer at an ad agency and drummer for Blues Inc. And Bill Wyman, according to legend, was hired as much for his loud, expensive amp as for his bass-playing abilities or charisma.

After the Beatles had stormed America, the Stones were poised to follow. Eventually, it was called the British Invasion, but it resembled more the U.S. buying England's version of its own music.

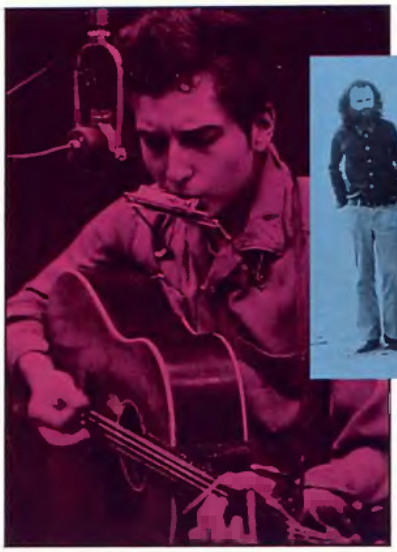
By the mid-Sixties the American pop charts were dominated by British rock groups—the Beatles (who started it, of course), the Rolling Stones, the Animals, the Kinks, even Herman's Hermits for the preteen crowd. With the exception of what was going on at Detroit's Motown and Bob Dylan's creating his own world, the Brits were it.

The Beatles and the Stones simply rediscovered American music of the Fifties. The Beatles were motivated primarily by Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly. Keith Richards would

Watch out USA...here they come!
THE ROLLING STONES
They're great! They're outrageous! They're rebels! They sell!
THEY'RE ENGLAND'S HOTTEST!...BUT HOTTEST GROUP!
Fender TELECASTER DELUXE
LONDON
Over 170,000 LP's sold in England!

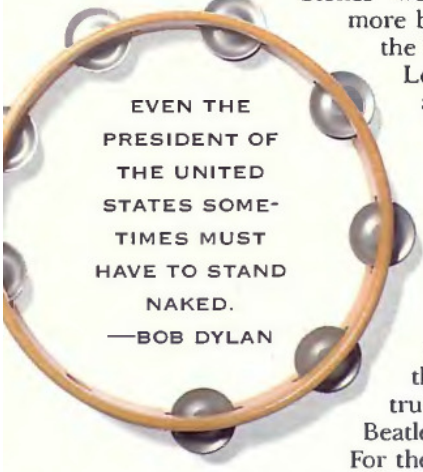
The rock revolution of the Sixties was fueled by peace, love, dope—and guitars, such as Keith Richard's (above). The British Invasion was led by the Beatles, who were soon followed by the grittier Rolling Stones (above right). Mick Jagger could have been one of the Blue Meanies in *Yellow Submarine* (left). The Beatles' increasingly mind-expanded music, stoked by marijuana (leaf and joint, above), affected everybody, musicians and fans alike.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK IN THE STYLE OF HEINZ EDELMANN



The influence of Bob Dylan (left) on Sixties rock can't be overestimated. His songs were a three-way merge of folk, rock and beatnik amphetamine existentiolism, a new Americana. His former backup group, the Band (above), produced timeless country rock sounding more like outhentic American folklore than new pop tunes. Meanwhile, in England, a second batch of bluesy Brits hit the amps—including the Yardbirds (inset), Eric Burdon's Animals (top right) ond the best of them, Creom (right), whose stor, guitarist Eric Clapton, just keeps getting better.

become the heir to Chuck Berry's guitar style, but the Stones were generally influenced more by the urban bluesmen of the Fifties: Howlin' Wolf, John Lee Hooker, Elmore James and Muddy Waters. (It was from the title of one of Muddy's songs that the Stones had taken their name.)



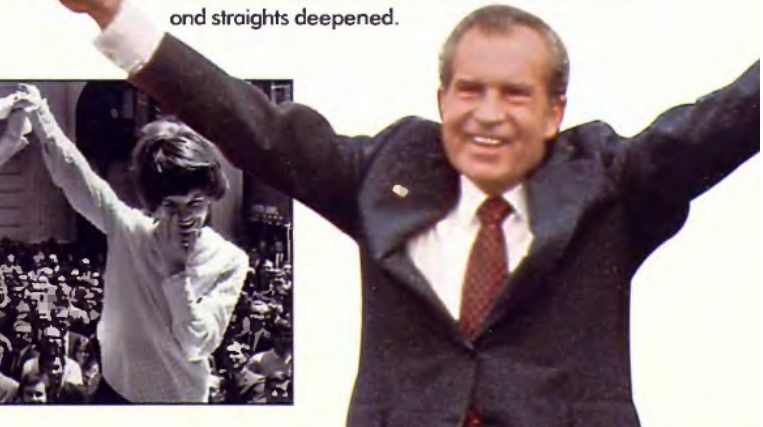
EVEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SOMETIMES MUST HAVE TO STAND NAKED.
—BOB DYLAN

However, both the Stones and the Beatles turned these borrowed roots into something entirely their own, though the Stones finally remained truer to their school than the Beatles did to theirs.

For the Beatles it was only three years from the infectiously insipid *I Want to Hold Your Hand* to 1967's *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album, an ambitious integration of songs far removed from the usual Fifties rock themes of teen love and loss—an album generally considered as one of a few perfect ones, along with Miles Davis' 1959 *Kind of Blue*. And the Stones made the transformation even sooner with their 1965 *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*, perhaps the first true Sixties rock anthem. *Satisfaction* had a great riff and bottom invented by Keith Richards while fussing late one night with his new Gibson fuzz box in a Chicago hotel room. It was a new synthesis for the Stones, taking their bluesy R&B–style rock somewhere cheerfully angst-ridden—not an oxymoron if you were 19 in 1965—into territory darker than the Beatles generally traveled.

Soon the Stones were writing *Get Off of My Cloud* (their follow-up hit to *Satisfaction*), *19th Nervous Breakdown*—and, in 1968, the paradigmatic *Sympathy for the Devil*. They had learned profitably to walk the dark side of the street, but seemed to believe in the dark side too. Only

See Dick run. Dick is not o crook. By 1968 revolution was in the air—calls for liberation on oll fronts, including burning bros. But the anti-Vietnom protests at the Chicogo Democratic Convention in August proved futile. Nixon was elected and escalated the war. The rift between freaks ond straights deepened.



Talking 'bout my generation: Pete Townshend (looking semiregal, center) and the Who's stuttering anthem summed up the second wave of Sixties rock, as did his fondness for smashing guitars (survivor above). At Monterey Pop in 1967 Janis Joplin (filmstrip above) took a little piece of everyone's heart, including that of underground cartoonist Robert Crumb, who drew the *Cheap Thrills* album cover (below left). Also at Monterey, Otis Redding (lower right, above) reclaimed his own *Respect* from Aretha. The Mothers of Invention, led by Frank Zappa (upper right), were making weirdly wonderful musical collages and social satire. On the other hand, Jim Morrison (lower left, above), lead singer of the Doors, was the intensely brooding, self-destructive prince of rock—a latter-day Rimbaud in black leather.

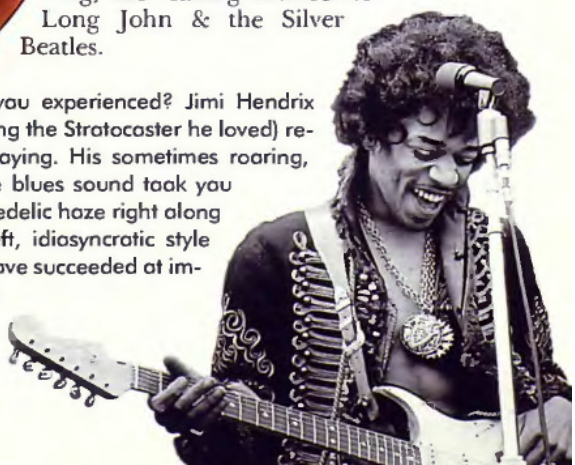
later, when the Beatles were sadly separating into oil and water, did John Lennon write such bitter, ironic songs as *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*, *Revolution 9* and *Helter Skelter*.

For the Beatles' huge American audience the band's initial image was as charming, decent puppies in suits, if in need of haircuts. Only teenage girls could tell the moptops apart. The Rolling Stones, except for Brian Jones, were decidedly uglier than the Beatles. They were Hell's Angels with guitars, in black leather with bad teeth, lower-class and dangerous.

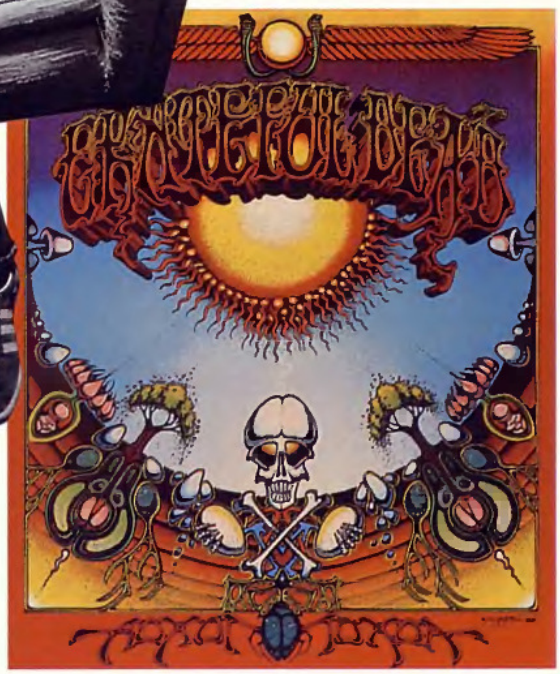
In both cases image differed from reality. The Beatles were actually more working-class than the Stones. Lennon, born in 1940, grew up as a genuine greaser hell-raiser. He was known as one of the most accomplished thieves in Liverpool, with a rough, smart mouth and winkle-picker boots. His sailor father disappeared during Lennon's childhood; his mother died when he was a teenager. With Paul McCartney, Lennon played in a Liverpool group called the Quarrymen, performing mostly skiffle music, a late-Fifties British aberration combining music-hall, pop and folk styles into a music whose description and appeal seems mysterious to most non-Brits. But Lennon and McCartney were listening to rock and roll, too, and were writing songs together as early as 1957. George Harrison, three years younger than Lennon and a year younger than McCartney, joined the group in 1958.

In 1960 the Beatles came into being, first calling themselves Long John & the Silver Beatles.

Are you experienced? Jimi Hendrix (right, playing the Stratocaster he loved) redefined guitar playing. His sometimes roaring, sometimes gentle blues sound took you up into the psychedelic haze right along with him. His deft, idiosyncratic style was so rich few have succeeded at imitating or elaborating on it since his death at 27 in 1970.



Today their popularity fills stodiums with young, second-generotion, tie-dyed Deodheads. Jerry Gorcio (left, reloxing) ond the Groteful Deod seem to be living proof the Sixties reolly hoppened after all. One of the originol Son Froncisco acid bands—any clues obout what the cover ond title of the 1969 LP Aoxomoxoa (below) might meon?—they keep on truckin', despite their touch of gray.



SOMETIMES THE LIGHT'S ALL SHINING ON ME, OTHER TIMES I CAN BARELY SEE. LATELY IT OCCURS TO ME, WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN.
—THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Lennon had a fast wit that he could use to slash people to shreds. He was enrolled in art school when the Beatles started taking off, both locally at Liverpool's Cavern Club and during long, loud nights at clubs filled with rowdy U.S. servicemen on Hamburg's Reeperbahn. The Beatles soon became a tough bar band, playing crude, hard versions of Fifties American rock—Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran—along with originals written in the same vein by Lennon and McCartney. The point was to make music that could cut through the noise and the smoke.

The songs that Lennon and McCartney wrote were ultimately the reason for their unprecedented success—12 number one hit singles through 1966. At first the chemistry was perfect. Paul McCartney, the cute, sweet Beatle, bubbled over with patches of melodies and snatches of clever lyrics. Ironic John Lennon, with a sparser musical imagination, was the finisher, completing and putting some steel into McCartney's half-formed thoughts.

Together, the two were one genius, as *Rubber Soul* (1965) attests. Separately, they were just bright and talented. But as their success mushroomed, so did their egos, and on 1968's *The Beatles* (commonly known as the "White Album") you can pick out the Lennon or McCartney tracks. They were no longer collaborators, but competitors. Along the way, Lennon had gotten even more coolly existential, and had taken up with artist Yoko Ono. McCartney was singing about Rocky Raccoon, his saccharine side unchecked. You can hear this separation starkly in the post-Beatles work of both: none of McCartney's or Lennon's solo work comes close to their best collaborative music. Lennon was deficient in musical ideas, given more frequently to polemic than to rocking. McCartney offered a sweet pastiche of overproduced, forgettable stuff.

Through longevity and a 30-year recording history of hit after hit, the Rolling Stones deserve their billing as the world's greatest rock band. But back in the mid-Sixties, the Stones lived in the shadow of the Beatles and were British rock's bad boys to the seemingly goody-goody Fab Four.

John Lennon was more of a true greaser than Mick Jagger ever was. Jagger grew up middle-class in a London suburb and was a student at the London School of Economics when the Stones started getting together.

Like Lennon and McCartney in Liverpool, Jagger and Richards had been childhood friends. They had been pals when they were seven or eight, but their families moved in different directions and they didn't see each other much until they were teenagers on the subway. In high school, Mick was preparing for college, while Keith was a student at a London art school—but more

The August 1969 Woodstock Festival (above) is remembered os the cosmic tribal gothering of the, well, Woodstock Generotion. Unfortunotely, it wosn't the dawning of the oge of Aquorius but the finol flowering ond the end of Sixties hippie ideolism. No more grooving on compy Fifties lovo lomps (above) ond *Anthem of the Sun* (the Deod's bones-and-roses symbol, right) through long, sweet, for-out nights. The disastrous Altomont Festivol four months loter reflected the darker spirit of the times. In the face of the Vietnom wor, the promise of flower power wilted quickly. The next generotion would decide thot moking money wos cooler thon weoring flowers in your hoir.

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN IN THE STYLE OF GEORGE SEGAL

interested in the blues than he was in Gauguin.

The tiny British blues scene of the time revolved around the two centers of Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies, mentors of a passionate group of young British musicians who found something resonant in the music of the American urban ghetto and the country bayou.

The blues had been the wellspring of jazz since the 19th century, born in slave fields and turn-of-the-century Mississippi logging camps. The music endured, through Louis Armstrong with pianist Earl Hines in the Twenties, Charlie Parker in the Forties, rhythm and blues in the early Fifties, the hard bop jazz of the mid-Fifties—and, of course, white folks' blues, rock and roll. Blues—which had a certain sadness that was somehow made cheerful—was behind it all.

And the eventual popularity of the Rolling Stones, the Allman Brothers and Cream among white suburban teenagers proved that you didn't have to be black to play the blues.

Jagger and Richards started going to see Korner and Davies' Blues Inc. at the rare clubs where the group could find gigs. Bland pop and trad jazz—a neo-Dixieland played, in these cases, by white Englishmen, a fairly frightening thought—were the prevailing music styles in England at the time.

Then came the night they met Brian Jones at the Marquee Club. Instead of starting out as the Beatles did in tough German bars, the Stones' first public performances were in hip art-crowd clubs in London.

The Stones' commitment to their musical roots served them well. The live *Get Yer Ya-Yas Out!* (1970), for instance, has versions of Jagger–Richards collaborations such as *Midnight Rambler*, *Street Fighting Man* and *Sympathy for the Devil*—along with stuff that originally inspired them: the traditional blues, *Love In Vain*, and two Chuck Berry tunes, *Carol* and *Little Queenie*.

When Brian Jones, troubled by drug arrests and being aced out of the band he had founded, was found dead at the bottom of his swimming pool on July 3, 1969, Mick Jagger had long since become the front man—if not entirely the leader—of the Stones. Jagger was certainly the most popular with fans, anyway. His pouty wraparound lips and electric-rooster moves, plus the obvious fuck-you gleam in his eye, made him a natural candidate. As he's proved since, Mick was upwardly mobile, a jet-setter and a château-in-the-south-of-France sort of working-class hero.

Not so Keith Richards, who deserves the title of Mr. Rock and Roll if anyone does. He personifies attitude, the live-for-the-moment existentialism that runs through the heart of rock and roll. Richards still smokes unfiltered cigarettes and has had a prodigious appetite for a variety of drugs. And he is the group's true rocker. In recent interviews Richards has talked about the retirement of original bassist Bill Wyman, and about the coming and going of Mick Taylor as lead guitarist in the Seventies: "My gut reaction was that nobody leaves the band, except in a coffin." Richards is still gigging in obscure joints while Mick has his feet up in the sun in France and Mustique. In deference to the cameras, Richards had his lopsided graveyard teeth capped, yet he isn't very good at acting as rich as he actually is. But he's the best guitarist ever to graduate from the Chuck Berry school, and among other rock musicians is generally considered the best rock rhythm guitarist ever, a role underappreciated by fans but crucial to the Stones' sound.

Soon Brits—good, bad and awful—were all over the U.S. pop charts. The year 1964 saw the American chart debuts of the Animals (*House of the Rising Sun*), Chad and Jeremy, the Dave Clark Five, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Herman's Hermits, the Kinks (*You Really Got Me*), Lulu, Peter and Gordon, the Searchers and the Zombies (*She's Not There*)—to name a few.

•

Starting in 1964, the Beatles and the Stones dominated the American charts. But the biggest—and best—homegrown American stalwart against the onslaught of British groups in the mid-Sixties was Detroit's Motown. Until 1967 or so Motown almost singlehandedly slugged it out with the Brits in the top ten.

The record company was started by Berry Gordy Jr. in 1959. Gordy was then 30 and had grown up in Detroit. He had been a professional boxer and a songwriter, and it was while boxing that he met Jackie Wilson. Wilson was a Golden Gloves champion whose mother had convinced him to drop boxing, finish school and work on his singing. Gordy's own boxing career ended when he was drafted and sent to Korea. When Gordy returned in 1953, he bought the 3-D Record Mart, which specialized in jazz—Gordy's first love—but he lost money and gave up after two years. He then took a job on an assembly line at the Ford plant in Fort Wayne, Indiana to support his wife and young daughter. But in 1957, Jackie Wilson, after four successful years with the Dominoes (he had replaced Clyde McPhatter as lead singer), decided to go solo—with Gordy as his songwriter. Their first collaboration, 1957's *Reet Petite*, made the charts, as did a few others. Their biggest hit together, *Lonely Teardrops*, was number one on the R&B charts for seven weeks in 1959—Motown's first year. By the end of the Sixties, Gordy was the wealthiest black businessman in America.

Motown started out, and for many years remained, a family operation. Gordy hired relatives and friends, and often it was difficult to tell the talent from the office staff. Early on, Smokey Robinson, when he wasn't singing lead on recording sessions with the Miracles, played drums on sessions for other groups. Gladys Knight started out doing odd jobs but also sang backup for various groups. Teenaged Diana Ross hung out there, earning an occasional $2 per session for doing handclaps. And, at first, Stevie Wonder was a little kid wandering around the place only because Martha Reeves of the Vandellas babysat for him and brought him along to work.

But Motown was, in many respects, also a factory. Gordy had learned something during his years on the assembly line. As he said to Barbara Walters recently on *20/20*, "I noticed the way the beautiful brand-new cars would start out as frames and end up as brand-new cars. And I wanted the same thing for Motown. I wanted an artist to come in the front door as an unknown and go out another door as a recording artist and a star."

The team of Holland–Dozier–Holland, which turned out many Motown hits—most notably for the Supremes—is a good example of Motown's production-line technique. As Sharon Davis says in her book *Motown—The History*, "Lamont Dozier was responsible for creating the song, with Eddie Holland assisting on lyrics and melody. Brian Holland engineered the song's structure and overall sound."

Everybody would work on songs all week. On Friday there would be a quality-control meeting where Gordy would decide which songs were good enough to release. He instituted a charm school for his female performers and required everyone to take in-house dance lessons for their stage routines. Gordy was so opposed to substandard work and lateness that he levied fines and had a time clock installed. Songs, performers and session players were shuffled like cards, and Gordy was the dealer. The result was the distinctive Motown Sound, which brought hit after hit throughout the Sixties.

And no wonder. The list of Sixties Motown acts, many of them from

(continued on page 136)

"And henceforth, and for all time, this place shall be known as the Crater of Carolyn."

POCKET ADDITIONS

a choice selection of stuff to tote when you're on the town

Looking for the latest pint-size goodies to go? Read on. On this page: John Hardy–designed sterling silver lighter, $360, matching pocket watch and chain, $810, and money clip, $162, all from Elements. Limited-edition Montblanc Oscar Wilde fountain pen, $650, from Greenes Luggage. Leather wallet that holds four condoms, by JoLon, Inc., $15. Sterling silver key ring with carnelian ball, by Georg Jensen, $95. Stainless steel EKA pocket knife from Sweden features welded construction and the Swedish royal coat of arms on the handle, from Nichols Co., $33, including a leather pouch. The silk pocket square is from Sulka, $45. Opposite page, top: Ghurko leather pocket calendar and address agenda book, from Greenes Luggage, $85. Sony MZ-E2 portable minidisc player featuring a ten-second shock-resistant memory, about $550. Folding Armani sunglasses with case, from Glasses Ltd., $225. Nokia 232 cellular phone that weighs 6.5 ounces and is only 5.8 inches long, about $400. Folding cow horn comb, from Elements, $38. Steiner-Germany 8 x 22 monocular, from Pioneer Research, $149. De Vecchi leather checkbook cover, from Elements, $115.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

SONY
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END
1 qz-
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4 ghi
5 jkl
6 mno
7 prs
8 tuv
9 wxy
0 OPER
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.
Companies

20 QUESTIONS

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Remember Samuel L. Jackson in "Ragtime," "Sea of Love," "Coming to America," "Do the Right Thing," "Mo' Better Blues," "Jungle Fever," "Goodfellas," "Eddie Murphy Raw," "White Sands," "School Daze," "Patriot Games," "Juice," "Amos and Andrew," "True Romance" and "Jurassic Park"? We didn't think so. Jackson likes it that way. Disappearing into a character is a favorite pastime. Jackson's romance with anonymity is over, though. His turn in "Pulp Fiction," as Jules, the Bible-quoting hit man who experiences a sign from God, is as unforgettable as the character's Jheri Curl hairstyle. Next, he will appear in "Losing Isaiah" with Jessica Lange, in "Kiss of Death" with David Caruso and Nicolas Cage and in "Die Hard With a Vengeance." Contributing Editor David Rensin spoke with Jackson while the actor was wrapping up production on "Die Hard." Says Rensin, "Jackson not only loves to act, he needs to. He's been known to take just about any role that comes his way. 'I do it because actors act and waiters wait,' Jackson said. 'A producer told me a long time ago that there's something very right about actors who work and something very wrong about those who don't.' Now all he needs to do is find time for more golf."

hollywood's most peripatetic performer on hair care, the enduring coolness of *shaft* and the fine art of erotic foot massage

1.

PLAYBOY: You carried a mysterious briefcase for much of *Pulp Fiction*. What was inside?

JACKSON: My character, Jules, never looked in. Marcellus wanted it, he sent me to get it, and that's all. If he'd told me to look in it and make sure something was there, I would have. Vincent [John Travolta] did that. I asked him if he was satisfied and he said yeah. [*Pauses*] John did ask Quentin Tarantino exactly what was supposed to be inside and Quentin said, "Whatever you want it to be." So I assumed it was something that, when people looked at it, seemed like the most beautiful thing they had ever seen or their greatest desire. When I looked inside, between scenes, I saw two lights and some batteries. What I would have wanted to see are the next ten films I'm going to do and hope that they're all as good as *Pulp Fiction*.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's in your shoulder bag?

JACKSON: [*Rummages inside*] A three-ring binder for my script. Lots of pens and pencils. The keys to my house. A Swiss Army knife. Three pairs of glasses—reading glasses, distance glasses, sunglasses. Call sheets. Some 8 x 10s of me that I sign for people when they ask for a picture. And a couple of comic books. Right now, it's *The Return of the Mask*.

3.

PLAYBOY: How would life be better if it were more like the comics? Could we use a few superheroes?

JACKSON: Comics are an outlet, an escape. They're visually stimulating. It doesn't take a lot of intellect to figure out who's doing what to whom. But life wouldn't be so fulfilling if it were like the comics. I like not knowing exactly what's going to happen every day. I like trying to solve some of my own little dilemmas or helping other people solve theirs. Also, the world in a lot of comic books seems to be closed, and there aren't many different types of people. They're either superheroes or good or bad people. There's little middle ground. Even so, the world would be an interesting place if there were superheroes. Unfortunately, they always seem to be tearing up a bunch of shit.

4.

PLAYBOY: In *Pulp Fiction* you worked yourself up to kill with a passage from Ezekiel. What other Bible verse do you know and when do you use it?

JACKSON: Well, everybody knows "Jesus wept"—that's the shortest verse in the Bible. It came in handy when the Sunday school teacher suddenly said, "OK, I want everybody to recite a Bible verse." But because John 3:16 and "Jesus wept" were always taken before the teacher got to me, I memorized this odd passage: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but can't tell whither it goeth or whither it cometh, for so is everyone who is born of the spirit." I knew nobody would say that.

5.

PLAYBOY: Describe the proper way to give a woman a foot massage. Spare no details.

JACKSON: [*Deep breath*] Start with the large toe. Gently massage the underside of it by pressing down on the nail, gently rubbing it between thumb and forefinger. Move on to the space between the big toe and the next toe. Gently press that and rub it between your thumb and forefinger, adding your other hand and holding on to the big toe and rolling it gently while progressing down between each toe, pulling forward with a gentle pressing motion through each joint until you reach the nail, where you press really hard. Continue to massage the toes with your left hand while you press on the ball of the foot. Grab it with all four fingers, with the thumb on top of the foot, and press and roll slowly. Move back toward the arch, grab it with the forefinger and pull through the arch to the ball of the foot slowly, six, seven times. Then you start to massage the arch of the foot, moving slowly across to the outside of the foot. You take your hand from the toes and grab the heel and start to rotate it while you're still massaging the arch, pulling up toward the ball of the foot, gently pulling on the long toe as you rotate that foot. Then you take the heel, squeeze it with your hand and rub one hand along the outside, one hand along the inside, gently squeezing and pulling forward, going back to those toes and pressing them up, then pushing them down, pressing them all up, pushing them down. Then gently massage them again, moving back toward the ball of the foot, pressing all the way back to the heel, gently grabbing the Achilles tendon and squeezing it down into the heel and pulling forward while rotating the foot in your hand. [*Smiles*] I've got my technique down pat.

6.

PLAYBOY: You and Travolta had great rambling philosophical conversations in *Pulp Fiction*. What did you talk about at length off camera? Who's more philosophical?

JACKSON: John. He has this whole spiritual thing going on. I was always bullshitting, trying to find out Hollywood dirt and things he was privy to. John is a walking encyclopedia of people. He's got funny *(continued on page 132)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

Girls of HAWAIIAN TROPIC

A TORRID LOOK AT THE HOTTEST WOMEN UNDER THE SUN

IT ALL STARTED in 1969, with Ron Rice's burning desire to save his skin from the Florida sun. Rice, then a high school chemistry teacher, figured he could concoct a natural tanning product that would work better than synthetics. So he went into his garage, threw some aloe, bananas, coconut oil, avocado and other good stuff into a garbage can, stirred well and—voilà—Hawaiian Tropic suntan oil was born. Soon after came his second brilliant idea: to show off his product on the perfectly tanned hides of the Girls of Hawaiian Tropic. Today, these bronzed ambassadors travel the world in their work uniforms—string bikinis—to promote the product in a most effective way. Hawaiian Tropic women have appeared in an MTV broadcast, at the Cannes Film Festival, at the Indy 500 and in Moscow's Red Square. But until now, you've never seen quite this much of them. So put on a pair of sunglasses and start turning the pages.

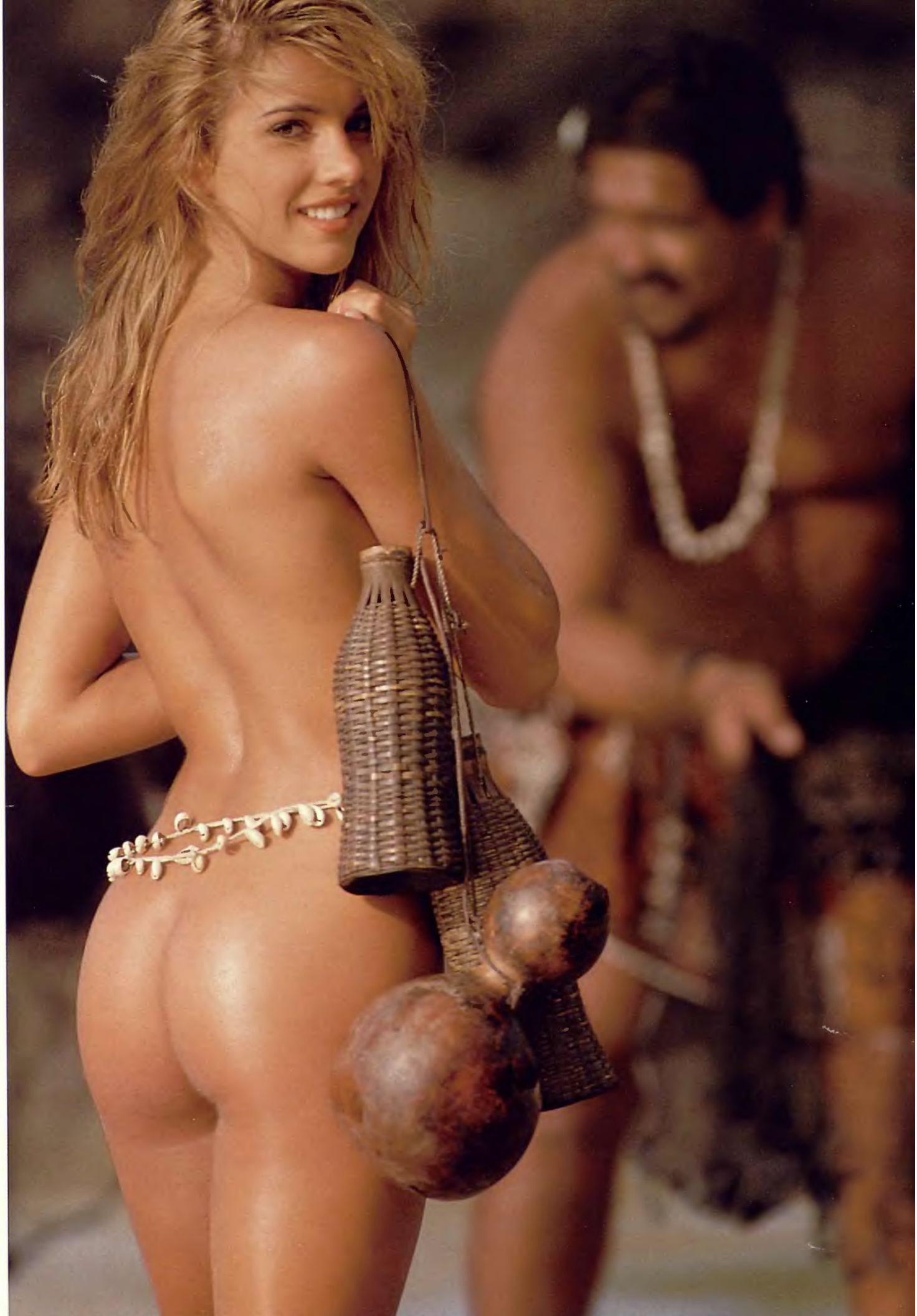
Sung Hi Lee (left) may have been born on April 1, but she's nobody's fool. Between international modeling stints, this 25-year-old from South Korea studies physiology at Ohio State University. Shana Hiatt (below) likes to hit the books, too, but her tastes run toward romance and horror, which she reads "to escape from reality." Shana, who is half Cherokee, collects Indian dolls.

Although Heather Kristian (left) loaks at home in a sarong and lei, she actually lives outside of Dallas. "I'm into speed," admits Dedra Blake (right), who laves to zoom around Alabama on her Harley. To change gears, she rides her Tennessee walking horse. During deer hunting season, yau'll find Deborah Anne (far right) deep in the woods af Michigan. Say hi ance mare ta Sung Hi (below), naw nestled among the flowers.

"Hawaiian Tropic contests are a blast," says Wyndi Pinckney (above), who breezed to victory in Alabama. South Floridian Angel Boris (opposite page) has more than ten years' experience in beauty pageants but prefers to sing onstage in a Las Vegas–style revue. Kristen Holland (below left), a journalism student in Memphis, dreams of following in the footsteps of her favorite anchorwoman, Connie Chung. University of Georgia's Michelle Stanford (below right) is studying to be a pharmacist. Her prescription for relaxation? A sunset, the beach and Horry Connick Jr.

"I'm pure party animal," says Nancy Wilson (left), who enjoys hitting the dance clubs around Philadelphia. The beauties on the car hood (above, clockwise from top) are Amy Hayes, Shana Hiatt and Deborah Anne. Amy (opposite page) says that politics and parasailing really float her boat. Karate expert Sarah Hutchinson (below) gets her kicks by watching martial-arts movies.

When Dana Mazzochi (above) was 15, her cholesterol level soared, so she changed her diet and became a personal fitness trainer in New York. Army brat Shana Hiatt (right) has lived in more than a half dozen states and now shares a home in New Jersey with a yellow Labrador retriever named Tiffany. Although she loves the sun, Shana is thrilled by bad weather: She collects pictures of thunderstorms.



SAMUEL L. JACKSON *(continued from page 121)*

You didn't understand why they were predators, only that they had lost all sense of decency and value.

anecdotes about everybody. He would tell those for a little while, then he'd start doing this spiritual thing about how grateful he was to be in his position, how it was so heartwarming. He uses words like heartwarming and love a lot. That's funny to me.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've been good in so many films that stardom is just around the corner. Have you gotten any good advice about the celebrity lifestyle from your more famous co-stars?

JACKSON: I asked Travolta and Bruce Willis how they deal with the celebrity thing. I said, "How do you deal with the fact that you can't go anywhere? And people who don't know who the fuck you are wanting to get in your space?" I can still ride the subway in New York. People don't bother me. At most, they come up to me and say, "I like your work." They don't want to tear off my clothes or become part of my life. But if Denzel Washington or Wesley Snipes were to walk down the street, there'd be 30 women following them. John and Bruce told me that I have this remarkable ability to remain normal and that I should hold on to that for as long as I can, because people will try to take it away from me and start digging into my life in ways that have nothing to do with what I do and who I am. They said I have to maintain a strong sense of who I am so I won't lose sight of my goals.

8.

PLAYBOY: Although Snipes and Washington have been busy with the ladies on-screen, black men still don't get many opportunities to play the romantic lead. Imagine for us your turn. What are you saving for your bedroom moment?

JACKSON: That bedroom look: eye contact that lets a woman know, "I'm really with you and I love you." The soft voice that goes along with it. And my ability to unhook a bra with one hand.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your hair never seems to be the same in any two movies. Recall the hair-care products in your life that have come and gone.

JACKSON: When I was a young child my mom and my grandmother put Royal Crown on my head. It's like Vaseline that has a fragrance. It was in a round red cardboard can with a tin top and an embossed gold crown. As I got older, I used Vitalis because I related really well to the TV commercial. But it had so much alcohol in it that it just made my hair dry and brittle. Next, I entered the Brylcreem phase. It was oily enough and gave me a sheen, but it didn't press my hair down—to make the waves that I liked. So I moved up to a product that was a really black thing that Richard Roundtree was the model for: Duke—a heavy, oily cream that made your hair really slick and happening. You put a stocking cap on and it made your hair lay down really cool. At one point in college when I thought I was slick and I was out there in the street trying to be a hustler, I had my hair relaxed. Then I had an Afro, so I used Afrosheen. I used Vitapointe when I started to lose my hair because I was trying to feed it and make it really healthy. Then I started putting healthy stuff on it like jojoba and henna. I was trying to give my hair some verve. I was also saying, "Please don't leave yet." Didn't work. My grandfather is as bald as an eight ball, so I knew it was going to come.

10.

PLAYBOY: While in college at Morehouse you took part in locking the trustees in the administration building and got kicked out of school for a while. What did you do after that?

JACKSON: I went to Los Angeles and was a social worker for the county. I learned how to take care of myself a little better. I learned a lot about women—I had a 39-year-old girlfriend when I was 19, and she taught me a lot. I learned that I wanted to be back in school [*laughs*] and not in the real world, working. And I found out that I wanted to be an actor.

11.

PLAYBOY: Most young black filmmakers make movies about inner-city life. Why such a limited venue? Is this what black people want to see? Is this what whites should see?

JACKSON: That's the type of story those filmmakers know. They know how to tell it. They grab hold of it in a whole different way and it's what they're passionate about. Some also know that those are the films that studios buy. I don't know if they'll be able to tell it better than the Hughes brothers did with *Menace II Society*. When we saw it the first time, my wife actually thought it was irresponsible filmmaking. She was incensed by its rawness. To her, it was almost like a how-to movie, and it was frightening. It not only frightens the Caucasian audiences, it also frightens middle-class black audiences because it shows the dangers that kids face daily. *Menace* put a palpable fear into viewers about the predators in our midst. You didn't understand why they were predators, only that they had lost all sense of human decency and value. The thing is, those predators are real. The Hughes brothers didn't make them up.

12.

PLAYBOY: Rappers seem to have invaded actors' turf. Should they stick to their own?

JACKSON: Yeah, if they can't act. Conveying ideas and emotion takes some training, some sensitivity. That doesn't come just because you're famous and people need your name to put butts in seats, à la *Posse* or, from what I understand, *Black Panthers*. I've turned down films because they were primarily rapper-based and needed me to add some kind of actor cachet to them. I can't see validating some rappers' acting careers when I have friends who can act who can't get jobs because they're not household names. At some point, producers are going to realize that audiences have become a lot more sophisticated. You can get people into the theaters the first weekend because you have Ice Box, Ice Tray and Ice Pick in your movie. But by the second week, word is going to be out that the movie ain't shit and it'll be relegated to video. Acting deserves a lot more respect than it gets. There are no naturals in this business. You can fake it for a while, but the audience catches on.

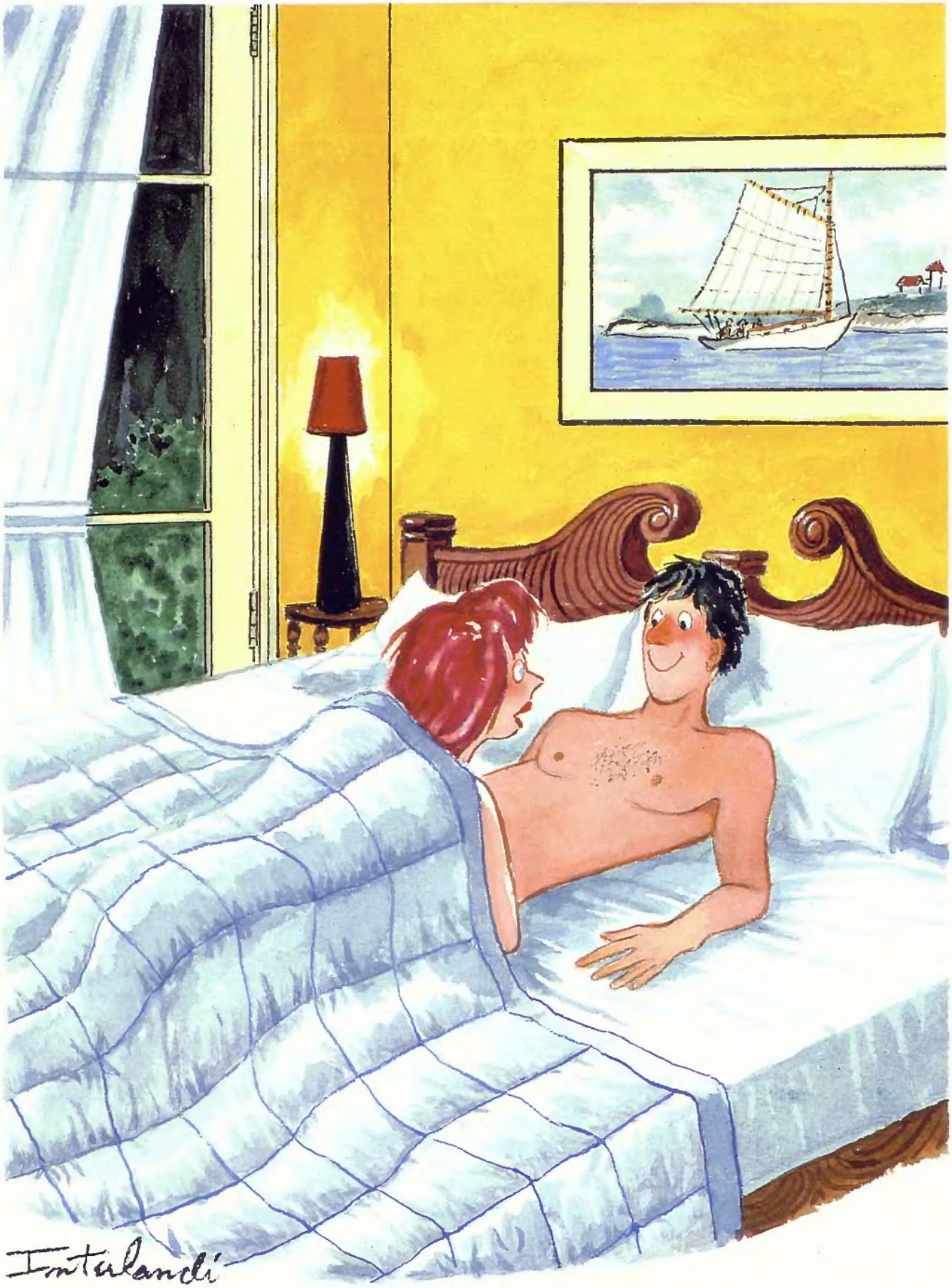
13.

PLAYBOY: Once and for always: Is race an issue in the O.J. Simpson case?

JACKSON: No. We're just talking about murder here. We're not talking about some guy who was yelling racial epithets in the middle of a rampage, or somebody who doesn't like white people. He was married to one, and most of his dates were Caucasian. The issues are more emotion-based. He's not being prosecuted because he's a black man who rose too high and stepped out of his class. That's just another defense ploy.

14.

PLAYBOY: *Shaft* is one of your favorite movies. Are you still using catchphrases from the film?



"Explain again how this can help cure tennis elbow."

JACKSON: It's amazing that you would ask that, because there's one that we use on the set every day. I'm always telling one assistant here that he's a tool of the Man. I'm always telling him, "When the Man say be there, you be there, waiting." And occasionally we talk about the guy who got tossed out the window, Bandini Brown. He had the great catchphrases in *Shaft*. "They just threw my man Leroy out the goddamn window. That's some cold shit, Shaft." We also hum the theme song a lot.

15.

PLAYBOY: Who ranks highest on the macho meter: Bruce Willis, Harrison Ford, Quentin Tarantino or Harvey Keitel?
JACKSON: That's a good group. It's between Harvey and Bruce, but I've spent more time with Bruce than I have with Harvey. Still, I'd say Harvey, because he hangs out with a different kind of crowd. Bruce has this whole guy thing going on that's a totally regular-guy kind of thing to me. But Harvey has this persona that can make you not walk into his space. He doesn't need guys around him to keep you out, either.

16.

PLAYBOY: You've died on-screen enough to be an expert. Describe the most satisfying passage you've had and the departure you can't wait to perform.
JACKSON: The most satisfying death I had was in *Dead Man Out*, with Rubén Blades and Danny Glover. I actually died in the gas chamber. I got to walk the last mile in a Canadian prison. I sat in a real gas chamber. It was a happening thing. It was also weird. One death I haven't done is as a bullet-riddled body falling off a high building through a greenhouse roof into a shallow pool so that when I hit, the blood just spreads rapidly through the water.

17.

PLAYBOY: In *Pulp Fiction* your character retired as a hit man because of a supposed sign from God. Have you ever received a sign in real life that changed the way you lived?
JACKSON: There was a role I originated in a play, and I didn't get it when it actually went to Broadway. The actor who did it got nominated for a Tony, and I figured that would have been my shot at making it had I been in the right position or in the right frame of mind. That's why I don't drink or get high anymore. I was getting blind and I was blaming all kinds of things on my not being successful. When I stopped, it turned my life around.

18.

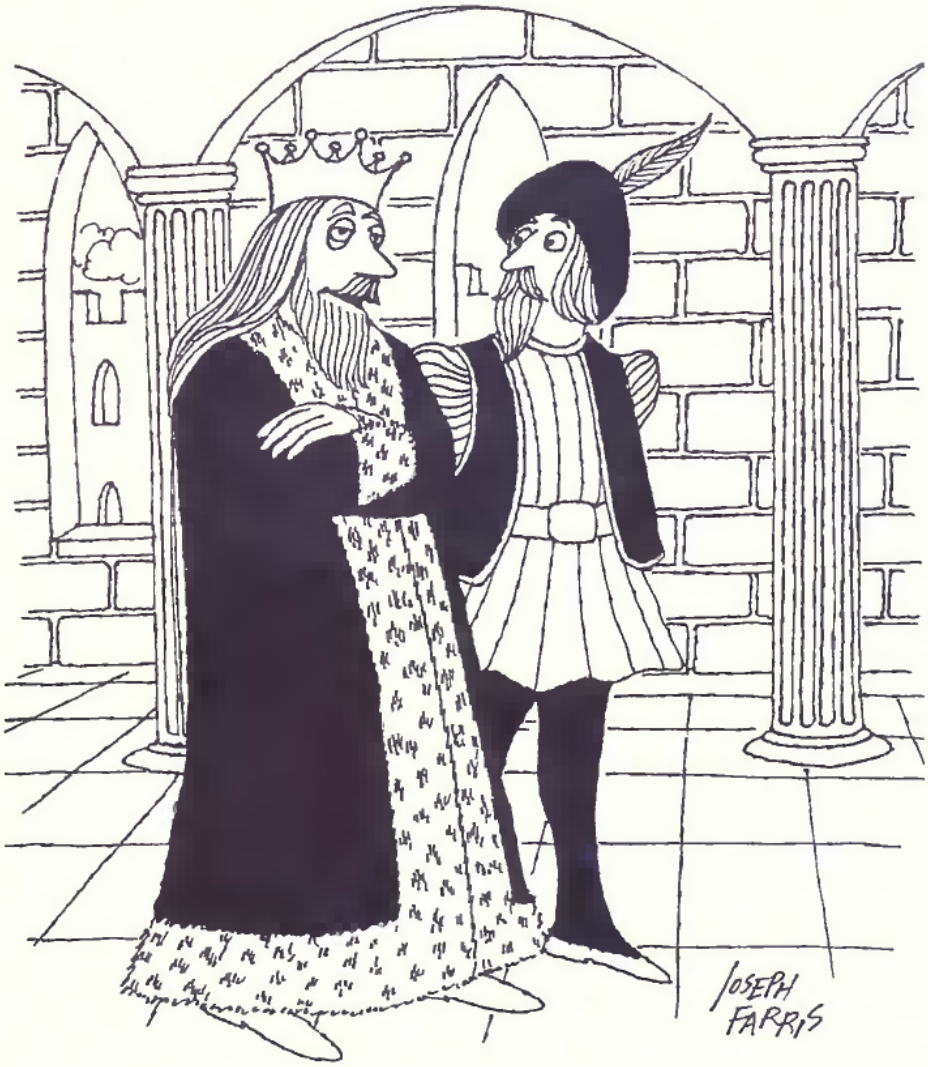
PLAYBOY: What's tougher, acting in films or on the stage?
JACKSON: Acting for a camera is harder for me because there is no sharing of energy. You're just giving—you're not receiving anything. There's nothing to drive you or motivate you. When you're cooking onstage, the audience is part of it. It's a healthy, sharing experience. When you're doing a film, you're doing stuff over and over again, and sometimes—or most of the time—it has nothing to do with what you're doing as a performer. That's what's so cool about Quentin Tarantino. He has found this healthy marriage of theater and cinema, and he actually allows actors to act. And in order to act, a lot of times you need to talk. You need to give information to viewers about who you are, the things you are trying to accomplish and how you're going to accomplish them. In most films, if you talk for 15 minutes you've talked a whole lot.

19.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the body and blood in the back of your car in *Pulp Fiction*, what's the last mess you made that you couldn't clean up?
JACKSON: I was painting something in the house and I slipped on the ladder and knocked over a whole bucket of paint—onto some carpet, into the clothes closet. Oh man, I fucked up. It was ugly. It was very ugly. And it was enamel.

20.

PLAYBOY: Describe the perfect on-location hotel room.
JACKSON: It would have to be in a really great tropical place, like Kuala Lumpur or Thailand. Orchids everywhere. A big marble bathroom that has showerheads coming from all directions—from the walls, the ceiling, the floor. A huge bed. A nice carpet that I can practice my putting on. A great balcony view of the ocean. A golf course nearby. And one of the best restaurants in the world, serving Japanese food and my mom's home cooking. I guess that means my mom would have to be working there in the kitchen.



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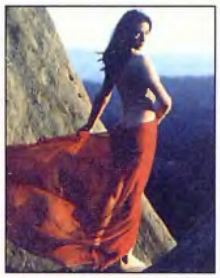

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JAZZ & ROCK (continued from page 116)

It was a skinny kid named Robert Allen Zimmerman who singlehandedly altered the subject matter of rock.

Detroit, included the Marvelettes, Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Mary Wells, the Contours, Martha and the Vandellas, Stevie Wonder, Kim Weston, the Temptations, Gladys Knight and the Pips, the Spinners, Tammi Terrell, Jr. Walker and the All-Stars, the Four Tops and, supreme among them (in terms of sales, anyway), the Supremes.

Gordy's artists were not always thrilled with his business techniques, and many left Motown bitter. Gordy paid his artists less than other record companies did. He kept some on small weekly allowances even though they made thousands of dollars for the company (he refused to let them see the books). He also played favorites.

The ascension in the Supremes of Diana Ross at the expense of Flo Ballard is the most publicized instance of Gordy's preferences. Ballard had been leader and lead singer when the group signed with Motown as the Primettes in 1961. Gordy didn't like the name, and Ballard picked the Supremes from a list of others she was given. Gordy, who was taken with Ross' feistiness and beauty (so much so that they had a daughter together), made her the group's lead singer, even though her voice was thinner and weaker than Ballard's. The billing changed to Diana Ross & the Supremes. An unhappy Ballard began drinking, gaining weight and not showing up for gigs. She was fired and replaced by Cindy Birdsong in 1967. There followed a failed solo career and a failed marriage, and a protracted lawsuit against Motown, in which she eventually won a settlement but lost most of it. Ballard and her children ended up on welfare, while Diana Ross' wealth and fame kept growing. Flo Ballard died of a heart attack in 1976, at the age of 32.

Another tragic Motown story is that of Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell. Gaye was born in 1939 in Washington, D.C., where his father was a minister. After a brief career in the service, Gaye became part of Harvey Fuqua's doo-wop Moonglows, recording for Chicago's Chess Records in the late Fifties. In 1960 Fuqua and Gaye both moved to Detroit, and by the next year were associated with Motown, with Fuqua working as a producer. In 1963 Gaye had several hits, two of which, *Hitch Hike* and *Can I Get a Witness*, were covered by the Rolling Stones a few years later. (Motown was more of an influence on the Stones and the Beatles than is generally recognized.) In 1965 Gaye did the wonderfully uplifting *(How Sweet It Is) To Be Loved by You*. Late in 1968 his *I Heard It Through the Grapevine* (a drastic reworking of Gladys Knight's version from the year before) hit number one, staying there for seven weeks and becoming one of Motown's biggest sellers. But Gaye also had a series of hits singing duets. His first partner was Mary Wells, followed by Kim Weston.

In 1967 Gordy teamed him up with Tammi Terrell, and—as they say in showbiz—it was magic. Gaye and Terrell never became lovers, but you wouldn't know it from listening to 1967's *Ain't No Mountain High Enough* and *Your Precious Love*. As writer Geoffrey Stokes put it: "The communication between the two seemed so direct and emotional that romantic listeners felt like eavesdroppers on an intensely passionate private moment." But Terrell began to suffer from terrible headaches. One night in October 1967 she collapsed while performing with Gaye. She was eventually diagnosed as having a brain tumor. After a series of operations, she died in 1970 at the age of 24. Gaye never seemed to recover from Terrell's death. He stopped touring for four years. His career hung in there for much of the Seventies, but his personal life was a wreck. He divorced his longtime wife, Gordy's sister Anna, married and divorced again quickly, and developed a serious drug habit—mainly freebase cocaine. His behavior became increasingly erratic and paranoid. By 1979 the IRS was after him for $2 million in unpaid taxes, and he bailed out for Hawaii, where he lived in a trailer and reportedly attempted suicide. He pulled himself together enough to win his first Grammy in 1983 for *Sexual Healing*. By then almost everything he made was going to the IRS. He was living in California with his parents, in a house he had bought for them in happier days. He had once again become suicidal. In March 1984 he had to be restrained and a gun was taken from him. On April 1, during an argument in the kitchen, his father shot and killed him.

•

While Gaye, the Supremes and the rest of Motown were challenging the British hegemony on the American charts in the mid-Sixties, something else was happening here that Mr. Jones wouldn't understand. It would affect rock perhaps even more significantly than the Beatles and the Stones and would, in fact, profoundly influence all those rockers to come.

It was a skinny kid named Robert Allen Zimmerman from Hibbing, Minnesota who renamed himself Bob Dylan after the Welsh poet and who singlehandedly altered the subject matter of rock songs.

Born in 1941, Dylan started out in high school trying to be a rocker, but was laughed offstage during a school assembly for doing a horrible version of a Little Richard tune. In Minneapolis he became part of the bohemian scene, where the de rigueur music was folk. Dylan began reinventing himself around the folk scene, doing his best at first to become Woody Guthrie, the Thirties troubadour of the down and out. Guthrie's songs were about social issues, which the rock and roll of the time blissfully was not.

By the time he got to Greenwich Village in the winter of 1961, at the age of 19, he wasn't social outcast Bobby Zimmerman anymore. He quickly became a part of the Village folk crowd, hanging out at the San Remo and other Bleecker Street basket houses—which served coffee and folk music, and were so named because the performers got paid only what was put in baskets passed after each set. He became friends with Dave von Ronk (the preeminent Village folksinger of the time) and Ramblin' Jack Elliott (a longtime friend of Woody Guthrie's who had reinvented himself as a trucker-cowboy folksinger). Soon Dylan was playing regularly at Gerdes' Folk City.

Producer John Hammond convinced Columbia Records, then run by Mitch Miller (of sing-along-with fame) to sign Dylan. Hammond had instincts and a reputation dating back to the Thirties—his discoveries included Billie Holiday and Count Basie, among many others.

The biographical liner notes to Dylan's second album are almost entirely bullshit, Dylan mythologizing what he would have liked to have been and done; and all but two cuts are traditional, not originals. But *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* was definitely different from the Kingston Trio, the time's popular, antiseptic folk group.

Dylan quickly became a favorite of the true folkies who wouldn't be caught dead owning a Kingston Trio record, but the rock audience didn't catch on right away. Peter, Paul and Mary had two big hits with Dylan songs in 1963, *Blowin' in the Wind* and *Don't Think Twice, It's Alright*. And in 1965 the Byrds, which included David Crosby, made their name as mellowed-out interpreters of Dylan with *Mr. Tambourine Man*, a single on which they used electric instruments to play folk music, helping to create yet another strain of the music: folk rock.

Simon and Garfunkel leaned more toward folk than rock, but their music was a hit with the rock audience. Art Garfunkel and Paul Simon met as schoolkids and teamed up in New York when they

were still teenagers, as Tom & Jerry. They had an Everly Brothers soundalike single on Big Records called *Hey, Schoolgirl*, which made number 49 on the charts. But despite subsequent releases, *Hey, Schoolgirl* was it for Tom & Jerry. After high school Garfunkel went to Columbia University to study architecture and math, and Simon went to Queens College as an English major. But Simon kept hustling, putting out singles and playing Village folk clubs. By 1964 Simon was in London and part of the folk scene there, joined briefly for some gigs by Garfunkel, who was on summer vacation from college. That year, using their own names, they had their first Columbia album, *Wednesday Morning, 3 AM*, which included a version of Dylan's *The Times They Are A'Changin'*. It bombed and they split again. Enter producer Tom Wilson. Without consulting either of them, he remixed *Sounds of Silence* from that first album, adding drums and an electric guitar. The refried single was a hit, as were Simon and Garfunkel. Their next album, named for and including the new version of *Sounds of Silence*, went to 21 on the charts in 1966. *Homeward Bound* from that album was perhaps the first intellectual angst-ridden song about life on the road. Simon and Garfunkel were more precious, more like tragic sophomores reading romantic poetry, than Dylan, who was a kick-ass amphetamine folkie.

Dylan wasn't much noticed by the rock audience until the infamous 1965 Newport Folk Festival, when he too went electric. The god of folk had embraced the devil rock and roll. Purist folkies called him Judas, but rock audiences started listening—as did other established rock groups, including the Beatles and the Stones.

Dylan had chosen the Hawks as his new backup group (they used to back up rockabilly wild man Ronnie Hawkins) after seeing them perform in New Jersey in 1965. Hawkins' evolving backup group had eclipsed him. In 1959 Levon Helm became the Hawks' drummer. In 1960 they hired a 16-year-old roadie, Robbie Robertson, who became the bass player and then switched to guitar when the lead guitarist split for Nashville. In 1963 Hawkins released a version of Bo Diddley's *Who Do You Love*, with Robertson playing killer guitar, but it didn't sell well. By then, Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel and Rick Danko were the rest of the Hawks. After their stint backing Dylan, they would emerge in 1968 as the Band, as important a group in its way as Dylan himself.

Dylan changed the game, the way Charlie Parker had changed jazz in the Forties. Dylan may have been the genius of Sixties rock. His songs forever altered the landscape and expanded the subject matter of rock. They were often about apocalypse now, the lyrics fractured and enigmatic, some at first seeming like disconnected speed raps. But they spoke directly in street poetry to what was going on in the lives of his audience. *Blowin' in the Wind*, of course, became an anthem for civil rights volunteers working (and sometimes getting killed) in the South. And 1965's speedy *Subterranean Homesick Blues*—"I'm on the pavement, thinking 'bout the government"—summed up those jumpy, nervous times, especially for guys of draft age. On *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35* he sang: "Everybody must get stoned," just as marijuana use was becoming popular among rock audiences. Even at his most apocalyptic and surreal, Dylan was funny, too. *Highway 61* starts with "God said to Abraham, kill me a son/Abe says, Man, you must be puttin' me on" and gets better from there.

You didn't hear stuff like that in rock before Dylan.

The changes that rock went through during the second half of the Sixties reflected the drastic changes American society was undergoing. The end of Fifties innocence came when John Kennedy was shot in November 1963.

Things were still relatively hopeful when Lyndon Johnson followed Kennedy as president. Johnson was an old-style populist. He could slip and slide with the slipperiest of them, but his proclaimed Great Society emphasized education for the poor. Johnson was more aggressive about enforcing existing civil rights legislation than any president before him. But then there was Vietnam. Johnson could have pulled out the "advisors" Kennedy had sent in. But by July 1965 there were 125,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam. And the numbers just kept going up. This conflict against communism in a distant southeast Asian country was killing off members of the rock audience, and that audience wasn't crazy about it. Real angst came into rock.

Take 1965 alone. Johnson ordered the first air strikes against North Vietnam. In Selma, Alabama 25,000 demonstrators marched for civil rights. Alan Freed, who coined the term rock and roll and whose career crashed and burned over a payola scandal, died at 42 from overdrinking. And David Miller was arrested by the FBI for burning his draft card, the first person so charged.

So began 1966, with *My Generation* on the U.S. charts ("Hope I die before I get old"). The Who had been around almost as long as the Beatles and the Stones, but took longer to make it in the States. On their first American tour, in 1967, they opened for Herman's Hermits.

The Who personified the second wave of Sixties rock, which sometimes had as much to do with costumes as with music. The Who were Mods. Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey had the hippest and most expensive wardrobes in rock. Their witty, self-deprecating name was emblematic of the ironic detachment they brought to their music. It was loud and sardonic, full of black humor, noise, anger. Townshend ritually smashed his guitar against the amps at the end of every show. It was performance art—

"I told you that you are the only man for me."

killing the thing you love and being able to afford to do it. But it was also really noisy and looked like a lot of fun.

•

Meanwhile, something entirely different was going on in San Francisco, where a truly mutant form of rock led to groups called the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish, the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and many with even weirder names and less talent, most mercifully forgotten now. (Anybody remember the Peanut Butter Conspiracy? Moby Grape?)

The new San Francisco music was called acid rock, after the lysergic acid that inspired it. LSD had been around since the Forties, when it was developed by Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland. Harvard scientist Timothy Leary experimented with the drug's positive effects on the terminally ill. The Defense Department was interested in military applications for LSD.

Thanks in large part to Augustus Stanley Owsley III, a renegade chemist who made California's purest acid (dolloped onto sugar cubes), LSD made its cultural debut at the 1965 Acid Tests held by the Merry Pranksters, featuring the Grateful Dead. It was a shifting crowd led by Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs that Tom Wolfe mythologized in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, his 1968 book. "Never trust a Prankster" was their motto. The "acid tests" were events that combined emerging San Francisco rock groups and the first light shows, with audiences partaking of punch laced with LSD, the better to appreciate both lights and music.

There was a cosmic, folkie, social protest aspect to much of this San Francisco rock, as exemplified by Country Joe and the Fish singing:

Well, it's one two three,
What are we fightin' for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam.

The melody to *Fixin' to Die Rag* is a direct steal from *Muskrat Ramble*, a turn-of-the-century Scott Joplin ragtime.

The Jefferson Airplane were also influenced by folk music but owed more to the hard rock music that was developing. They were less directly political than Country Joe. But they were shooting for the cosmic, even if lead singer Grace Slick had been a model and had grown up in comfortable suburban circumstances. The Airplane first started coming together in the summer of 1965, but Slick was in a competing San Francisco group called the Great Society, and didn't join the Airplane until 1966 when its original singer left to have a baby. Slick brought with her two songs she had sung with the Great Society—*White Rabbit* and *Somebody to Love*, which became monster hits for the Airplane.

And then there was Janis Joplin. Born in 1943 in the oil town of Port Arthur, Texas, Janis at the age of 20 had hitchhiked to San Francisco and found gigs singing around North Beach clubs, sometimes with future Jefferson Airplane member Jorma Kaukonen. She joined Big Brother and the Holding Company in 1966 and soon, of course, she was much bigger than Big Brother.

"People think I'm a hippie," she once said. "But I'm not a hippie, I'm a beatnik. Hippies think everything is going to be wonderful, and beatniks know it's not."

Joplin fronted a rock band but sang Texas blues with an urgency and desperation that could take a piece of your heart. She would scream three or four notes at a time when she hit the top, and sometimes would go up from there. Nobody before or since could do anything like it.

She and Big Brother were the hit of the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival, which was a lot more musically successful than the wildly mythologized Woodstock Festival that followed two years later.

The real surprise of Monterey Pop was Otis Redding, who reclaimed *Respect* from Aretha Franklin (her recorded version was much more successful than his, though Otis wrote the song). But Redding will always be remembered for *(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay*. It was recorded with co-writer Steve Cropper (of Booker T. & the M.G.s) at Stax/Volt in Memphis, home of the Memphis Sound, yet another evolving strain of rock—a blend of R&B and white Southern rock noted for its use of horn sections. The *Dock of the Bay* recording session took place just three days before Redding died, at 26, in an airplane crash near Madison, Wisconsin in December 1967. It became his first number one single.

There are a million would-be Claptons out there, but not many have even tried to imitate the wizardry of Jimi Hendrix since his death in London in 1970. Like Monk or Mingus or Coltrane, he was a planet unto himself. His guitar playing was deeply rooted in the blues, but he was often visiting Andromeda at the same time.

He was born in Seattle in 1942, his mother a full-blooded Cherokee. He got his first guitar at the age of 12, and being left-handed, turned it upside down and learned to play it backward—which may explain his preference for the bass side of the instrument. While Clapton was soaring on the fast, high notes, Hendrix was exploring the powers of the lower strings for contrast. Clapton owes more to melodic B.B. King, while Hendrix comes from the deeper, more atavistic music of John Lee Hooker. Hendrix sounds like a primitive Mississippi blues man on acid. During performances, he played his guitar with his teeth and occasionally set fire to it.

After getting a 1961 medical discharge from the paratroopers because of back trouble, Hendrix changed his stage name to Jimmy James and apprenticed in bands fronted by Sam Cooke, Little Richard, Ike and Tina Turner, Wilson Pickett and Jackie Wilson. By 1965 he had formed his own group, Jimmy James and the Blue Flames. In 1966 he went to London, where his career really took off. He went back to his own name and formed the three-piece Jimi Hendrix Experience with Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding. Eric Clapton was forming his own power trio, Cream, with Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker around the same time. The first single the Experience released, late in 1966, was a cover of the Leaves' *Hey Joe* that made the U.K. charts in early 1967. The Experience first backed the Who at a Savile Theater concert, and then were booked on a tour of England—on a bill that included Cat Stevens and Engelbert Humperdinck. Then came *Purple Haze*—a tune that seemed as if it might be about drugs—and Jimi's June 1967 return to the U.S. for the Monterey Pop Festival, after which he was recognized as one of the most original stars in rock.

But ultimately, the San Francisco scene's most important group was the Grateful Dead. Along with the Rolling Stones they have proved to be the Olympic marathoners of the Sixties groups—and like the Stones, the Dead are not nostalgia artists by any means. The band can still fill Madison Square Garden for six nights running. They've been together so long and have such a repertoire they can play four-hour sets every night for a week and not repeat themselves. The tribal loyalty they inspire is unique in pop music. And for every graying hippie in the crowd, some in three-piece suits with beepers on their belts, there are batches of high school and college-age kids in headbands and tie-dyed T-shirts.

Among the first dates was the three-day Trips Festival at Longshoreman's Hall in January 1966, featuring most of the good bands in San Francisco. The Dead were then still the Warlocks, having been Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions before that. Guitarist Jerry Garcia had been a folkie growing up in Palo Alto in the shadow of Stanford. He and Robert Hunter—the Dead's ghost member, who has written the lyrics to some of the Dead's most memorable stuff—were in a bluegrass band together as teenagers. Garcia was a good enough banjo picker and guitarist to make a little money giving lessons. In 1965 the group turned into the Warlocks, playing rock and R&B tinged with folk. The band members included alcoholic blues fan Ron "Pigpen" McKernan on organ and harmonica (he died eight years later at the age of 27); bassist Phil Lesh; and

rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, who splits the Dead's musical direction with Hunter and Garcia.

As Garcia once said, the Dead are more of a commune than a musical group—though these days a multimillionaire commune.

The Warlocks started hanging out with Kesey's crowd. Practically everybody was taking acid. At one party Garcia was flipping through the *Oxford English Dictionary*. His eyes landed on two words, and the group was now the Grateful Dead. They got a financial and electronic boost from boy acid magnate Stanley Owsley, who designed and paid for a sound system cranked up to their new louder ideas.

Their eponymous first album, recorded in May 1967 in three days, was pretty straightforward—folk and blues rock. The second, 1968's *Anthem of the Sun*, a double album, took six months of studio time to record. *Anthem* was mainly acid rock at its most acidy. If you weren't tripping along with them, much of it was no fun to listen to—like John Coltrane's late music, when he too began taking acid before his death in 1967.

For a while, it seemed as if everybody had to produce an acid album—or music that sounded acid-inspired, anyway. Writer Gene Sculatti summarized this change:

> What began as the British Invasion in 1964 had mutated by 1965 into folk rock. In 1967, San Francisco acid rock supplanted folk rock. By the end of the year, on the heels of *Sgt. Pepper* and countless similar ambitions on the part of every functioning rock group, the pop music audience was thought to be involved in some epochal creative explosion, unprecedented and unparalleled. Albums were being hailed as cultural landmarks and their newfound prominence was believed to signal the long awaited emergence of popular music into the realm of serious art.

One of the first, and the best of the lot, was the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*, released in June 1967. *Sgt. Pepper* didn't veer as far off musically into the ether as other bands' works, but the influence of LSD was obvious. *Sgt. Pepper* was a concept album that somehow worked as a whole instead of as a collection of disconnected songs. It was much more ambitious and cosmic than what the Beatles had done before. The Stones' answer to *Sgt. Pepper* came in December 1967 with *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, which was overblown and not nearly so good (it mainly proved that the Stones should stick to R&B). And if you are at one with the universe, what is time? The Byrds stretched their 1967 hit, *Eight Miles High*, eight miles long on their 1970 *Untitled* LP. Three-minute storyteller Chuck Berry

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responded with the LP *Concerto in B Goode*, on which he double-tracked himself for 18 minutes and 40 seconds on the all-instrumental title tune. The liner notes described the concerto as "a brilliant blend of blues and country and acid rock." It wasn't. And then there was Vanilla Fudge, which sounded like Motown on quaaludes. Blue Cheer, an abysmal San Francisco power trio, made up in loud what it lacked in talent. And who could forget that landmark 1966 album by the Blues Magoos, *Psychedelic Lollipop*?

Even the Beach Boys were going cosmic. Their early garage-band sound on 1962's *Surfin'* had evolved into the technical wizardry of *Good Vibrations* in 1966, a single that took Brian Wilson six months and 17 different sessions to produce—and was worth it. Late in 1967 the Beach Boys met Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in Paris. Like some of the Beatles, the Beach Boys were under the spell of the yogi's transcendental meditation. In May 1968 the Beach Boys took the maharishi on tour with them. In July they released the LP *Friends*, which reflected their newly found TM wisdom. *Friends* sold fewer copies than any other Beach Boys album. They were no longer singing about Rhonda or little deuce coupes on their records, and their songs, while sometimes just as sweetly dumb as some of their early hits, started to show a social awareness. It's hard to imagine the early Beach Boys writing songs called *Student Demonstration Time* and *Lookin' at Tomorrow (A Welfare Song)*. Both titles were on the 1971 LP *Surf's Up*, which also contained an antipollution cut called *Don't Go Near the Water* and one of those well-intentioned dumb ones, the ecological *A Day in the Life of a Tree*.

And in 1973 came the ambitious California saga on the *Holland* album, a lengthy rock history of California that included quotes from poet Robinson Jeffers, mention of Steinbeck and Monterey Pop. It ended with a classic Beach Boys riff about cool, clear water. It wasn't bad. They refused to become just another oldies act. Despite some epic internal problems (centering on Brian Wilson's unfortunate weirdness but by no means caused by him alone), they hung in and became accepted by the counterculture. The Beach Boys even played Bill Graham's Fillmore East with the Grateful Dead in 1971.

Frank Zappa was a southern Californian who started out advanced. From the beginning he made truly weird and truly brilliant music without any help from his chemically enhanced friends. Born in 1940, he grew up in the Mojave Desert, where one of his high school pals was Don Van Vliet, later known as Captain Beefheart. The two played together in bands variously called the Black-Outs and the Soots.

After graduation in 1958, Zappa found a couple of gigs writing soundtracks for B movies, and was arrested in 1964 for cutting for $100 what one writer intriguingly described as "a mock-pornographic tape for a vice-squad officer posing as a used-car salesman."

The Mothers of Invention were an amalgam of several bands Zappa had been gigging around with, and thanks both to his talent and to his self-promotional abilities, Zappa got the Mothers signed to MGM's Verve label—largely known for its jazz and R&B. In 1966 the double LP *Freak Out* was released. Zappa was out there. Even without drugs—and Zappa was never a druggie, no matter how strange his music got—*Freak Out* and its even better follow-up, released just months later, *Absolutely Free*, were truly weird and wonderful. The list of nearly 200 influences on *Freak Out* includes Little Walter, Maurice Ravel, Arnold Schoenberg, Lenny Bruce, Molly Bee, Roland Kirk, James Joyce, Bob Dylan, Edgard Varèse, Slim Harpo, Eberhard Kronhausen, Charles Mingus, Howlin' Wolf and Sabu the Jungle Boy. It was a dadaist collage of avant-garde music and R&B with a satiric streak regarding the straight, complacent middle class that was a delight if you were the right age and part of that middle class but trying desperately to get out of it. How could you not love *Who Are the Brain Police?*, *Plastic People*, *The Duke of Prunes*, *Call Any Vegetable* ("vegetables dream of responding to you"), *America Drinks and Goes Home* or *Brown Shoes Don't Make It*?

Zappa loved his greasy Fifties R&B, but probably more than any other so-called rock performer had absorbed what was going on in the experimental free jazz of the Sixties, though the Mothers could also really rock when they felt like it. Zappa proved to be a better-than-average rock guitarist on 1969's *Hot Rats*, on which he plays with bassist Jack Bruce, former member of Cream. *Hot Rats* also featured as guest artists French jazz violinist Jean-Luc Ponty and Zappa's old pal Don Van Vliet, whose recording career as Captain Beefheart made Zappa's stuff seem absolutely normal by comparison. Beefheart's double LP *Trout Mask Replica*, released in October 1969, is perhaps the definitive weird Sixties album—weird with definite artistic purpose and success, that is. The music might best be described as dadaist blues. Not so overtly comic as much of Zappa's music, but more ambitiously strange and strangely compelling, *Trout Mask Replica* sold only a handful of copies at the time but has since become a cultural landmark, even if it's more theoretically admired than actually listened to.

But if you want truly Los Angeles weird in the late Sixties, look to Jim Morrison and the Doors. Although Morrison died in a bathtub in Paris in 1971 at the age of 27, his passion and dedication to

the creative derangement of the senses—even if it means self-destruction—lives. Inspired while a student at UCLA's film school, Morrison may have captured in his music the scary euphoria of the late Sixties better than anyone else.

The Doors took their name from an Aldous Huxley book, *The Doors of Perception*, his philosophical response to a mescaline experience in the early Fifties. During his trip, Huxley discovered the cosmic aspects of his tweed trousers, among other revelations. But the Doors went beyond that.

The late Sixties were the first time in American pop music that the subject matter was intimately connected with what was happening in the world. Rock wasn't just music or fashion. For a short time before the economic exploitation of rock was in high gear, rock music actually voiced the desires and ideals of a generation with a directness unprecedented in popular music. And it did so without necessarily being as overtly political as Country Joe. Also, you could dance to it. It was the politics of the young, with a good beat. *Norwegian Wood*, on the Beatles' *Rubber Soul*, was political too, in that the song assumed the acceptability of two young, unmarried people casually sleeping together. The serious left felt gravely betrayed when the Beatles later sang, "I don't want no revolution." Had their fame and wealth made them reactionaries? Fans at the time discussed the politics of these songs as much as they boogied to them. These fans proudly called themselves freaks. Sociologists called them the counterculture. Hippies truly believed they could change the world, and had songs on the radio to prove they were right. Naturally the greatest proportion of the audience was just getting high, nodding their heads in profound agreement and reaching for the Cheez-Its. Flowers in your hair and feeling groovy—you could do worse. But the flower-power idealism lasted only a couple of butterfly summers.

The summer of 1967 was called the summer of love. The rise of flower power—"If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair"—said a lot about how predominantly white rock music had become, both in terms of performers and audiences. Rock had long been primarily for white audiences, of course, but there had always been a good proportion of black artists providing it as well. But as the Sixties wore on, the percentage of top-ten singles made by black musicians kept dropping. Toward the end of the decade, some established Motown artists couldn't make the charts as routinely as they had in the past.

And 1967 certainly wasn't the summer of love in black ghettos around the country. Advances in civil rights had raised the hopes of black Americans. But starting in 1965, when little promised social change had been accomplished, these hopes turned into frustration and the anger turned into rioting. The six-day Watts riot in 1965 was the first. "There were more disturbances in 1966," wrote historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., "but the worst summer of violence occurred in 1967, when racial unrest hit more than 100 cities across the country. The largest riots took place in Newark and Detroit, with the violence in Detroit lasting a full week and resulting in 43 deaths and more than 7000 arrests."

In the summer of 1967 Sam and Dave recorded *Soul Man*. It was an indication of where black music was going—away from rock, with its increasingly arty pretensions, toward soul. The term had been around to describe the music of such early-Sixties jazzmen as organist Jimmy Smith. But by the late Sixties it had come to signify something else—a further evolution of gospel-influenced rhythm and blues, aimed primarily at a black audience. As co-writer Samuel Moore of Sam and Dave told an interviewer in 1988, *Soul Man* came from a time "when blacks were rioting and burning. The password was always soul. Even though it was a time of upheaval, there was also a unity among blacks because we had a common cause in fighting for freedom, justice and equality. I

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thought *Soul Man* was what it was all about."

Peace and love didn't last long even among white rock audiences. The euphoria of psychedelia—and psychedelic rock—started crashing in 1968. The Doors had been right when they sang, "Girl, we couldn't get much higher." Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis in April 1968, and much of Chicago's West Side burned in subsequent rioting. Senator Bobby Kennedy was killed in June—and then came the Democratic Convention in Chicago in August.

The Democrats had convened to nominate Hubert Humphrey as their presidential candidate—and had put a hawkish plank in their platform regarding Vietnam. A bunch of longhaired freaks decided to camp out in Lincoln Park to stage a countercultural parody of the convention, organized (such as it was) by the Yippies. There was even a bandstand featuring the MC5, a White Panther band from Detroit. But Mayor Richard J. Daley didn't see the humor in it—nor in the more serious protests going on in front of the Conrad Hilton hotel—and tried to shut down the whole thing. "The police are not here to create disorder," said the malaprop Mayor Daley; "the police are here to preserve disorder." Squad cars and tear gas drove the Yippies out of Lincoln Park. They were chased down Wells Street, beaten by police. They headed for the Hilton to join the protest march (which was led by Dick Gregory and others) to the Amphitheater at 43rd and Halsted, the convention site. But neither group made it. The National Guard had been brought in; national TV offered wall-to-wall coverage of generations and lifestyles in conflict. "The whole world is watching," the protesters chanted, and it was. The picture of the hippie slipping a flower into the barrel of a young National Guardsman's gun summed up the weirdness of the time. Even the most spaced-out hippies began to realize it was still ugly out there, and getting uglier.

The legendary Woodstock Festival held on Max Yasgur's Bethel, New York farm in August 1969 was the end of a brief era. It wasn't "the dawning of the age of Aquarius," as they were singing in the popular Broadway musical *Hair*. (That it was a hit was a sign that the counterculture had ended.) Woodstock was a one-of-a-kind event, an unprecedented tribal gathering. It rained, everyone took acid in the mud and peace and love reigned in a pasture in upstate New York for three days. No matter that the music produced by most bands—including some superlative performers—was mediocre compared with their best live shows, or that the huge crowd also produced a monstrous traffic jam. Hardly anyone who was there seemed to mind. Woodstock was groovy.

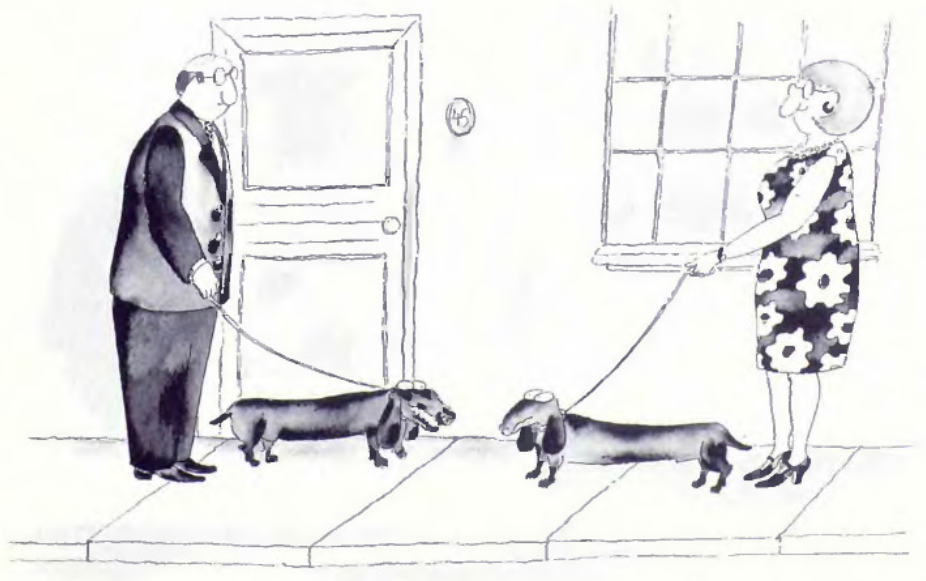
Unfortunately, Altamont was more in keeping with the spirit of the times. It took place four months later, in December 1969, and it was ugly. The Rolling Stones were concluding a U.S. tour. Even though they were singing *Sympathy for the Devil* and *Street Fighting Man* (which had been a hit single a month after the Chicago convention), the Stones were living the luxurious life of the rock star and charging high ticket prices for their concerts. So, fearful of being perceived as sellouts, they decided to give a free concert somewhere near San Francisco. They chose the Altamont Speedway south of the city. Probably in emulation of the Grateful Dead, who were part of the lineup of acts, the Stones hired Hell's Angels for their security crew, which proved to be not such a good idea. With film crews catching it all, the Hell's Angels bullied the crowd and the performers alike. When a young black man near the stage pulled a gun during the Stones' set, the bikers stabbed him to death. For a while, the Stones kept on playing in the best bar-band, bar-fight tradition, with Jagger interrupting songs to plead with the crowd to cool out. But it was a bad trip. The Stones fled the scene by helicopter.

The souring of countercultural idealism turned into the days of rage, the trial of the Chicago Seven, and the amateur terrorism of the Weathermen—their name taken from a Dylan song. Attempts to bring down the system were ardent if wrongheaded, but ultimately they didn't make a dent. Despite all the protests, the Vietnam war kept dragging on. On May 4, 1970, during a demonstration at Kent State in Ohio, four students were killed by jittery young National Guardsmen. Ten days later, Mississippi law-enforcement officers fired into a crowd of bottle-and-rock throwing demonstrators at Jackson State, killing two and injuring 12. The perception was that the government was killing its young who wouldn't stay in line. Repression was the name of the day, and by 1972, Nixon was tightening the screws.

This meltdown of the utopian dreams of the Sixties was reflected in rock in two distinct ways—in the evolution of heavy metal and the emergence of country rock. The first involved pushing the pedal to the metal even louder and more angrily, while the other retreated into a simpler musical territory.

Heavy metal was epitomized by Led Zeppelin. Jimmy Page formed Zeppelin in 1968 out of the remains of his New Yardbirds—which he had formed out of the remains of the old Yardbirds. Page's new band was inspired by the success of Cream, whose most prominent member, Eric Clapton, was also an alumnus of the Yardbirds.

The Yardbirds never became that big in the U.S., but they were the progenitors of heavy metal. In 1963 Clapton had been hired when the original lead guitarist quit to go back to college, just after the group replaced the Rolling Stones as the house band at London's Crawdaddy Club. Clapton didn't last long. He didn't like the group's shift from blues to pop and moved on to John Mayall's Bluesbreakers—which for a while had Jack Bruce on bass—before drummer Ginger Baker came up with the idea to form a trio. Clapton's replacement in the Yardbirds was Jeff Beck, who, after leaving



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the group in March 1967, formed another ur-metal band, the Jeff Beck Group, which included Stone-to-be Ron Wood on guitar and whiskey-voiced Rod Stewart on vocals. Jimmy Page, who had left an extremely successful gig as a studio musician to join the group, ultimately took over as lead guitarist.

While it lasted, Cream was the monster group of them all. The band's first album, 1966's *Fresh Cream*, created a buzz in the underground press. The album proved to be considerably more restrained and arty than the group was during its first U.S. tour in April 1967. CLAPTON IS GOD had been a common London graffito even before Cream. His extended solos were often transcendent, as the live tracks from 1968's *Wheels of Fire* indicate. Cream's live version of the old Robert Johnson song *Crossroads* from *Wheels* is a quintessential example of how the band changed the blues into something new. Cream was assimilating some of the ideas going around in the free jazz of the Sixties—group improvisation, for one thing. Each member took long pyrotechnic solos, but on tracks such as *Crossroads*, the whole band performed aggressive group improvisation. It's no wonder Cream lasted so briefly, existing as a group only from July 1966 to November 1968.

Clapton went off to his superstar noodling with Stevie Winwood in the forgettable Blind Faith. But Led Zeppelin took the kind of rock that Cream had been making even further, and would become the heavy metal band of the Seventies.

Many American rockers, led yet again by Bob Dylan, began to get into the country-music side of rock. Country rock had come about in the Fifties in the music of Chuck Berry, Elvis (before he went Hollywood) and Buddy Holly as a fusion of rhythm and blues and country.

Dylan had been out of commission for a while because of a 1966 motorcycle accident on a hill a couple of miles from his house near Woodstock. While rock was rapidly changing around him, he sat recuperating in the country. Early in 1967 Dylan talked the Band into joining him. In West Saugerties they rented a bright-pink aluminum-sided house they named Big Pink, where they put in a basement studio and recorded the much-bootlegged *Basement Tapes* sessions.

In 1968 Dylan gave a hint of things to come on his *John Wesley Harding* album, which was considerably different from the 1966 double LP *Blonde on Blonde*. The pre-accident songs on *Blonde on Blonde* signaled the end of Dylan's Village poet period. *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*, *Leopardskin Pillbox Hat* and *Just Like a Woman* were on it, plus the epic *Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands* and *Visions of Johanna*, which is like a Kerouac story of Village life. But the postaccident songs on *John Wesley Harding* were simple, shorter, less apocalyptic. The sound was countrified. Which figured, since Dylan had used several Nashville studio musicians—Charlie McCoy, Kenny Buttrey and Pete Drake—on the sessions.

The Band's first album, named after their house, hit the charts in August 1968. It contained three Dylan songs, a haunting version of the Fifties Lefty Frizell hit *Long Black Veil* and several originals—including *The Weight*, which, legend has it, had lyrics written in 20 minutes by Robbie Robertson as he sat in a recording-studio stairwell. Toronto-born Robertson may have been the brains of the Band, but their music owed a lot to the Southern country influence of drummer Levon Helm, who had grown up in Arkansas. (The other band members were Canadian.) Robertson seemed to write songs specifically for Helm. Helm sang lead on *The Weight*, which was soulful enough to be covered by Aretha Franklin, the Temptations and the Supremes. The Band's eponymous second album hit the charts in October 1969. It offered further proof of the bedrock Americana of their music, which could most obviously be heard in *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, a Civil War lament from the losing side, again sung by Helm.

But it was Dylan's spring 1969 *Nashville Skyline* that prefigured the turn toward country that many rock bands would take in the early Seventies. With that turn would come the rise of Southern cracker guitar rock—the most shining example of which would be the Allman Brothers. *Nashville Skyline* was so Nashville it barely sounded like rock. In case anyone missed the point, it began with a brave if shaky duet between Dylan and Johnny Cash on *Girl From the North Country*.

By 1970, it seemed like time to hunker down on a farm and try to escape the storm. Sheepskin coats, Wells Fargo belt buckles and Frye cowboy boots replaced the mod Sixties look. Even the Grateful Dead, the quintessential acidhead band, returned to their folk-country roots on the 1970 *Workingman's Dead*, but it was country rock with an acid wink.

The change in music in the early Seventies also was reflected in the rock-star mortality rate. The pleasurable excesses of the Sixties had killed off some of the most important members of the late Sixties scene. Many lived fast, died young and left a good-looking corpse. By 1972 the dead included Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and many others. On their last album together, the Beatles sang about getting back to where they once belonged. But they were dead as a group and broke up in 1970. In a way, Sixties rock was born and buried with them.

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 (continued from page 104)

When Johnnie Cochran speaks of silver linings, he sounds as if he has minted the silver.

on the case and that's going to cause problems.' Shapiro was there by the fourteenth night, it happened that fast. Once Shapiro had surfaced and Howard [Weitzman] stepped back, I called Shapiro and said, 'Look, this man's an acquaintance of mine and I don't want to cause problems with what you're trying to do,' and we agreed that we would wait until the preliminary hearing was over. That was on July 8, and then O.J. really stepped up the pressure and I had to make a decision. At that point I was pleased with what I was doing in terms of TV commentary on the case. I was on the sidelines and was somewhat enjoying it. I have a heavy caseload, and Michael Jackson was still very much pending, but here's O.J. saying, 'I need your help.' I talked with my minister, William Epps of the Second Baptist Church of Los Angeles, and I talked with my father. I prayed over it, and then I went to New York to talk with Michael Jackson. He said, 'Well, look, I love O.J., but I want you to be available when I need you,' and I told him I would be. And here's how it finally came down: In this world, if you can't help an acquaintance or somebody you care about, someone you know, who can you help?"

Cochran has come downstairs after working out in his private gym; he might easily be taken for a man in his early 40s. He wears an embroidered khaki jumpsuit, a gold Movado watch and the same smoked, gold-rimmed glasses he wore in the Watts parade—bifocals, they turn out to be, and the only indication that he is 57 years old. His voice can mislead you, too. It is inflected with lots of tonal italics and modulated with a dramatic restraint in the lower register that gives way to sudden, almost ecstatic swoops. Close your eyes and he's an ebullient youngster, barely able to contain his excitement about life.

In truth, his enthusiasm can be a bit daunting; it's like the sun blazing, this winter day, in a relentlessly blue sky. He swears it's no act, though. "Most times I'm this buoyant. There are down days, of course. We'll have battles over strategy in the Simpson case or whatever, but I've found that I rarely have two down days in a row. In my life there are more up days than down days, and when the record is written, I believe the up days will be many more, and I look forward to those days. I got that from my father. He's an eternal optimist. He's sitting in the hospital this week, recovering from an automobile accident he had a while ago, and he sees something bright about it: 'Gosh, these nurses are wonderful!' He sees something good in everything."

Clearly, Cochran got a lot from his father: his salesman's gift of gab, his pleasure in pressing the flesh, his emphasis on achievement and his eagerness to fire up those around him: "In my father's business they'd have these contests, and everybody wanted to be top agent. Now, in my own law practice, we have lawyer of the quarter, lawyer of the year. A lot of it goes back to what my father was doing—motivating people to be the best they could be."

In this sense, Johnnie Cochran Jr. fits an American archetype, the hugely energetic, eternally hopeful salesman who turns up in works as diverse as Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* and Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*; with slower pacing he could play the Gentleman Caller. When he describes a glass as half full rather than half empty, it's with blithe disregard for cliché (or maybe fondness for cliché, since it's the familiar that connects with juries, and Cochran plays to every conversational partner as if to a juror). When he speaks of silver linings, he sounds as if he has minted the silver.

Yet George Babbitt, for all his inchoate yearnings, was a shallow striver, while Johnnie Cochran's roots go deep into family and religion. He's been a member of the Second Baptist Church since the age of 11 and recently bought his church new carpet, new pews and a new van to pick up shut-in members of the congregation. On Christmas, as soon as services were over, he went to the family plot in Inglewood, where his mother is buried. "We have about eight crypts there. We are all real close in the family. My mother's there now, my grandmother's two over from her. The rest of us will be there someday. We'll all be together again."

•

Born in Shreveport, Louisiana, Cochran was six years old when he, his parents and his two sisters boarded a train for California. At first the family lived in the Alameda housing project in northern California, then moved to San Diego before settling in Los Angeles, where he was one of no more than 30 blacks in his class at Los Angeles High. (One classmate, and a friend, was Dustin

"Look thoughtful. Never, never look puzzled!"

Hoffman.) After UCLA he went to Loyola Law School and graduated in 1962. Since then, Cochran has practiced many kinds of law in many venues. When the Watts riots exploded in 1965, he had just crossed over into private practice after working nearly three years as a deputy city attorney. A year later he represented the family of Leonard Deadwyler, a young black man who had been shot and killed by police as he drove his pregnant wife to the hospital. Charges were never filed against the police, and Cochran's firm eventually lost a civil suit. But the city allowed the coroner's inquest to be televised, thus handing Cochran his first star turn on TV.

Thanks to his virtuosity as a trial attorney, Cochran became the opposite of Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man, became an African American who was widely noticed, and almost universally admired, by whites and blacks alike. (It's difficult to find anyone who has an unkind word about Cochran. A leading plaintiff's lawyer who prides himself on being a skeptic said he viewed Johnnie Cochran "with reverence," then changed it to "with profound respect" because he didn't want to sound gushy.) Cochran learned to work not only both sides of the street—in the late Seventies he crossed over once again to become the number three man in the Los Angeles County district attorney's office for several years—but every street in town. For poor clients, he has won stunning victories, mostly in suits charging police with excessive force. Estimates of the total settlements he has obtained in the past ten years alone are as high as $45 million. For wealthy and powerful clients, his very presence in court or in the conference room serves as an insurance policy that has yielded settlements to seemingly intractable disputes and acquittals in the face of horrendously damaging facts.

Long before Cochran signed on as one of Simpson's attorneys, his list of celebrity clients included another football great, Jim Brown, for whom he won a dismissal of rape charges, as well as singer Lou Rawls and teen television star Todd Bridges. In December 1993, Cochran took on representation of the beleaguered Michael Jackson and, one month later, helped settle his civil case.

Now, of course, because of Simpson's travails, the entire nation, and indeed the world, is able to see Cochran in action and can savor the courtroom style for which he is famous—a smooth, unflappable civility coupled with a cobra's coiled power, focus and flash.

"He's very much himself in front of a jury," says Bob Jordan, the assistant head deputy district attorney in Norwalk, California, who, as a Los Angeles county prosecutor, tried cases with Cochran. "He tries a clean, straightforward case, and juries like and trust him."

"He's superb," says Los Angeles criminal lawyer Paul Geragos. "He doesn't wilt under fire. There are lawyers who are very good when everything goes their way, who have great control and a command of the scene. But when things go awry, their facade cracks and they tremble. Johnnie doesn't do that. And it isn't even his facade. It's his persona."

When I talk about Cochran's reputation for being unflappable and ask if there aren't times when he gets a little flustered, like all the rest of us, Cochran says he doesn't think so, and connects that to his religion. "I have this inner strength," he replies in a matter-of-fact way that manages not to be boastful. "That's what it boils down to, a belief in God. So I'm never going to fall apart or crack, no matter what happens. I'm going to remain unflappable because I have that belief."

Cochran does show some irritation when the subject turns to Vincent Bugliosi, the veteran prosecutor who said in the December 1994 issue of this magazine: "Johnnie is a good lawyer, and very well liked and respected. But, although I might be wrong, I'm not sure he has ever won a murder case before a jury."

"I have a whole list of murder cases I've won over the years," Cochran notes. "I've probably tried in excess of 30 and

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won 80 percent of them. By winning, I mean walking the client right out the door. It's funny Vincent should have said that, because he and I have a good relationship. We were on *Larry King Live* together, and I was surprised: He's not at all at ease before a camera. You know, Larry King's in Washington or somewhere and he's asking the questions—I was doing a lot of that sort of thing at the time and enjoying it—but somebody walked past our camera and as soon as there's a break Vincent says, 'Will you stop? Stop distracting me. You walked past the camera!' He's a nervous wreck. I was amazed. This guy has written all these books and he's a nervous wreck, he's sweating and he's dabbing. It was really interesting."

Is this the Johnnie Cochran who's reputed to be so disarmingly generous toward his adversaries? For a moment it's hard to tell, but he ends up saying, with a smile, "I've had murder cases he's never heard of. But I just accept those things. I haven't seen Vincent since that show, but when I see him I'll just say, 'You know, you're wrong. I've tried a lot of murder cases. I've tried more murder cases than you have, Vincent.'"

•

On the coffee table in Cochran's den are several elegant books, the most interesting of which celebrates the work of Ernie Barnes, the former NFL player who has become an acclaimed figurative artist. Several of Barnes' paintings hang on Cochran's walls, and it's easy to see why: Both men are African Americans who move easily in diverse worlds. Johnnie Cochran's career has been so diverse that a long, admiring piece in last May's issue of *The American Lawyer* called him "tough to pigeonhole"; another profile, in *The Washington Post*, started out by calling him a paradox, though the writer never got around to explaining why.

Freely interpreted, such terms mean he's a top dog who looks out for the underdog, a defender of the rich and famous who also stands up for poor victims of police abuse. He's a black man who is hugely successful in white America; a black man who, on O.J. Simpson's behalf and for reasons unconnected with race, tried to have another black man, deputy district attorney Christopher Darden, taken off the prosecution team; a black man who defended a prestigious and predominantly white university against a black man (Marvin Cobb, a former USC assistant athletic director) who claimed he was denied a promotion because of racial bias. And, most intriguing of all, he's a black man representing a white man, Reginald Denny, who was beaten almost to death by blacks in the 1992 South Central riots.

Yet there's another way to look at this that requires editing out all references to black and white. Cochran is simply a lawyer of formidable talents who goes wherever those talents take him and does what his clients need. Like other prominent, well-connected lawyers, he builds success upon success, attracting individuals and corporations who are willing, often eager, to pay him large amounts of money. Like all great lawyers, however, he operates from a moral and ethical base, so there's always room in his caseload for his convictions, and for his gleeful, almost boyish delight in new ideas. ("You go to Rome and look at the Sistine Chapel and you think, Why couldn't somebody do that today? We know so much more today, but nobody does those kinds of things because people think all the good ideas have passed.")

From this perspective, the paradoxical becomes plausible—Denny versus Los Angeles is the obverse of Cobb versus USC. Why shouldn't a black defense lawyer rag on a black prosecutor on behalf of a black client? The pigeon, far from nesting in a single hole, flies the coop any time he chooses.

Between trials, strategy sessions, staff meetings, settlement conferences and recreational jetting around the world with his wife, Dale, a marketing analyst with a Ph.D., Johnnie Cochran sometimes gives inspirational speeches to young people. When he gets to the part about making a difference in people's lives, he likes to tell them about the Ron Settles case, and the difference he made in the life of a family and a community.

Ron Settles was a Cal State–Long Beach football star who, in 1981, was picked up for speeding in Signal Hill, a small, white, working-class enclave in Los Angeles County. Shortly after his arrest, Settles, an African American, was found hanged in his jail cell. The police wrote it off as a suicide, and that would have seemed to be the end of it. Settles was already buried back home in Tennessee by the time his parents asked Cochran to represent them in a lawsuit. "People told me that I was crazy to take the case," Cochran recalls. "All the witnesses were police witnesses, and the one other guy who was in jail at the time was mysteriously taken off to court [when the body was found]." But Cochran, in a dramatic roll of the dice, persuaded Ron Settles' parents to have their son's body exhumed and to take their chances on the outcome of an autopsy.

"The exhumation took 13 hours, and it was horrible. I'd never experienced anything like it. If water gets to a body, it turns, like, to soup, and the smell is unbelievable. We had to put on smocks, because if we didn't take off our clothes we'd have to throw those clothes away. But the one thing his parents said was,

"That guy who said he was a Peruvian diplomat used a phony credit card? My God, girls, we've been raped!"

'Please stay with our son's body until this is over, and let us know what the results are.' When I was in law school I would never have dreamed I would be faced with such a situation. But I did it, I stayed there, and it was tough."

Cochran has told this story many times, but he's such an accomplished raconteur that he seems to lose himself, once again, in the horror and solemnity of the moment. "The body was well-muscled, but looking at it, after a while, was like looking at an empty house. There was no spirit or anything in there. And watching the coroners cut away—one of them cut himself. I'll never forget this, that he said, 'Oh, don't worry, nothing can live in there anyway,' so he kept on going and then they had lunch. They were having sandwiches while they were doing this! There was a big crowd, and a CBS news crew was waiting outside. Then we finally got the results. He had died from esophageal hemorrhaging. His esophagus had been pushed against his spinal cord, and you can get that only from the bilateral compression of a chokehold. We had 'em!"

On the basis of the autopsy, the Settles family was awarded $760,000, at the time the largest settlement in a jail-death case in California. Beyond that, Signal Hill underwent a revolution. "This was the worst community," Cochran says. "They would never investigate police abuse. It was just terrible. Everybody knew about it and they kept turning a deaf eye! But then they did a management study that said, 'You either have to shut down this police department and bring the sheriff's department in here, or you have to make these changes,' which meant spending a lot of tax money. By the time we were finished, the police chief had been fired."

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As the Simpson trial approaches its climax, Cochran is polishing his closing argument. He had indicated, during the time we met late in 1994, that O.J. would not testify on his own behalf—"His only opportunity to express what he is thinking will be through me or whoever is making these arguments"—so the summation will carry a special significance. "When I stand up to deliver it," Cochran says, "I'll be speaking from the heart. You may remember Leslie Abramson's closing argument in the Menendez case. She was great. She got up there and stuck those pins in the pictures and it was wonderful. Then Lester Kuriyama, the deputy district attorney, stood up and *read* his argument. You can't do that. You have to give of yourself. Sure, you might glance down at some notes, but you don't read them. What does that say about your knowledge and your commitment to the case?"

Win, lose or draw on O.J., it's a phenomenal time of life for Johnnie Cochran, and he knows it. "At our office Christmas party, where we pass out the bonuses, I was saying how things happen that you can't anticipate. Last year started with Michael Jackson. We had the resolution in the Michael Jackson case in January 1994, and when we walked out of the Santa Monica courthouse we saw hundreds of cameras in a line and helicopters overhead; it was amazing. Then along comes O.J. Simpson. I wonder what's going to happen next year. I have no idea."

Maybe not, if he's talking about which new clients will come knocking on his door. But it's a safe bet that, starting in April or May, he'll devote himself to a case that's already in the works, one that, unlike Simpson's, may break new ground in jurisprudence: the $40 million damage suit he has filed against the city of Los Angeles on behalf of Reginald Denny and three other riot victims.

We saw what happened to Denny, live from the corner of Florence and Normandie: the truck lumbering into the intersection, the driver pulled from his cab and beaten beneath the unblinking eyes of news helicopters. Most of us felt profound horror, not only because of the savagery of the beating but because of the inexplicable absence of police.

Johnnie Cochran saw it, too, but he and Denny didn't meet until months later, after Denny was out of the hospital. "I got a call from a friend, Dominick Rubalcava, who's a wonderful lawyer in Santa Monica. He had met Denny through Denny's family, and he said, 'I want you to go see this guy. I think it's a case that's right up your alley.' So Dom and I went to see Reginald on a Saturday in the summer of 1992. Reginald Denny is a remarkable human being."

As a matter of course, Cochran uses elevated language to describe people he likes—wonderful lawyers, great friends, fine neighbors. In the case of Reggie Denny, though, he means exactly what he says. For one thing, Denny showed no interest in bringing suit against his attackers or anyone else, and not because he lacked intelligence or imagination. "He's a man without rancor, without bitterness," Cochran says with wonder. "He'd gotten something like 30,000 letters, and some of them were hate letters, people sending checks and saying, 'This is for white people uniting,' that sort of thing. He sent the money back, he didn't want any part of it. When I first saw this guy, I was sold hook, line and sinker. He didn't see things in racial terms. He said, 'Mr. Cochran, here I was in this area, I was just driving my truck and I got beaten up by these black guys. But then black people came and saved me when the police didn't.' I said, We've got to help this guy."

To figure out how, Cochran returned to his office that same day and convened

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an impromptu meeting of the firm. The most obvious approach was bringing suit against the city, but this was easier said than done: A large body of law on government immunity makes it almost impossible to sue police departments for negligence in riot situations.

Then Cochran and an associate, Eric Ferrer, started kicking around some ideas about violations of civil rights. They agreed that if Denny were black he might claim he had been injured because the police had a discriminatory policy of not protecting South Central. Denny is not black, of course, a fact that at first seemed an insoluble problem. But suddenly Cochran and Ferrer saw the light. Denny's skin color didn't matter. The real issue was a violation of legal protection for all people in that area, including a white trucker who just happened to be driving through. Cochran beams as he recalls the moment: "We said, 'That's it! That's it! That's it.'"

That wasn't quite it for some of Cochran's associates. They were appalled by the idea of a black law firm representing a white victim of the riots. But Cochran stood fast. "My career wouldn't mean anything, I wouldn't like anything about myself or my firm, if I refused to represent Reginald Denny because he was beaten by some black hotheads—any more than I would refuse to represent a black person who'd been beaten by some white hotheads. It was an easy decision for me, and the lawyers all came to understand that it was the right thing to do." Since then, Cochran and Denny have bonded like the two sweet-spirited soul mates they seem to be. "I took Reggie and his daughter Ashley to Bill Clinton's inauguration," Cochran says. "He had never been to Washington, and he had the time of his life. He and his daughter went to the ball in Union Station, and then they were out on the Mall with all that wonderful singing. He's wonderful, wonderful. He's an outstanding client."

This is vintage Cochran in the buoyancy, energy and hyperbole—were he 40 years younger, he might be describing a client who had just bought a big insurance policy. But it's also Johnnie Cochran in the prime of his life, revving up for another great case, one that promises to sweep away conventional notions of race with its focus on justice. "This thing is so enthralling," Cochran says, with a fervor that could make over the Sistine Chapel.

"Let's pop down to Republican headquarters and have them clue us in about family values."

DAVID MAMET

(continued from page 60)

And the censor says, "Good, can I have two tickets for Wednesday?" And he goes back to the building where he works. I would much rather deal with that guy than with some idiot who just got out of the Yale drama school and works as a script reader at the XYZ studio in Hollywood. Those are the people who will eventually control publishing and movies.

PLAYBOY: You don't see a danger in fundamentalist groups that want to get J.D. Salinger out of the library? Or black groups that try to do the same with *Huckleberry Finn?*

MAMET: Of course. There is a vast danger. But, again, I say that's a minor threat. I noticed some black group wants to get *Uncle Tom's Cabin* out of the library somewhere. I wonder if they've even read the book. If there were ever a more beautifully written novel that was an indictment of slavery. . . .

PLAYBOY: You know very well that people are sensitive about these questions. You wrote an article in *The Guardian* calling *Schindler's List* "emotional pornography" and "*Mandingo* for Jews." Can you elaborate on that?

MAMET: I don't think you can get more elaborate than "*Mandingo* for Jews."

PLAYBOY: Is anti-Semitism something you are especially worried about?

MAMET: As a Jew I'm very concerned that we are falling back on the traditional answer of the Jewish intellectuals in the Twenties, which was to assimilate. To try to hide. You say, "I am an Austrian or a German or a German Jew, and I am such a part of the culture that I don't have this other identity."

I was talking to a survivor of the Holocaust, who had lost all his family. He said the worst fear of intellectuals was not in seeing their families killed and their possessions confiscated and their race destroyed. Their worst nightmare was in winding up naked in the field with a bunch of Jews.

But there is no ticket of admission. During the Holocaust, all they cared about was if you were a Jew. They didn't care how much money you had or if you'd won the Iron Cross in World War One. To be Jewish meant to be dead.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this desire to assimilate is still a problem?

MAMET: Before I went to Israel, I talked to my rabbi and he said, "You are in for a shock." And I said, "Why? It is a Jewish country." He said, "No, that's easy. You are going to be in for a shock because what you will find is that there are rapists, murderers, litterbugs and grumpy people in Israel, just like in any place in the world." He said that the lesson in Israel is that Jews are just like anybody else. That's what we've been fighting for 3000 years—to have a country

just like anyone else.

But if you look at the depictions of Jews in the movies, it's the kindly little old lady, Molly Goldberg, or it's the Nobel physicist. People are bending over backward to say, 'See, we're treating Jews with kid gloves.'

I wrote another essay in which I said that you find few Jewish heroes in the movies. The Jewish answer has always been, "Well, that's OK. It's not important." Earlier you asked about things you cannot say—well, here are two: You cannot say you are a Jew first and then an American. And you cannot say that the movie business is a Jewish business. If there is anything wrong with that, I don't know what it is. Except that the Jewish moguls kept the Jews out of the movies. Where are the Jewish characters? When you find a Jew in the movies, it is probably something like the character in Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues*, which was a straight-up anti-Semitic portrait. It's not right. The end of it is murder.

PLAYBOY: Should Spike Lee have his wrist slapped?

MAMET: By whom? I sent him a letter.

PLAYBOY: Did he respond?

MAMET: No. It's not his job to respond. But it is my job to write a letter.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond when people challenge your characterizations?

MAMET: The first time we did *Oleanna*, we had about 15 young people from universities who came to see the play. Afterward I asked them, "Well, what do you think?" One young woman said, "Don't you think this is politically irresponsible?" I didn't know what it meant and I still don't know.

PLAYBOY: Is this sort of thinking going to be with us for a while?

MAMET: I hope not, but I think so. Like I said earlier, young people are frightened. They wonder why they're in college, what they are going to do when they get out, what has happened to society. Nobody's looking out for them and there's nothing for them to go into. It's no wonder they're trying to take things into their own hands.

PLAYBOY: Were your college years fearful or did you find your vocation then?

MAMET: There was a light verse I heard once about Hamlet. It goes like this:

Young Hamlet was prince of Denmark,
A country disrupted and sad,
His mother had married his uncle,
His uncle had murdered his dad.
But Hamlet could not make his mind up,
Whether to dance or to sing.
He got all frenetic
And walked round pathetic,
And did not do one fucking thing.

The last three lines sum up my college career. I spent a lot of time in the theater in college.

PLAYBOY: Was that the genesis of your interest in the theater?

MAMET: Actually, I grew up as something of a child actor in Chicago. My uncle was the head of broadcasting for the Chicago Board of Rabbis and I used to do a radio show for Jewish children Sunday mornings. I was an amateur actor as a kid, then I got involved at Hull House in Chicago in the early Sixties.

PLAYBOY: And playwriting? Did you suddenly find your calling when you read *Death of a Salesman* at 16, or something like that?

MAMET: None of it ever made any sense to me until I started reading Beckett and Pinter. That was my wake-up call.

PLAYBOY: When would that have been? College?

MAMET: I was 14.

PLAYBOY: That must have made you some kind of nerd.

MAMET: Not really. I hated school. But I was on the wrestling team and I played football. I was sports editor for the school paper. And I read a lot. I used to hang out at the Oak Street Book Shop in Chicago. It was a magic place for me. In back they had a room full of books by playwrights, and I used to dream about what it would be like to have a book I had written on one of those shelves.

PLAYBOY: Did your feeling for drama sustained you through college?

MAMET: Yeah. That's all I did. Hung out at the theater.

PLAYBOY: When you were starting out professionally, back in Chicago, were you able to support yourself with your work in the theater?

MAMET: Lord, no. I had jobs. I worked as a real estate salesman and as a cabdriver.

PLAYBOY: How did you do as a real estate salesman?

MAMET: I never got out of the office. I was in charge of the leads, like the character in *Glengarry Glen Ross*.

PLAYBOY: Was that as unpleasant an experience as the play depicts?

MAMET: It was harsh. I also sold carpet over the phone. Cold calling. Anybody who has ever done it knows what I'm talking about.

PLAYBOY: How did you describe color over the phone?

MAMET: They had all these names that sounded like they could have been ice cream. Or horses.

PLAYBOY: If you learned business from handling real estate leads, what about cabdriving? Did you get any material from conversations you overheard?

MAMET: No. But I always enjoyed driving a cab. For two reasons. You could start in the morning with no money, even to eat, and after a couple of fares, you would have enough to buy breakfast. The other reason was those Checker cabs, which we all drove in those days. They had the best heaters in the world. It could be 30 below in Chicago and you could drive all day in a T-shirt. It was so wonderfully warm. It was great.

PLAYBOY: Since *American Buffalo*, your breakthrough work that had you on Broadway when you were 27, you have been a prolific playwright. Do you have dry spells?

MAMET: Sure. You always have dry spells

"This dress is so sexy it comes with a condom."

as a writer. What I usually do when I'm in a dry spell is write something else. I just like to write. And I reap all sorts of rewards from it. It supports me and I've made a lot of friends doing it and it gives me a feeling of accomplishment. If I can't do it one way, I'll do it another.

PLAYBOY: Do you pay much attention to the mechanics? Are you fussy about whether or not you are writing with number two pencils, that kind of thing?

MAMET: Oh, sure. If I've got nothing else to do, I'll bitch about that. For years I worked with the same manual typewriter. And I drank coffee. I'd sit down to write, take a sip of coffee, put the cup down on the right side of the typewriter, light a cigarette and type the first line. Then I'd hit the carriage return and it would hit the cup and the coffee would go everywhere. I did that every day for 20 years. Then I quit drinking coffee.

PLAYBOY: And smoking cigarettes.

MAMET: That came first.

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that you like cigars.

MAMET: I gave them up, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you one of those writers who need a routine?

MAMET: Sure. I have all kinds of routines. But I like to describe myself as a free spirit–will-o'-the-wisp. So I keep myself blissfully ignorant of my routines.

PLAYBOY: Do you write every day?

MAMET: Sometimes.

PLAYBOY: What's the source of your feeling for speech?

MAMET: My family, I suppose. I had a grandfather who was a great talker and storyteller. His name was Naphtali. I was reading in the Bible the story of when Jacob is about to die and he is giving his sons his blessings. One of the sons, whose people became the tribe Naphtali, was given the blessing of speech, of being able to talk the birds out of the trees.

PLAYBOY: For all your success, there have been some setbacks, such as *Lone Canoe* onstage and *We're No Angels* on film. How do you bounce back?

"I look for hunks and all I find are flakes."

MAMET: Rudyard Kipling said, "If you can meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors just the same." I'm getting to be middle-aged enough to see that there is more than superficial truth in his assertion that they are both impostors. It's nice to have people like your work. I also hope as a writer that I am my own best judge and worst critic.

When you're young, everything seems like it's the end of the world. Bad review? OK, that's it. Oh my God, what's happened? You've just been excoriated in every newspaper in the country. How can you ever go on? Goddamn them all. I hope they all get the mumps.

Having spent too many years in show business, the one thing I see that succeeds is persistence. It's the person who just ain't gonna go home. I decided early on that I wasn't going to go home. This is what I'll be doing until they put me in jail or put me in a coffin.

Kids today say they are going to go to graduate school so they'll have something to fall back on. If you have something to fall back on, you're going to fall back on it. You learn how to take the criticism. You have to, or you get out. I was talking with a friend the other day about something I was working on that wasn't going right. I said, "I don't like it. It's a piece of shit."

He said, "Dave, never berate yourself. There are people who are paid to do that for you."

PLAYBOY: Any other advice for the young playwright?

MAMET: My best friend, Jonathan Katz, was for a number of years the kid ping-pong champion of New York State. And when he was 12 or 13, he wandered into Marty Reisman's ping-pong parlor in New York City. Reisman was then the U.S. champion in table tennis and a genius, an absolute genius. Jonathan asked him, "What do I have to do to play table tennis like you?"

Reisman said, "First, drop out of school."

That would be my advice to aspiring playwrights.

PLAYBOY: And how did you break into movies?

MAMET: I got my first job in pictures through my ex-wife. She was going to audition for a part in *Postman* and I told her to tell Bob Rafelson, who was directing, that he was a fool if he didn't hire me to write the screenplay. I was kidding, but she did it. And when it turned out he needed a writer, he called. When he asked why he should hire me, I told him, "Because I'll give you either a really good screenplay or a sincere apology."

PLAYBOY: One last question. Where do you get your titles?

MAMET: I don't know. But I thought of a good one the other day: *In These Our Clothes*. I think of titles and I write to fit.

why men die young

(continued from page 86)

my father, dead in his early 60s of heart disease, and the support he could never get from my frustrated mother. Forced to quit a newspaper job when she married him at 21—a businessman's wife did not work in Peoria, Illinois in those days—she never found enough to do with her energy. Bridge, shopping, tennis, golf—she did it all and did it well. Perfect dinners, ringing the dinner bell for the maid, running the women's division of the Community Chest one year, the Sunday school the next, taking up eurythmics, even gambling her "allowance" on the stock market.

All I remember is the sound of their fighting, arguing behind the closed door of their bedroom every night. Rarely did we see a sign of tenderness or affection between them. Nothing he did, nothing we, the children, did, was ever enough for her. And it got worse during the Depression when the business didn't make enough to feed her fantasies. We were drawn by our mother into a conspiracy against him, not to let him know if she spent money on a new outfit for herself or us. Besides, he worked late every night and all day Saturdays. On Sundays, he was really tired. Her mysterious, painful ailment (colitis, I believe) got better when his heart disease required her to run the business. And so he died in his early 60s, and she lived until 90.

It is different with my sons. Life is shared—both the earning burden and the children, if not fifty-fifty certainly near enough. The wives of that generation do not need to live through their husbands; they have their own careers to think about. They do not want to keep the children to themselves. They like it when the daddies carry the babies in their backpacks. Though it's a hassle, one or both stay home from work when a kid's fever suddenly soars or a sore throat threatens to turn into pneumonia. My sons diaper their babies with as much dexterity as their wives, though there's no question who is mother and who is father. Maybe there is still a power struggle over child care and housework, especially if one earns much more than the other. But it's not the drastic power imbalance that existed when women didn't earn, were totally dependent on their husbands and took out their rage and frustration in ways that undermined their comfort. After all, there is more than one kind of power in any family, and women, kept from financial power, had to retaliate by denying and manipulating the power of love.

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These changes in the economy and the workplace lay the basis for a healthier relationship between men and women. According to *The Economist*:

> Women have not, on the whole, taken men's jobs. But "women's jobs" have expanded in the past couple of decades while traditional "male" jobs have been disappearing. A larger proportion of women than men usually work in service industries, and women are less likely than men to work in manufacturing [or heavy industry]. So as manufacturing jobs have vanished, it is mostly men who have been thrown out of work.

The gap in pay between women and men had narrowed by the late Eighties, though more so at the bottom end of the pay scale than at the top. Women, of course, have vastly increased their education and job training recently. In the U.S. in 1988, women in their early 20s earned 90 percent of the hourly pay of men of the same age. Women 45 and over were paid an average of 45 percent of men's hourly wage, *The Economist* reported.

But as one economist put it: "It's not that great jobs were appearing for women at the bottom of the scale. It's just that there aren't any more good jobs for low-skilled male workers." And while the glass ceiling remains, men, downsized from their previous good jobs, have had to take some of those low-paid "women's jobs."

It would hardly help to tell a male secretary that the flexibility and responsiveness he has had to acquire since he lost his "good job" are conducive to the long, ever-changing life his female colleagues look forward to. But the fact is that men and women at all tiers of the wage scale are going to be taking the same kinds of jobs, all of them "temporary," all likely to require new skills and learning and the ability to master change.

And with the great majority of mothers now working outside the home, reality has replaced feminist ideology in requiring men "to share equally the nurture and daily care of their offspring . . . to become more than afterhours buddies and playmates and to take on the less appealing aspects of child care."

•

Through all the power struggles over housework and child care, there is a glimpse of a new kind of intimacy based on sharing the burdens and joys of what used to separate men's and women's worlds. But you might not guess it from the rhetoric of angry feminist sexual politics, and from the backlash rhetoric and defensiveness of those beleaguered "male oppressors."

ARE MEN REALLY THAT BAD? headlines *Time*'s February 14, 1994 cover, its

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Valentine showing a man with a wedding ring on his hand and a real pig's head.

Masculinity is in disrepute. Are we really as awful as they say we are? We are "They," "Them," "the Enemy." The "manly" virtues (bravery, strength, discipline and, egad, machismo itself) remain admirable only by being quietly reassigned to women—to Janet Reno and Hillary Clinton.

The Cold War is over. The war between the sexes has some potential to take its place, to fill the need for portentous conflict with seemingly enormous issues and irreconcilable differences. Men and women at one another's throats, or waving knives at one another's private parts.

Time to give gender a rest. Time to stop staring at life through the single monomaniacal lens of gender politics. We might spin the thought that good can come of each sex thinking the best of the other. Only bad can come of each one thinking the worst. Quite a long time ago—remember?—we used to fall in love.

The same stirring can be heard in the feminist voices coming from a younger generation. Writer Katie Roiphe was virtually crucified for her attack on the excessive focus on date rape among college feminists. Naomi Wolfe, whose *The Beauty Myth* was the latest feminist best-seller, now summons her sisters to stop clutching the shroud of victimhood and get on with their economic and political empowerment. In *Who Stole Feminism?*, Christina Hoff Sommers viciously derides politically correct feminist conferences but makes a serious point about the way gender issues such as date rape, self-esteem and sexual harassment have diverted the movement from the economic issues of equality.

I can attest to that. The four major demands of the first important march of the modern women's movement—the Women's Strike for Equality, which I called on August 26, 1970, on the 50th anniversary of women receiving the right to vote—were equal opportunity for women in jobs and education, child care centers, the right to abortion and our own political voice. Television covered the unprecedented march of 50,000 down Fifth Avenue but focused on extremists who called pregnancy barbaric and likened marriage to cancer. As a result, as *Newsweek* reports, "When ordinary women hear about feminism, they automatically think 'man-hating.'"

The war between the sexes wages ever more violently today in the media, which heighten and distort its most violent expressions. But does every woman in America really identify with Lorena Bobbitt? O.J. Simpson got a police escort as he drove his white Bronco down the freeway. And the polls showed that large numbers of women and black men sympathized with him. But the polls also showed that the great majority of those supposedly villainous white males do not support Simpson, despite his celebrity as athlete and sportscaster.

Such violence and the terrible anger that feeds it are real. There were real causes for the feminist outrage, a rage that generations of powerless women suffered in silence, or took out on their own bodies or on their husbands and kids. Violence against women is often masked as "the war between the sexes." There no longer can be a passive acceptance of wife beating, rape or any other form of violence. Men not only perpetrate violence, they are also the main victims of violence in America today. Violence is one of the leading causes of death among young men. Violence—no longer in wars but in cities—is one reason men don't live as long as women.

The horror and outrage and, yes, the mixed feelings about the violence of Lorena Bobbitt and O.J. Simpson are perhaps a final symptom before the fever breaks. I see, in the new voices calling for peace between the sexes, signs of hope as well as backlash. Women had to march for equality in jobs and education and for the right to control their bodies. We empowered ourselves, finally, to blow the whistle on rape, wife beating and sexual harassment, and we had the Constitution interpreted to cover women's right to control their own reproduction, despite zealots who bomb clinics. We won the right to eat in restaurants and drink in bars where "men only" used to make the business deals.

We have been able to make these changes only with economic independence, as our income has become essential to the family's survival. Our personhood as women and those traditional taken-for-granted services in the home have acquired a new respect. And now men are losing their good jobs and their role as sole provider. They have to depend on women now, not only for love (which was always a more important power than men or some feminists admitted) but also for sharing. The new power struggle over the housework and the kids and the garbage may be less damaging to men than the hidden rage of women's absolute dependency.

I often warned that sexual politics was a deceptive diversion from women's road to equality, which has to be political and economic empowerment. Today it's an even more dangerous diversion: Sexual backlash and the war between the sexes make easy scapegoats. The political outrage generated by Anita Hill, when those senators still didn't get it, got more female senators elected than ever before. But a feminist demand to keep women in the workforce but fire the men would not make sense. (I, for one, am trying to rally my sisters to join with labor groups and others to demand a shorter workweek and flexible job sharing as alternatives to downsizing, which would help both women and men in the child-rearing years.)

Perhaps the Bobbitt and Simpson tragedies will wake us up, women and men, to the terrible folly of no-win sexual warfare. Men will live longer when women are strong enough to realize that they don't need men as scapegoats anymore. We need you, and you need us now more than ever.

"I told you things would get worse before they got better."

 (continued from page 108)

The others tense as though he's about to unmask a monster, a serial killer, a vampire, a feminist.

and irish lords she catches on a handline off the cannery pier after work those nights when there's even less than nothing to do on the island. His eyes bulge as though he's come up from a great depth. He's sprouting pectoral fins, gill plates.

"And the new wild card is——" He drags this out good. Holding the deck up to eye level in his left palm, he slides the top card halfway off, peeks under it and flips it faceup on the table in front of him. "A deuce! Deuces are now wild." He pushes a pile of wire nuts into the pot. "Pair of aces bets two." Everyone sees the bet, and Possum reins in his excitement enough to start dealing the next round.

Just to fry him, Darlene is about to turn the charm on Billy again when the door to the room opens and in walks a dark young girl in a Bering Pride Seafoods windbreaker and hot-pink Lycra tights. She's about 15 or so, obviously Aleut, and something else too. The name George is stitched into the too-large nylon jacket in flowery cursive. The girl says to Roberto, "Dad, can I sleep at Mom's house tonight?"

"OK, I don't care," Roberto says. "Long as she's not drinking."

"She doesn't have anything," the girl says. "Nobody does." She looks hungrily at the beer cans in front of Possum and the electricians, at the bottle of Cuervo next to Darlene's Mountain Dew. She turns to leave.

"And that guy's not there either?" Roberto asks her. "Right?" He glances around the table uncomfortably. Billy and Walter make a show of studying their cards, but Possum is staring openly at the girl, as though searching for some mark on her, something that will describe her role in whatever little drama her father is hinting at. Darlene hasn't been on the island long enough to know the particulars, but Roberto's embarrassment gives her a pretty clear picture of what the story is.

"He's out on the seiner," the girl says.

As Roberto considers that, Darlene looks the girl over and sees it all: the suede fringed boots caked with island mud, the look-at-me rings, two and three on a finger, the chipped fire-and-ice nail polish, the lavender eyeliner—way too wide, too thick and all wrong in any case for that beautiful olive-brown skin. She can see in the girl's eyes the despair at her entrapment on this rock, the loathing for this little village. And she sees the romance of an older guy too—a guy with money, fish money, crab money, all those paychecks accumulating for weeks at sea.

The girl catches Darlene studying her and she looks straight back, staring longingly at all that blonde hair, at Darlene's fine, hard breasts. Darlene can see her calculating the wide swath she could cut through the village boys with equipment like that. She wants to say to her, "Oh, honey, slow down. Slow way, way down." And then the girl is gone, back out into the rainy Aleutian night.

Roberto pulls on his face. He looks a little pale. "You have children?" he asks Darlene.

"A boy, 16," she says and hears herself rush to add, "I was only 17 myself when I had him." But it's clear they are not concerned with her age. When she says, "He lives with his father back in Vegas," everybody comes alert at the name of the city.

Roberto's eyes narrow, wariness cresting around the rims. "You a dealer?" The others tense as though he's about to unmask a monster among them, a serial killer, a vampire, a feminist. Billy and Walter look like they are going to make a dash for the door.

"No way," she laughs and pats Roberto's arm. "Keno runner for a while. Mostly, though, I was a stripper."

That does it. Roberto is not interested, his mind on his daughter again. But Billy and Walter sit up a little taller in their seats, and Possum is staring at her shirtfront. OK, if this is the way it's going to be. . . .

"Started at the Palomino Club on my twenty-first birthday. That was the first totally nude club in Vegas." She emphasizes "totally." She doesn't have a clue if that's true about the club, and she doesn't care. "I was so hot." She shakes her head as if remembering times too wild to talk about.

"You never mentioned that before," Possum says. He makes it sound as though he's been cheated somehow.

She pours on the honey. "I feel like I know you guys a little better now and I can open up a little, is all."

Roberto is too inscrutable for her to figure, but she can see the words "open up" stall in the minds of the other three as they ponder the possibilities. She can feel the vibrations coming across the floor under the table. The overhead light flickers. And it's not just the big cannery generators and refrigeration units either. Billy has given up pretending not to stare at her now, and she has to admit it's kind of sweet. Maybe the age difference isn't such a big deal. For a

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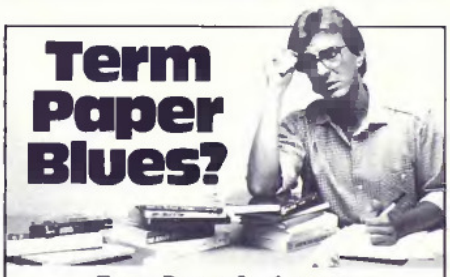

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moment she seriously considers it.

Nah. Not this time. But it is tempting. It's always tempting.

You'd think the cold, the constant rain on this island, would put a damper on all that, yet sometimes she listens to the other women in the bunkhouse talking—they're girls really, coeds working on the slime line for the fat cannery paychecks that will give them another two semesters at schools Darlene has never even heard of. She hears them talking about guys, and it amazes her that, even after 12, 14 back-cramping hours packing salmon roe or gutting slimy cod in a room cooled to near freezing, they still have the energy to pair up with their male counterparts. And where do they go? Is there an old mattress, a scratchy wool blanket maybe, frayed and crisscrossed with pecker tracks, out there somewhere under the dripping, fog-drenched alder bushes?

"Come on, deal," Roberto says. He's turning a plastic wire nut over and over again in his fingers, walking it across his knuckles and back again. He's muttering to himself and shaking his head. "Women gonna be whores, you can't stop them. You just can't. No way." Then he looks up suddenly and sees Darlene watching him. "Don't listen to me," he says to her. "My daughter. She's making me estupid."

"There's a lot of that going around," Possum says.

"Whorishness or stupidity?" Darlene asks him.

"Sometimes both," Possum says and starts dealing another round, reading off the cards as they fall now even faster than usual. Darlene can't guess what has him more wound up, the vision of her naked gyrating bottom or the fact that he's the only one in the kitchen crew who knows about it. "Another six for Billy makes a pair. Walter gets a five to go with his pair of nines. A king for Roberto's queen and jack—straightening nicely. And a four for our dancing dishwasher here—no help." When he drops a second ace next to his wild deuce, everyone groans. He's apparently forgotten to swallow since hearing her revelation, and he spits all over himself as he says, "Three aces bets two bucks."

"Three fucking bullets," Billy moans. "I should have gone fishing tonight." But he puts his money in.

Walter shakes his head. "I am fishing." He sees the bet too.

"I can beat three aces right now," Roberto says. He reaches for his chips. "Two dollar, and two more." He slams them down on the table hard enough to knock over Darlene's empty cup.

"Would the court please remind the witness to simply answer yes or no?"

This stuff with his daughter, his ex-wife, the guy out on the seiner and whatever he's been up to with the girl, it's definitely getting to Roberto. It's a hell of a thing to take advantage of, but, push comes to shove, a woman's got to look after herself, and Roberto is absolutely right in any case: There is no way to stop that young thing now. Nobody knows that any better than Darlene does. She counts out four dollars' worth of wire nuts. "I'm in."

Possum sees Roberto's raise without comment for once, as do Billy and Walter.

"Pot's right again." Possum wipes his forehead. There is a huge mound of the red wire connectors in the middle of the table and still two cards to go—one up, one down. Just as he's about to deal the next up card, Darlene says, "My second husband, James, picked all my music, made me practice my numbers till I ached in the worst places from those deep bends." She directs that at Billy, but she can almost hear the gears grinding in every brain at the table, the fluids backing up in other regions of their bodies. "James was very involved. Used to dress me up for my act and everything."

Possum throws the card so hard it flies past Billy and flutters off the table.

"Your husband?" Walter says as Billy fumbles around on the floor for his card. He takes off his cap and looks at it. He seems to consider the words OTIS ELEVATOR for a moment before replacing it on his head. "Your own husband dressed you to strip?"

"Oh yeah. He was always there when I performed too, except at special private functions at the hotels. If I was slack, or didn't look like I really wanted to be there, he'd mark me down. Then, when we got home he'd punish me." It's her turn to roll her eyes, like she's a little embarrassed to be talking about such personal matters.

She mixes another tequila antifreeze while she lets them try to imagine what sort of punishments a man would have to cook up for a woman who did naked squat thrusts for a living. Roberto clears his throat and looks away. Billy and Walter lift their beers to their lips, sip and then lower the cans again in unison so perfect it looks like a move they've been rehearsing for months. Possum deals the rest of the round, sets the deck down and reaches under the table with both hands to adjust the crotch of his pants.

Billy is now showing two sixes, a jack and an ace. Walter has a pair of nines with a five and the last ace in the deck. Roberto caught a ten and so has four to the open-ended straight on board, king high. Darlene has the queen, the four and, to her utter amazement, two sevens showing now to match the two she has in the hole. Possum gets a six to go with his three aces, no help. He bets two bucks anyway, but with all the aces accounted

for, it's clear his heart isn't in it. Still, deuces are wild and he's got the only one showing. Billy and Walter call.

Roberto apparently has the straight and is hoping to blast out anyone he can before they catch a full house. "See your two and raise two more," he says. He puts his last eight wire nuts and two damp dollar bills into the pot.

"God, this is fun! I feel like dancing," Darlene says. Four pairs of eyes snap up. "I really do. I wish we had some music. Anyway, I'll see Roberto's raise and raise again." She puts in her six dollars' worth.

Possum squirms, but Darlene knows there's no way he's going to fold three aces at this point. It's a matter of pride. Balls, as they say in the kitchen. He runs his hand over the stubble field of his throat, drops it to his lap and tugs on himself. He calls the two raises. Billy and Walter fold out. Darlene offers them a look of pure sympathy, as though not having cards is an affliction they've all struggled with at one time or another, and she wishes she could just take them in her arms and hold them to her breast to comfort them. Roberto calls her raise with a sigh. The pot is right again.

"Here we go," Possum says. He deals the last cards facedown. One to Roberto, then Darlene, then himself. He looks at his card quickly and she watches his face light up. "Two bucks," he says. "Roberto? You want to raise me now, ol' buddy?" He's wearing a smirk you could park a truck in.

Anyone with eyes can see he caught some power on the last card: Either he paired something up to make a full house, or he got another wild deuce and now has four aces. Darlene feels Roberto watching her on her right as he thinks about his move. She picks at the corner of the card Possum just dealt her, but she doesn't look under it. Instead, she removes her earrings, her necklace and her watch and puts them all in a pile next to her chips.

Roberto shakes his head. "Dealer just got something good. Woman don't even need to look at her last card. What am I doing in this hand?" He turns his cards over and throws them into the middle of the table, muttering something in his dialect that it's probably just as well no one at the table can understand.

"Just you and me," Possum says. "Isn't it romantic?"

"Two bucks," she says.

"And two more back at you." Possum dumps more wire nuts on the pile before she's even finished sliding hers in. His hand brushes the top of hers over the pot. "OK, now tell us about your dancing," he says. "Come on, distract us. Distract me."

She looks right into his pink eyes and says, "I was working a private party at the Hilton one Halloween, conventioneers. I'd given the bellhops a cut to set it up for me. These were computer guys of

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

WIRED

Pages 16–17: "Smart VCRs": **VCR** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. "Tax Byte": **Tax software:** By *H&R Block Financial Software*, 800-537-9993. "Wild Things": **Mouse** by *Logitech*, 800-231-7717. **Teleport** by *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. By *Viacom New Media*, 800-469-2539. By *Ahead*, 800-URA-STAR. By *Kitty Hawk Software*, 800-777-5745.

STYLE

Page 20: "Nerd Alert": **Shirts:** By *CK Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide. By *John Bartlett*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-333-4040. By *Mossimo*, at Macy's and Dillard's nationwide. By *Todd Killian*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Pants** and **sweater** by *Matthew Batanian*, at Bloomingdale's. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, 714-974-7414. "Big Holdup": **Suspenders:** By *Edgar Pomeroy*, at Edgar Pomeroy, 2985 Piedmont Rd., Atlanta, 404-365-0405. By *Crookhorn Davis*, at Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 215-564-9000. By *J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. By *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan, NYC, Chicago and Beverly Hills. "Hot Shopping: Seattle": *Crescent Downworks*, 206-329-9248. *Rudy's*, 206-329-3008. *Righteous Rags*, 206-329-7847. *Vintage Voola*, 206-324-2808. *Pistil Books & News*, 206-325-5401. *Moe's Mo'roc'n Café*, 206-323-2373. "Clothes Line": **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, 910-332-3564. **Boots** by *Justin*, 800-358-7846. **Jacket** by *Pendleton*, 800-760-4844. **Tuxedo** by *Ron Ross*, at Ron Ross, 12930 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA, 818-788-8700. **Boots** by *Rocky Carroll of Houston*, 713-682-1650. "Star Hair": **Hairstyling gels:** By *Vidal Sassoon*, 212-229-2200. By *New Western Pleasure*, 800-547-0995. By *Kiehl's*, 800-543-4571. By *Geo. F. Trumper*, 800-685-4385.

TRAVEL

Page 24: **Traveler's kit** by *Swiss Army Brands Ltd.*, 800-442-2706. **Locating device** by *Tec-Air*, 800-533-4289.

FASHION FORECAST

Page 78: **Suit** by *Joop*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott nationwide. Page 79: **Jacket** and **pants** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Shirt** by *Victor Victoria*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak, Chicago, 312-787-0906. **Tie** by *Joop*, at select Saks and Barneys New York. Page 80: **Jacket** and **trousers** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein nationwide. **Shirt** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Tie** by *Joop*, at select Saks and Barneys New York. Page 81: **Sports jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at Saks nationwide. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Trousers** by *Boss–Hugo Boss*, at Charivari 57, 212-333-4040. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott nationwide. **Shoes** by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC, Palm Beach, San Diego and Beverly Hills. Page 82: **Jacket** by *Victor Victoria*, at Ultimo, 312-787-0906. **Pants** by *DKNY*, at Macy's nationwide. **Belt** by *Colours by Alexander Julian*, at major department stores. Page 83: **Suit** by *Boss–Hugo Boss*, at Saks, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Joop*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Tie** by *Gene Meyer*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. **Belt** by *Colours by Alexander Julian*, at major department stores. Page 84: **Sunglasses** from *Paul Smith Spectacles* by *Oliver Peoples*, at Paul Smith, 212-627-9770. **Shirt** by *John Bartlett*, at Springers, 39 Newtown Lane, East Hampton, NY, 516-324-8840. **T-shirt** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 888 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-434-8000. **Pants** by *Joop*, at select Saks and Barneys New York. **Belt** by *Prada*, at Charivari 57, 212-333-4040. Page 85: **Jacket, pants** and **T-shirt** by *Double RL by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 212-434-8000. **Shirt** and **sweater** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 212-434-8000.

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ON THE SCENE

Page 157: *Sony*, 800-222-SONY.

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some sort, very straight looking, math teacher haircuts and white short-sleeved shirts. I wore my cat costume, a real killer. I was down to my whiskers and G-string, on all fours on top of the coffee table, meowing and making them bark at me. I had them howling like farm dogs. But I misread them. Some clown pulled the light switch and said, 'Let's see if pussy can see in the dark.'

"When the lights went on, they had my hands tied behind my back and my G-string stuffed in my mouth. They bent me over the arm of the couch and smashed some seat cushions over my head to keep me quiet. Then they just held my legs and took turns at me. There were a lot of them and some were really drunk, so it went on for a long time, and they had fun with it too, pouring drinks on me, poking around with ice cubes. When they were more or less finished, one wise guy stuck a maraschino cherry inside me and said, 'There, good as new.' It took a very long time. Did I say that?"

Darlene keeps her eyes stitched to Possum's. He's frozen in place, one hand on his cards, the other in his lap. She can sense Billy, Walter and Roberto in the periphery, can feel their eyes on her.

"They left me like that, and when I finally managed to stand upright, the room was empty except for one really drunk slob sitting on the floor between my legs with his back against the couch. He was asleep with one arm around each of my ankles, holding on to my heels, his head jammed between my thighs. I kicked him awake and got him to untie my hands, but I was too tired and sore to do any of the things to him I now wish I had. So anyway, what do you say, Possum? Shall we raise the stakes? I mean now that it's just you and me?"

It takes Possum a moment to snap out of it and realize she's talking about the game again now, that the story is actually over. He swallows hard and croaks, "What have you got in mind?"

Darlene fishes two twenties out of the front pocket of her jeans. She irons them out on the table with her fingers and sets her last four wire nuts and her jewelry and watch on top of them. She pushes it all into the pot. "Call it a hundred bucks, and I'm all in. You up to that? It's all I have to bet."

She yawns like she's unconcerned about the bet, throwing her shoulders back to work out a kink in her spine. With her elbows nearly straight behind her, her blouse barely contains her breasts. Possum is looking at her like she just offered him something altogether different, like he's about to lunge across the table for her. She glances at the others. Billy and Walter are actually sweating; their foreheads are beaded with droplets. Roberto wipes the palms of his hands up and down his pants legs, then does it again.

Possum reaches into the pot and extracts her earrings. He slides them over to Darlene with a grin. "Wouldn't want you to go naked," he says. "But I'll cover the hundred." He licks three fingers and reaches into his shirt pocket for a roll of bills. He counts out the money and holds it over the pile. His hands are trembling.

"Call," he says, dropping the bills. He turns his hole cards faceup and shows the wild deuce he caught on the last card that gives him four aces. He's blinking more rapidly than Darlene would guess was possible. One knee is going up and down even faster.

She arranges her four natural sevens side by side on the table and then, almost as an afterthought, turns her last card faceup. It's the two of spades. Possum springs up out of his little chair so fast it falls over and shoots halfway across the floor. His face is a shade of red you'd want to see a doctor about.

"Five sevens!" Roberto says. "Five!" It's the first time he's raised his voice all night, and his accent has disappeared. "I don't believe it! She didn't even look at the last card!" Possum slumps over the table, knuckles pressed into the Formica top, his mouth hanging open as Darlene reaches out with both hands and crushes the pot against her breasts. Billy and Walter find their voices and start hooting about the odds against two players catching a wild card on the end, the insane way that she bet it. They are both humbled and deeply in love. Possum stands, looming over the table, incredulous. After a moment he collects his chair and lowers himself into it. "You win the deal too," he says, pushing the cards her way. He won't even look at her.

She elbows the big pile of wire nuts and bills aside to make room for the cards. As she stacks and shuffles them, she wonders which will bring her more pleasure: telling him that he is such an oaf that he flashed that two of spades as he dealt it to her, or letting him believe—letting them all believe—that she pushed the bet like that without really knowing she had the five sevens. It's a tough choice.

"And let's keep the table talk to a minimum," Possum says. "No more stories, huh?"

"Sure, Possum. Whatever you say." She winks at the others.

She finishes the shuffle and offers the deck to Roberto, who declines to cut. She prepares to deal.

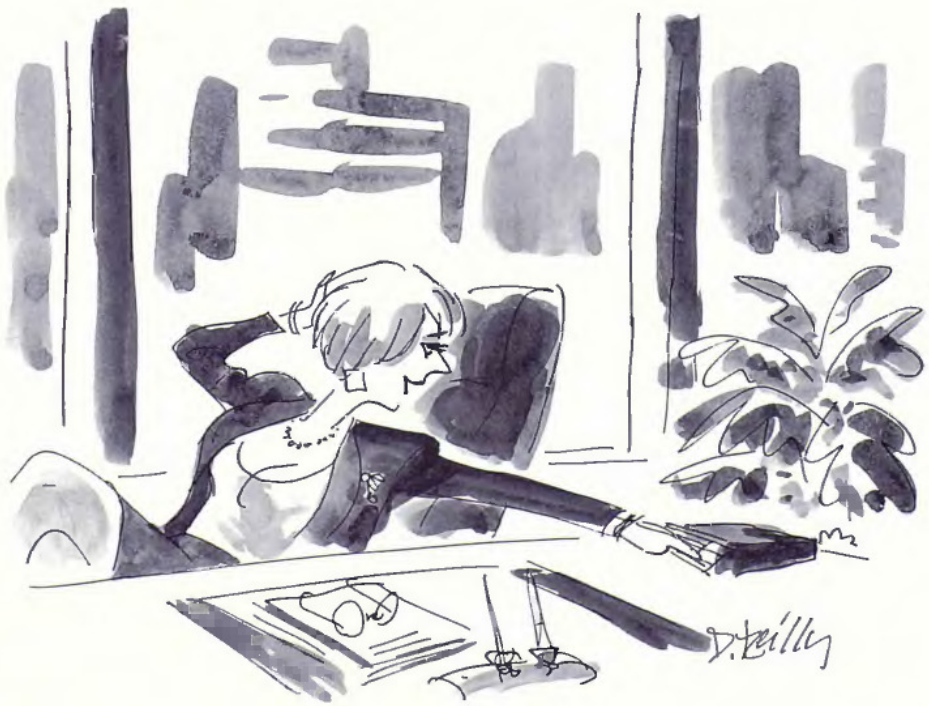
"So what's it going to be now?" Billy asks her.

Darlene pretends to ponder the possibilities. But there's really no question in her mind. She feels great, and if Possum doesn't want her telling any more stories, that's fine with her. She doubts she could make up another one quite that good anyway. A maraschino cherry? Where in the hell had that come from?

"Well?" Possum says. "Come on, name it." He is furious, absolutely quivering all over.

Hey, better him than her.

"Ante up," she says finally. She undoes one button on her blouse, tosses her hair and starts dealing the cards around the table. "Same game," she says. "Follow the Bitch."



"I'm ready now for coffee and a studmuffin."

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MAGIC IN THE AIR

Get past the cute graphics on Sony's Magic Link and you'll realize that this personal communicator is one smart tool for staying organized and in touch on the road. Based on General Magic's software, Magic Cap, the handheld Magic Link combines functions of a personal computer, fax machine and pager. By tapping on icons with a stylus, you can update your schedule or list of contacts, for example, or fire off e-mail to friends on America Online or the Internet. Need to send a fax? Magic Link can do that—complete with graphics, animation and audio. You can even track your expenses with Pocket Quicken Smart Wallet, financial software (pictured below left) that looks like a billfold and empties like the real thing.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Sony's 1.2-pound PIC-1000 Magic Link personal communicator, $995, features a 4.5" by 3" LCD touch screen, a fax-modem and a PCMCIA card slot, plus an optional extended-life battery, $70, that recharges using an AC adapter. Pictured on the Magic Link screen is the Magic Cap desktop with icons representing your schedule, mailbox and more. The insets (left to right) show examples of Intuit's Pocket Quicken Smart Wallet, a fax postcard, gateways to AT&T Persona Link and America Online and a contacts notecard with icons for home, work and fax numbers.

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

Clip Job

Not even a head full of curlers can detract from CINDY CRAWFORD's little black dress. Look for Cindy on MTV's *House of Style* and in her first movie, *Fair Game*, co-starring William Baldwin. Don't look for Cindy to explain her fashion statements.

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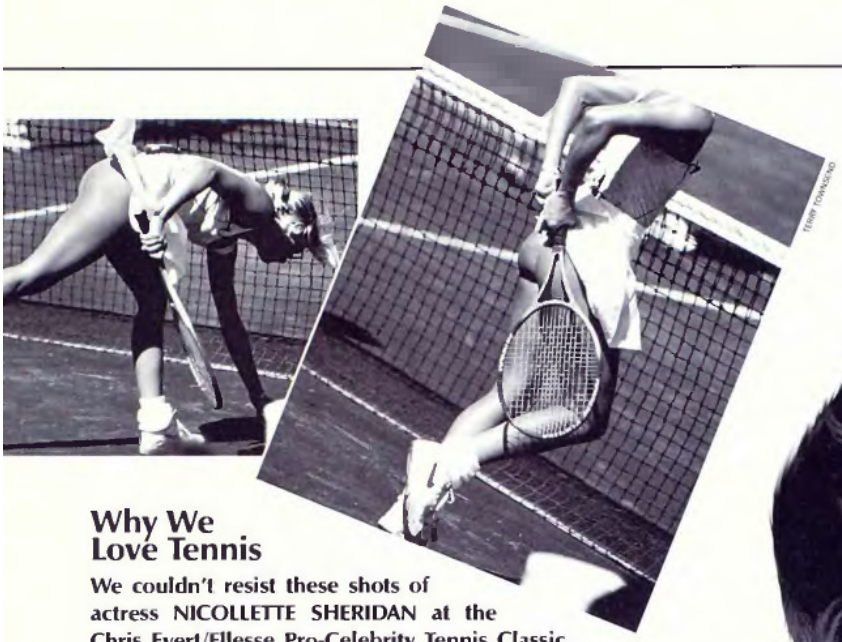
Balladeer Buckley

You can catch singer JEFF BUCKLEY on a club tour, and you should. His first album, *Grace*, got the critics buzzing, and a second one will be out by the end of the year. Much has been made of his being Tim's son, but Jeff's soaring solo.

DOUGLAS STREGLITER

California Girl

Model RUTH KIBLER is just starting out. You can see more of her in the *Hot Body* video. She has toured South Korea in a fashion show and made glamour videos in southern California. It's enough to make beachboys proud.



Why We Love Tennis

We couldn't resist these shots of actress NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN at the Chris Evert/Ellesse Pro-Celebrity Tennis Classic last year. It's hard to keep your eye on the ball when your underwear is giving you fits. Ask Nicollette.

Tasty Casey

You've seen CASEY GRAY on *Baywatch*, in a TV commercial for a workout glove and in *Swimwear Illustrated*. Here's Casey in all her sexy glory.

© EBET ROBERTS

Not Yet Potty Trained

It's the RAMONES' 21st anniversary, and JOEY is getting an early start on the celebration. The band is working on an album to be released soon, then a tour. Not bad for a group of guys who hang out in bathrooms.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Fetching Stretching

Actress and model ELAINE COLLINS gets a ten in the floor exercise. You've caught her on *Tales From the Crypt*, on MTV in a Poison video and on Anheuser-Busch posters and promotions. We'll drink to that.

THESE BUDS ARE FOR YOU

Candy is dandy and liquor is quicker, but if you really want to woo and wow the woman of your dreams, send her a lingerie bouquet. Inside the 30″ gold floral box are items of sexy apparel that have been hand-rolled to resemble flowers. For $69, you get a bra, pantie, garter belt, stockings and gloves in a matching set (sizes: small, medium and large). There's also a Bridal Bouquet for $55 (bra, pantie, garter belt, a wedding garter and stockings in white lace with white satin roses) and, yes, a $35 Wild Flower Bouquet for Men composed of six cotton bikini briefs. To order, call the Lingerie Bouquet Co. in Stuart, Florida at 800-386-3431. And while you're on the phone, ask about some of the other seasonal bouquets for men and women.

JACKETS TAKE OFF

American Flight Jackets, Airmen & Aircraft, a 248-page coffee-table book by Jon Maguire and John Conway, captures in more than 1000 pictures "a history of U.S. flier jackets from World War One to Desert Storm." The jackets were adorned with everything from Little Lulu to sexy sky babes such as the 15th Air Force's Miss Laid. Order a copy for $63 from Schiffer Publishing at 610-593-1777.

STEVE BOSWICK

GLENN ARVIDSON

UP, UP AND AWAY!

Everyone has heard of the Mile High Club, but now Mile High Adventures in Santa Monica, California has made membership in that exclusive organization even easier. For $279, it offers a one-hour night flight for two over Los Angeles aboard a twin-engine plane with a feather bed and romantic music in a soundproof compartment. Chocolate-covered strawberries and a bottle of champagne are thrown in to sweeten the mood. Once back on earth, you receive a certificate commemorating your flight, signed by the captain and first officer. (You take off and land at Santa Monica Airport.) To book a reservation, call Mile High Adventures at 310-450-4447. And if you're really in love, the company offers gourmet dinner flights for $499 and $799.

CARDIN TO GO

So you haven't stayed at the Ritz, the Chatham or the Majestic in Paris, or at any of the other hotels imprinted on this cotton canvas duffel. The price for your hand luggage is right—free. Yes, vagabonds, with a $23 minimum purchase from the men's Pierre Cardin Fragrance Collection in department stores nationwide, you get the bag pictured here. And you'll smell good, too.

TOUCANO SPREADS ITS WINGS

Half the fun of Rum Toucano Cachaca is the bottle. The rest is its taste. (Toucano is made from the first pure crush of the sugarcane, not a molasses by-product. Then it's aged for two years.) And when you buy a bottle of this 80-proof Brazilian liqueur for about $16 a liter, a portion of the sale goes to replanting rain forests. If you can't find the spirit, order a Toucano caiparinha cocktail the next time you're at the Rainbow Room in Manhattan.

VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

YOU LITTLE SNITCH

Got a pad full of goodies but don't want to drop big bucks on a complicated security system? Check out the Snitch, "the world's first and only totally self-contained 360-degree passive infrared motion detector." For $249 you get a base console, a motion detector and a key-chain remote control. It all works on the same industry standard used to protect banks, museums and the White House. For more info or to order, call 800-3-SNITCH.

RAISING CANE, AMERICAN STYLE

From Thomas Jefferson's gold-headed cane to the rubber-horned one Harpo Marx tooted in lieu of talking, *Canes in the United States*, by Catherine Dike, is a 398-page hardcover homage to American walking sticks. And if one picture is worth 1000 words, then nearly 1000 photos of canes assembled from private collections and other sources create a library of information on the subject. Order a copy for $97.50 from Cane Curiosa Press, 250 Dielman Road, Ladue, Missouri 63124.

JERRY MC DONALD

THE SMELL OF SEXCESS

English pop artist Allen Jones isn't content with limiting his erotic fantasies to paper. Now he has created Shocking Shining Sparkling, a limited-edition cast aluminum shoe-and-stocking cap that tops a bottle filled with 3.4 ounces of a sexy-smelling women's perfume. And when the contents are gone, you know that the signed-and-numbered bottle is going to be a collector's item. Price: $240 sent to Venekamp & Co., 100 Riverside Drive, Suite 9A, New York 10024.

COMING CLEAN

Good Enuff Entertainment's 30-minute *Sexy Housekeeping* video offers the best of two worlds—three attractive women teach you the finer points of spring cleaning, and they do it wearing next to nothing. Vacuuming, bed-making, dusting, general straightening-up and dishwashing don't get any better than this. The price: $22.95 from Good Enuff at 3463 State Street, Suite 177, Santa Barbara, California 93105. Or call 800-315-8821 and put the tape on plastic if company's coming.

NEXT MONTH

BUSS

QUICKSAND

HEROIN

SINATRA

WE DREAM OF JEANIE—A KNOCKOUT PICTORIAL OF **JEANIE BUSS,** HEIRESS APPARENT OF THE FABLED AND RESURGENT LOS ANGELES LAKERS

QUICKSAND—AD MAGIC, THE DIRECT-MAIL MARKETING GENIUS, IS SICK AS A DOG IN AFRICA, AND THE ONLY DOCTOR ON HAND IS A GORGEOUS BLONDE FROM DENMARK—FICTION BY **THOM JONES**

PLAYBOY'S 1995 MUSIC POLL—STEVEN TYLER, THOSE VOODOOING STONES, AEROSMITH AND MTV'S DAISY FUENTES TOP THE BIG MUSIC MOMENTS OF THE YEAR

CAMILLE PAGLIA—THE NEOFEMINIST MEN LOVE TO QUOTE—AND WOMEN WANT TO MUZZLE—SOUNDS OFF ON CHIVALRY, LUST AND CHASTITY IN A RAUCOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

DAVID HASSELHOFF—*BAYWATCH*'S RESIDENT HUNK MAKES WORK LOOK LIKE A DAY AT THE BEACH. **DAVID RENSIN** PUTS HIM THROUGH THE PACES ABOUT SPIN-OFFS, PRIVACY AND HIS BEACHCOMBING CO-STARS IN 20 QUESTIONS

ELMORE LEONARD—THE KING OF CRIME AND SULTAN OF SUSPENSE LOVES A GOOD STORY. THE ONE ABOUT HIS RISE FROM COPYWRITER TO AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING MYSTERIES *GLITZ*, *FREAKY DEAKY* AND *KILLSHOT* IS A DOOZY. PROFILE BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

DOIN' THE RESURRECTION SHUFFLE—TONY BENNETT ON MTV? JOHNNY CASH AT THE VIPER ROOM? HOW DID THEY DO IT? **TOM JONES** SHOWS US THE WAY BACK TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS. BY **STEVE POND**

HEROIN CHIC—SEDUCED BY THE JUNKIE LIFESTYLE GLAMORIZED IN MUSIC, MOVIES AND FASHION, HOLLYWOOD TRENDOIDS ARE SNORTING AND SMOKING THE DEMON H. A DISTURBING REPORT FROM **MARK EHRMAN**

NANCY SINATRA—WITH HER MULTIMEDIA COMEBACK REACHING WARP SPEED, WE OFFER A TERRIFIC PICTORIAL FEATURING ONE OF THE HOTTEST LADIES WALKIN'

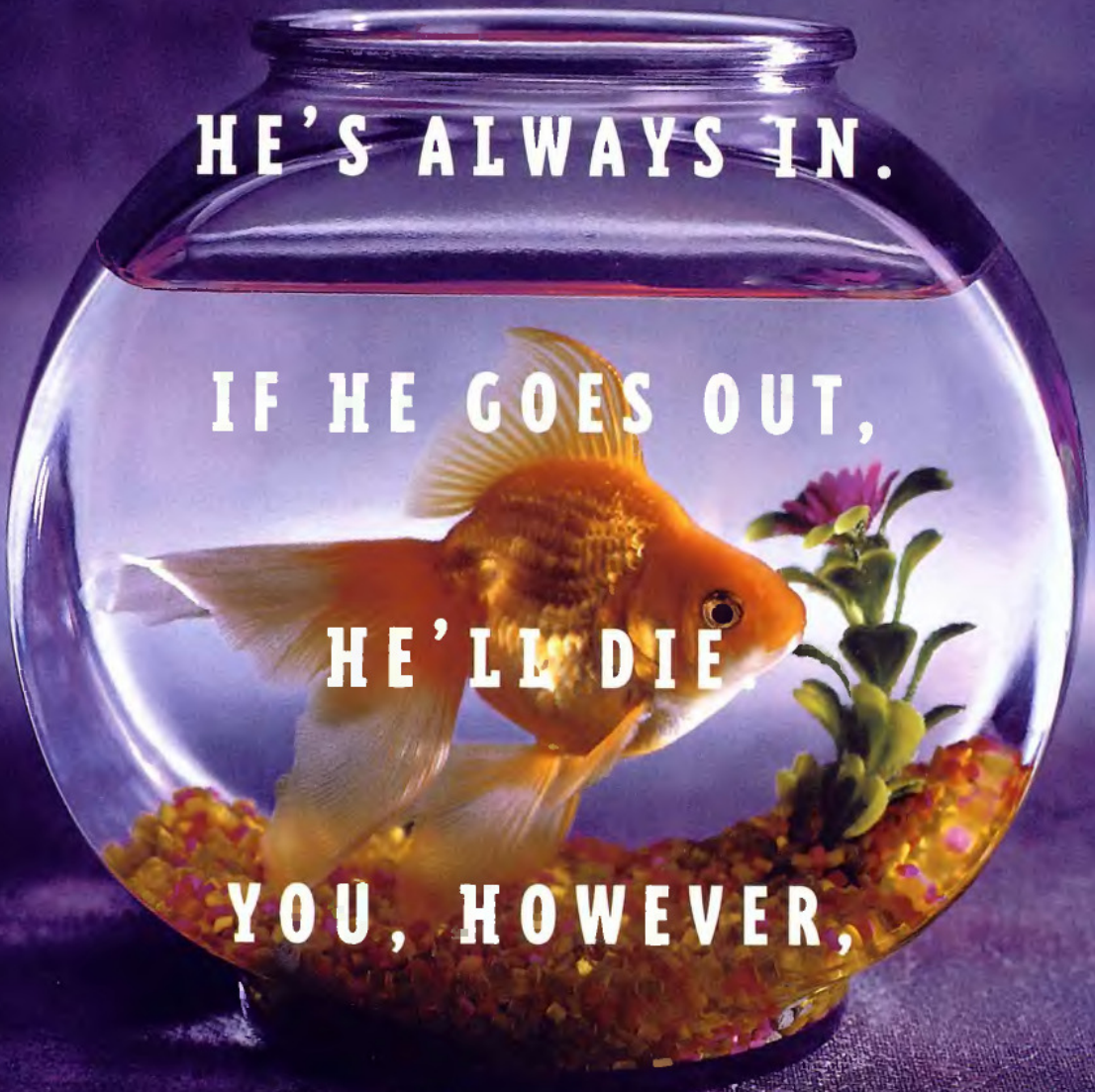
SPRING TUNE-UP—AGE-OLD WISDOM AND NEW AGE ADVICE FOR GETTING BACK IN SHAPE FOR SPORTS FROM WINDSURFING TO BIKING TO GOLF

PLUS: *MORTAL KOMBAT*'S **CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT** DRESSED IN SINGULAR FASHION, DIGITAL ANSWERING MACHINES AND FINE CIGARS AND THEIR ACCESSORIES

MILLER BREWING COMPANY REMINDS YOU TO PLEASE:
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK
© 1995 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

THIS FISH IS IN.

HE'S ALWAYS IN.



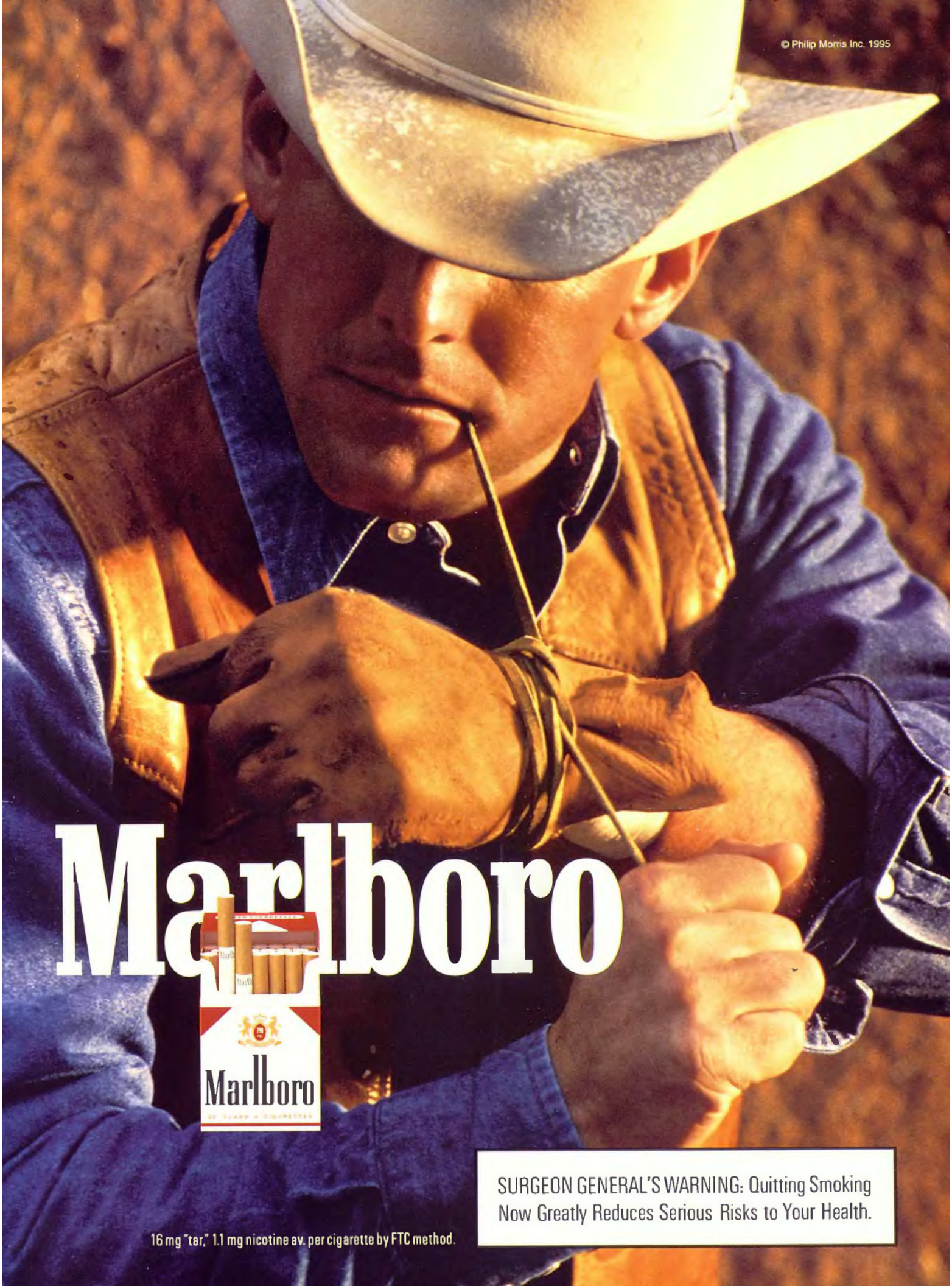
IF HE GOES OUT,

HE'LL DIE.

YOU, HOWEVER,

HAVE NO EXCUSE.

ICE BREWED FOR THE TASTE THAT GOES ALL OUT WHEN YOU'RE OUT. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG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Marlboro
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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.